★ Feb. 5, 1955

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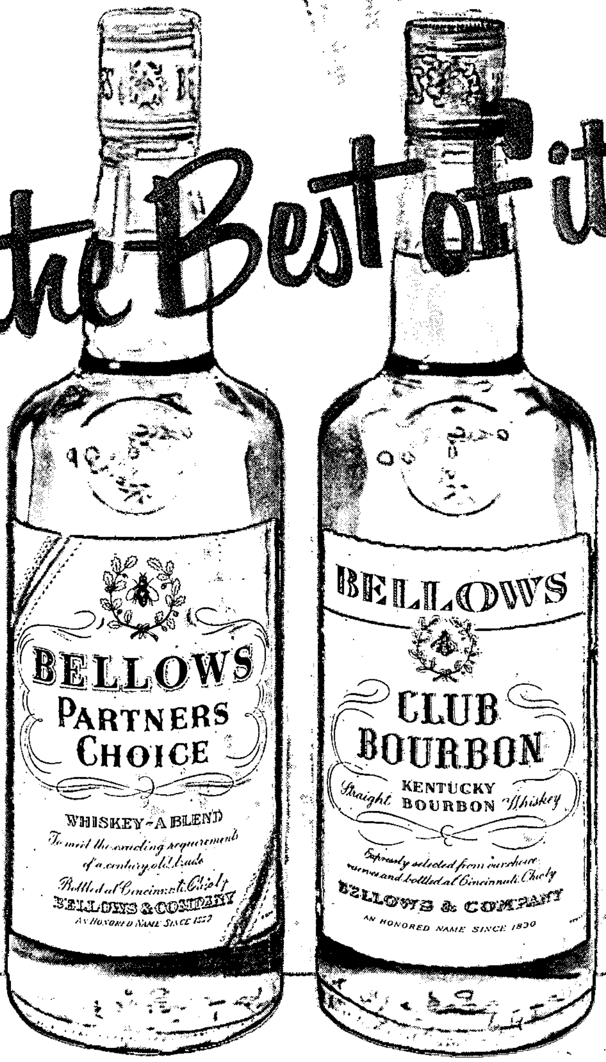
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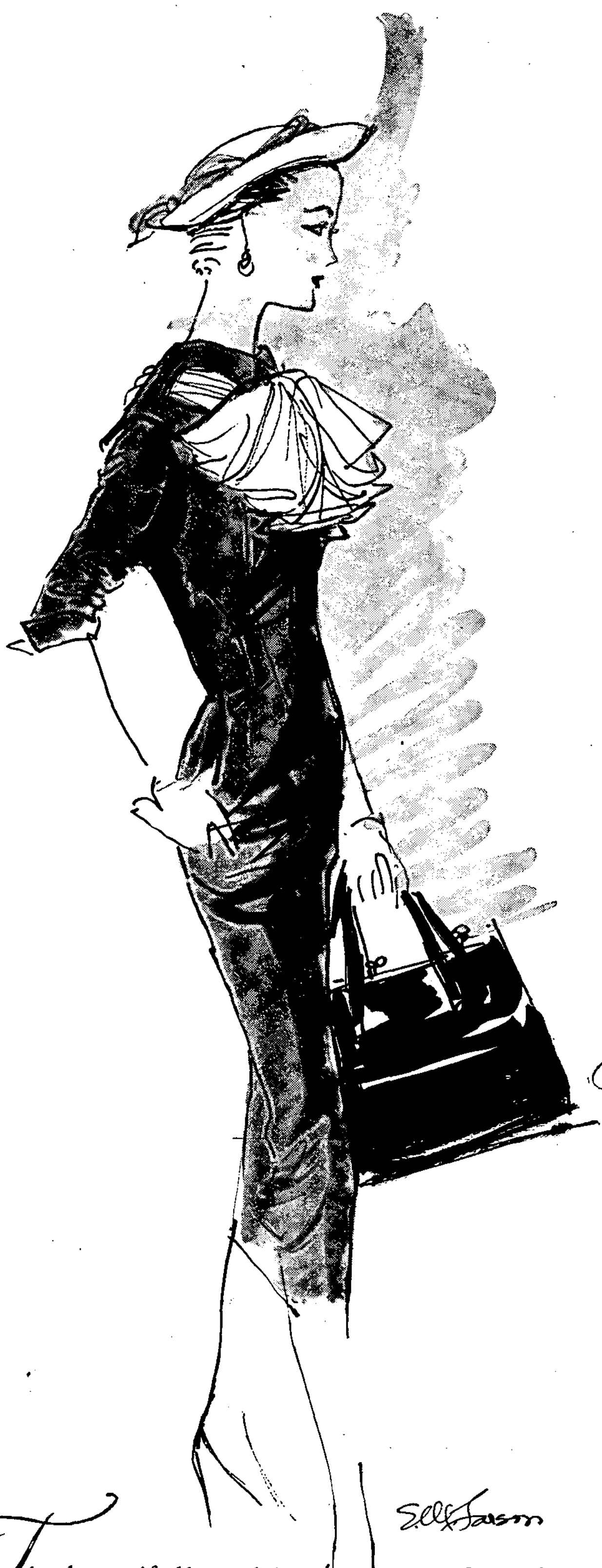

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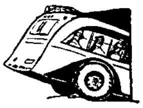

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anastasia—Two brilliant performances, by Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich, stand out in Guy Bolton's pleasant but unlikely play about a girl who may or may not have been the Czar's surviving daughter. With Joseph Anthony, Hurd Hatfield, and David J. Stewart. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Bad Seed—Nancy Kelly is superb as the tortured mother of a nine-year-old murderess in Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of William March's novel. Patty McCormack, Henry Jones, Evelyn Varden, and Thomas Chalmers are also prominent in the grisly proceedings. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Festival—Sam and Bella Spewack's comedy about a concert impresario and some of his more difficult clients has an enormous amount of plot but not a great deal of humor. Betty Field, Paul Henreid, George Voskovec, Luba Malina, and a child pianist named Abbott Lee Ruskin are in the cast. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 5.)

The Flowering Peach—Menasha Skulnik makes a funny and touching Noah, and he is ably assisted by a cast that includes Berta Gersten, Leon Janney, Janice Rule, and Barbara Baxley. But Clifford Odets' folk play is a little on the wearing side. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Grand Prize—Ronald Alexander's comedy about a girl who wins a rather unusual prize on a quiz program. Occasionally bright; more often fairly routine. June Lockhart and John Newland are hard-pressed but valiant in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lunatics and Lovers—Though Sidney Kingsley's farce about night life in a Times Square flea bag is sometimes labored, it is pretty comic just the same. The extremely able cast includes Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. Patterson—The presence of Eartha Kitt in the principal role is the chief asset of this otherwise threadbare fantasy. Among those who give Miss Kitt a hand are Estelle Winwood, Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—The last in this season's series of four revivals is Joshua Logan's "The Wisteria Trees," with Helen Hayes, Ella Raines, Walter Matthau, Bramwell Fletcher, and Will Geer. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Quadrille—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne near the top of their form, as usual, in a Noel Coward comedy that is substantially below Mr. Coward's best form but amusing in a long-winded way. Also with Edna Best and Brian Aherne. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rainmaker—N. Richard Nash's melodrama about a plain girl and a captivating stranger, while dated and at times silly, has its moments, and it also has Geraldine Page. Others in the cast are Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wedding Breakfast—A comedy about impoverished young love. Rather frail, in spite of some fine performances by Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Virginia Vincent, and Lee Philips. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Witness for the Prosecution—This Agatha Christie mystery is a little old-fashioned, but it contains some of the most ingenious plot twists imaginable. Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark, Horace Braham, and Robin Craven are featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**anniversary waltz:** Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields concocted this comedy about two people (Marjorie Lord and Macdonald Carey) who lived together before they were married. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** A middle-aged man gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell plays the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Louise King is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Loring Smith heads the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Moves on Monday, Feb. 7, to the Longacre, 48th St., W., CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Whether you lived through the twenties or are too young to remember those frivolous times, you ought to like this British parody of the sort of musical that was then prevalent. The book was written by Sandy Wilson, who is also responsible for the lyrics and music, and Julie Andrews is completely irresistible in the role of a charmer as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 6.)

Fanny—Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other talented people in one of those big, colorful, plot-and-character musical shows, which is based, a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. Book by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan; score by Harold Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

House of Flowers—Oliver Messel has designed some astonishingly beautiful sets and costumes, and Herbert Ross's dances are mostly admirable, but Truman Capote's book and Harold Arlen's music are considerably less inspired. In spite of her material, however, Pearl Bailey is a delight, and Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Frederick O'Neal are very agreeable, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into one of the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St. W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, and some spectacular bits of stagecraft combine to make this revival of the Barrie fairy story perhaps the best you've ever seen. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Plain and Fancy—This account of manners and morals among the Pennsylvania Dutch is generally charming, though its plain people may get just a little too plain from time to time. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book; Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt provided the songs and lyrics, respectively; Helen Tamiris arranged the dances; and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets and costumes. The cast includes Shirl Conway, Gloria Marlowe, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Saint of Bleecker Street—Gian-Carlo Menotti's arresting music drama about sin and sanctity in the depressed byways of lower Manhattan contains a good deal of cloudy motivation, which might lead some of its listeners to prefer sin. It is, however, beautifully produced under the composer's direction, and its youthful cast, including Gloria Lane as the extremely attractive villainess, sings its lush melodies with great spirit. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**can-can:** Montmartre in the nine-

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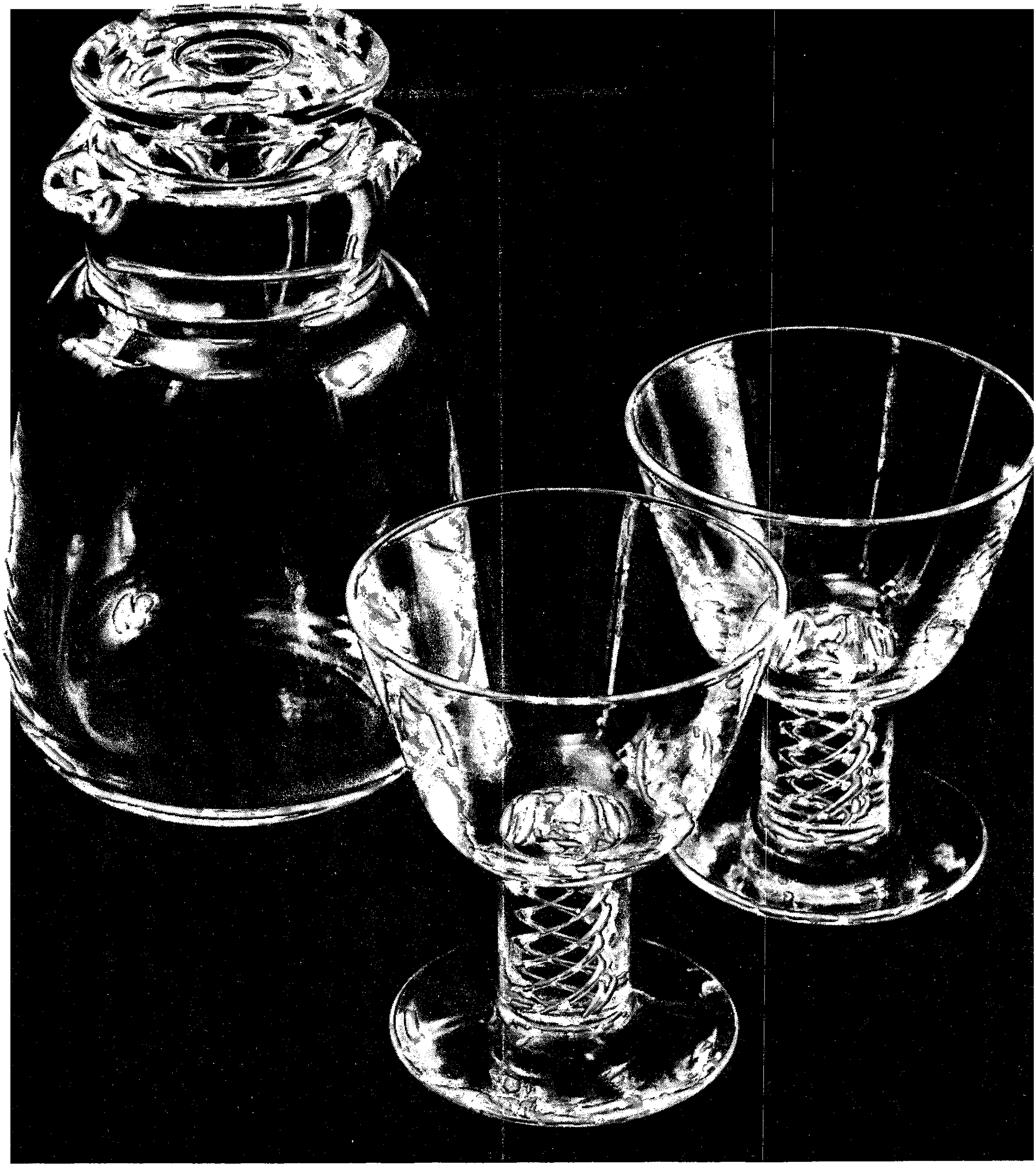

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score pieced together from the music of Alexander Borodin. William Johnson and Elaine Malbin are now the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Southwest Corner—Eva Le Gallienne, Enid Markey, and Parker Fennelly in a play by John Cecil Holm, based on a novel by Mildred Walker. The producer is John Huntington, the director George Schaefer. Opens Thursday, Feb. 3. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark Is Light Enough—A play by Christopher Fry, starring Katharine Cornell and Tyrone Power, and also with Arnold Moss, John Williams, and Marian Winters. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and presented by Miss Cornell and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Desperate Hours—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his own novel, with Karl Malden and Nancy Coleman. Robert Montgomery is the director and Howard Erskine and Mr. Hayes are the producers. Opens Thursday, Feb. 10. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Feb. 4-6: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 11: "La Forza del Destino." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Jean Anouilh's "Thieves' Carnival," in an adaptation by Lucienne Hill. William LeMassena and Gerry Fleming head a cast under the direction of Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—In spite of a rather unsatisfactory production, Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" is still quite comic and provocative. Geraldine Fitzgerald, Roddy McDowall, Shepperd Strudwick, Philip Bourneuf, Frederic Worlock, Will Kuluva, and Vaughn Taylor are among those who engage in the debate. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

President Theatre—"The Troublemakers," George Bellak's drama about a murder in a New England college, is a little overwrought and ingenuous, but it is exciting, and its point is serious and important. The leading players are William Smithers, Lois Wheeler, and Curt Conway. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and directed by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

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DANCE PROGRAMS

Vicente Escudero—Spanish gypsy dancer, with his company of thirteen flamenco singers, dancers, and musicians. Opens Monday, Feb. 7, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Monday, Feb. 14, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sunday, and Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has Blue Danube dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten, and dance music after that by Quintero's rumba men and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

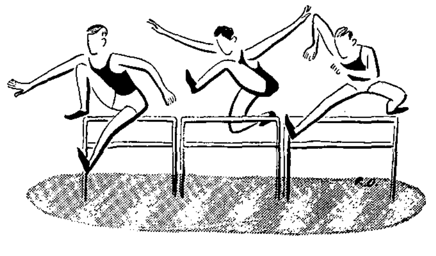
Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour crossroads for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. There's sweet music every day but Sunday, partly by Gleb Yellin's trio and partly by many cagefuls of lively canaries. The trio also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room, Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

Nino's LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—Through these portals pass some of the most beautiful evening dresses in the world. There's décor and dance music (after nine) to match. Hugo Pedell's orchestra, which is especially perked up by Jud Woldin's airy piano, takes turns with Horace Diaz's rumba band. The cocktail and dinner murmurings emanate from Nick D'Amico's duo. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Met, a handy training camp for café life, has contributed Marguerite Piazza and her famous chest tones to the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band make sturdy dance music. Only a dinner show on Sundays, and closed on Mondays. On Tuesday, Feb. 8, a new show—songs by Marion Marlowe, a recent departure from the Arthur Godfrey caravan. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing every evening from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk, a nightlark in shining armor, gives her songs a good, solid, sugar-and-spice treatment in the Persian Room. The majordomo is Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band alternates on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik.* Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted melodies for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.



Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's dance music, which was slow as molasses in January, is still the same in February, which makes the Grill a safe place for beginners of all ages. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the débutantes' delight, goes right on entertaining in the grand manner. There's dancing all evening to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands, and, at dinner and supper, Billy Daniel (not to be confused with the singer named Billy Daniels) does an often comic soft-shoe song-dance-and-chat bit with the architecturally sumptuous Georgine Darcy. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in the mood for calisthenics, from cocktails to dinner to supper.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman and his Third Herd, to whom most of us would rather listen than dance, is living it up in commendable fashion. Their base of operations is the Café Rouge, where dancing is, however, part of the menu. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An endless reunion of people who are never going to let go of their first childhood and people who are deeply entangled in their second or third. Dancing in an alcove to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Hope Hampton, a clotheshorse of long standing, has been inserted into the local musical comedy, which is made up of two dozen handsome Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz songs and very, very little else. The humor, some of it juvenilely robust, is done best by Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the prancing looks best when Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow are involved. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Line Renaud, a soprano new to this clime, has been transplanted from Paris to the Empire Room, which also houses Nat Brandwynne's fine big dance band most of the evening. She performs at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley affords Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for so long, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi and his perambulatory violin have the perfect tableside manner for this guys-and-dolls pump room. Except Sundays, he promenades from suppertime on, and there is piano all evening by Rudy Timfield. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Lessons (from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday) in piano technique that's cool enough for the most circumspect drawing room and sprightly enough for the bouncy younger set. The professor who manages this without a single split in his personality is Cy Walter. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence, with Addison Bailey at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse sits in. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with

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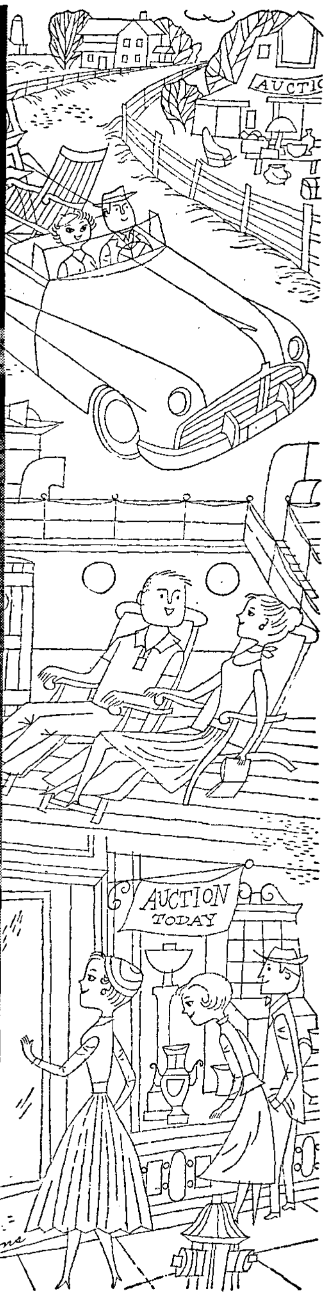

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The latest edition of this par-excellence restaurant is a five-star one. George Kent plays cocktail, dinner, and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): No fuss, no feathers, but plenty of hail-fellow-well-met talk, frequently punctuated by the piano of Louis Hawkins, the energetic host of the place, and of Bob Printz, whose deft phrasing is mostly moonlight and roses. They begin at seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This Mittel-europa school of cookery is placid, happy, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of the sort of music you'd expect.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, a major wit, has a supply of stories ranging all the way from shaggy-dog to shaggy-Martian; Portia Nelson, a lyric soprano back on her native heath, is an excellent blend of minx and maiden. The show also includes the Larks, a singing, swinging group with four-wheel drive, and Charlotte Rae, a parodist as sharp as a serpent's tooth. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The comic Irwin Corey, that eminent medieval scholar, plays Waterloo to Shakespeare's Hamlet, and does it resoundingly well. There is humor, too, in the free-floating, lighthearted jazz warbling of Janet Brace; in the neatly arranged four-part vocalizing of the brand-new Turtlenecks; and the deep-seated voice of Georgia Carr, a rocking-with-rhythm girl. Julius Monk, mentor of this unruly brood, plays piano, and the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio is a show in itself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stan Freeman, the singing, talking, joking concert pianist, and Lucille Reed, the Chicago songbird, take their last bows on Sunday, Feb. 6. On Tuesday, Feb. 8, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the brass-bound evangelist, will start chanting her celebrated spirituals. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): There's plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. Antique silent movies, embellished by the ad-lib puns of Paul Killiam, are added on Sundays; Mondays are audition nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's songs offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost constantly at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis provides breezy piano. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A community sing that becomes quite free and easy after midnight. Mae Barnes, who declaims her strophes in a voice heard round the world, is the ringleader. The comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes on the beam, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Jimmie Daniel's *bon-vivant* ballads, the stream-of-unconsciousness musings of Lee Goodman, the Three Flames' Existentialist words and music, and Bruce Kirby's blank-faced horseplay. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an off-beat humorist who explains, in rather well-chosen phrases, why life is just a necessary evil. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A museum devoted to loud and pungent Early American music. The artifacts, all of them alive and kicking, are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are often mass dementia. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The weekday noise is the work of the trios belonging to Dorothy Donegan and Alex Kallao, and their favorite word is *fortissimo*. They set to at nine. Sunday nights, Jack Elliot's brisk and bright modern trio has the place to itself. Cocktail and dinner piano every livelong day. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz as it was in the beginning, played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, George Foster, and Sonny White, all experts at total recall. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Barbara Carroll, a sight for sore eyes, plays piano that is balm for sore ears at the head of her progressive-within-reason trio in these neat, comfortable surroundings. She arrives at ten, and Sunday is her day of rest. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish freethinking, freewheeling society. Count Basie's big brass band (a thing of joy) and the Modern Jazz Quartet (a foursome so cool that it's almost supersonic) are dishing out the stardust the customers like to hear. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. On Thursday, Feb. 10, there'll be a complete change of cast—the Sonny Stitt quintet and the Milt Buckner trio. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has jazz in the barrel-house mood. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five-thirty on Sundays. Dancing after nine-thirty. Paul Barbarin's band, a New Orleans battalion on its first exchange scholarship, bows out on Saturday, Feb. 5. Next afternoon, Sharkey Bonano's long-lost troupe of jamsters becomes the house band. Phil Napoleon's boys will be that afternoon's guests. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland, a current-idiom pianist with lots of good ideas, and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of up-to-date harmonics. While they're off duty, Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* lets loose his own introspective modernist piano. No music Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison sits down at his well-tempered concert grand around nine-thirty. He and his two assistants are steady, solid senders. Joe Moon's piano is the interlude diversion. No music Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie was never really like this, but the rumpled version on view here does sound great. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Charlie Shavers, Charlie Queener, Ken Kersey, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Arthur Magyar, and Buster Bailey) amble on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. Closed Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday, Feb. 4, is a beer-garden brawl involving Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell, Hank D'Amico, Vic Dickenson, Miff Mole, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, Keg Purnell, Ken Kersey, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, the fire brigade at this children's playground should include the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Tyree Glenn, R. C. H. Smith, Gene Sedric, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, and Art Trappier.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Thirty abstract oils by a former Bauhaus instructor; through Feb. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

RENATO BIROLLI—Semiabstractions by a Milanese artist; through Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

PAUL-EMILE BORDUAS—A selection of abstract water colors by this French-Canadian painter; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

REG BUTLER—A model for his "Unknown Political Prisoner," plus forty more pieces and a few drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Paintings, 1907 to the present, by one of the earlier members of the Orphist school in France; through Tuesday, Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

RAOUL DUFY—A retrospective showing of his work comprising oils, gouaches, and water colors, and ranging in date from 1903 to 1951; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Sculptures in copper and lead, based on plant and root forms; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

IDA FISCHER—Mainly abstract reliefs made by embedding various objects in plaster panels, and all very pleasant in feeling; through Sunday, Feb. 6. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Daily, 1 to 6.)

JAMES LECHAY—Abstract variations on city symbols and other subjects, done with great subtlety of color; through Feb. 19. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

IRVING LEHMAN—Recent oils and water colors, again with the city as their subject; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JOSEPH MEERT—Along with a number of canvases, there are several compositions in stained glass; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—A truly handsome loan exhibition of paintings, dated 1920-44; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

HENRY V. POOR—Four terra-cotta heads, in addition to paintings and drawings of Maine and Cape Cod; through Feb. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

AD REINHARDT—Around fifteen oils painted within the last two years; through Feb. 19. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

JERRI RICCI—A couple of dozen water colors, with views of Boston and New York predominating; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Mobiles of a new sort, machine-like in design, and both subtle and imaginative in their movement; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

HERMAN ROSE—Figures and landscape studies, done in a smoothly meticulous, low-toned style; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

DORIS ROSENTHAL—A new group of her charmingly sympathetic Mexican studies, in her first exhibition in nine years; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

BEN SHAHN—A small but very well chosen retrospective, covering the last twenty-five years of this artist's development; through Friday, Feb. 11. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

WALLACE HERNDON SMITH—Paintings by a native of St. Louis who has exhibited throughout this country as well as in Paris; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Argent, 67 E. 59th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Gouaches depicting such places as Bali, Baghdad, and San Francisco;

What ever happened to the man with the hoe?

In 1899, Edwin Markham wrote about him in a long poem that made Mr. Markham famous—and everybody else sorry for the poor downtrodden tillers of the soil.

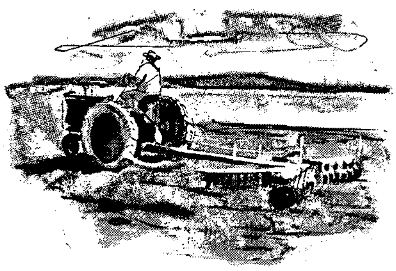
Matter of fact, the only man with a hoe you are likely to see these days is getting a workout in a suburban garden, or chopping cotton in the far South. As the symbolic farmer, he is as out of date as the pitchfork, chin whiskers and the celluloid collar.

The hoe-man's grandson is probably driving a $3,000 tractor, equipped with both a spotlight and radio receiver; and dragging a gang plow that turns over more earth in a day than Grandpa did in a season. And in the barn there's a smaller tractor for lighter chores.

World War I started the trend of farm workers to the factories, and of factory methods to the farm. Machinery has more and more replaced muscle. The horsepower on American farms today is far in excess of the 1918 peak of 27 million horses and mules.

Fewer men work fewer acres, fewer hours, produce more. Man output per hour has doubled in the last twenty years. And more efficient farming has brought better incomes, as well as better living, to farm families.

Mechanical power is also an index of good farmers. Of 4,130,000 tractors used on farms in 1953 (garden tractors excluded), almost 2,500,000 were in the fifteen Heart States which produce two-thirds of the country's foodstuffs—and where Successful Farming has most of its 1,300,000 subscribers. The SF farm averages 1.44 tractors.



Three out of four SF subscribers are in the top 39% bracket that gets 88% of the national farm income. The average cash income from farming of the SF subscriber is just under $10,000. This magazine alone reaches a bloc of buying power equivalent to another national suburbia.

With higher incomes, the SF farm families are spending more—especially on their homes; and are good customers for central heating, new bathrooms and kitchens, major appliances, furniture and furnishings; every home convenience, and luxuries and travel.

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SHULTON New York • Toronto

through Feb. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Polygnotos Vagis—New sculptures, done with an unusually effective mixture of strength and felicity, in his first exhibition in nine years; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

Keith Vaughan—An English artist represented by twenty-one oils and a group of gouaches; through Feb. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Martha Visser't Hooft—About fifteen paintings, some of figures and rocks, and a portfolio of gouaches; through Feb. 18. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Theodor Werner—A first solo exhibition in this country of one of the leading contemporary German abstractionists; through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

The Cone Collection—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Matisse, and others, from the collection of French art acquired by Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta Cone and bequeathed to the Baltimore Museum, for which this exhibition is a benefit; through Feb. 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Engravings—A showing arranged from the collection of the Dukes d'Arenberg, of Belgium, and including pieces by Dürer and Lucas van Leyden; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Show—Terra-cotta sculptures by six artists, among them Lu Duble and Henry Kreis; through Friday, Feb. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

French; Group Shows—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Bonnard, Utrillo, Chagall, and other present-day artists; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **gallery 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Works by Tal Coat, Lorjou, Venard, and thirteen others, in a roundup of the younger contemporary painters; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

Germans; Group Show—German art today as seen in the paintings of Willi Baumeister, Heinz Trökes, and Rolf Cavael, and in the sculptures of Hans Jaenisch and Hans Uhlmann; through Feb. 26. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, Feb. 7. . . . **galerie moderne**, 49 W. 53rd St.: Georges Dayez; starting Thursday, Feb. 10. (Weekdays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **ganso**, 125 E. 57th St.: Charles Stevens; starting Monday, Feb. 7. . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Eliot O'Hara; starting Tuesday, Feb. 8. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: Morris Davidson; starting Monday, Feb. 7.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The last part (Cubism and abstract paintings) of a three-part display celebrating the Museum's twenty-fifth year; through Sunday, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ About a hundred prints representing the work of European artists from Post-Impressionism to the present; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Around five hundred photographs from sixty-nine countries make up a show, organized by Edward Steichen, called "The Family of Man;" through May 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, among them a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder. Through Feb. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1955

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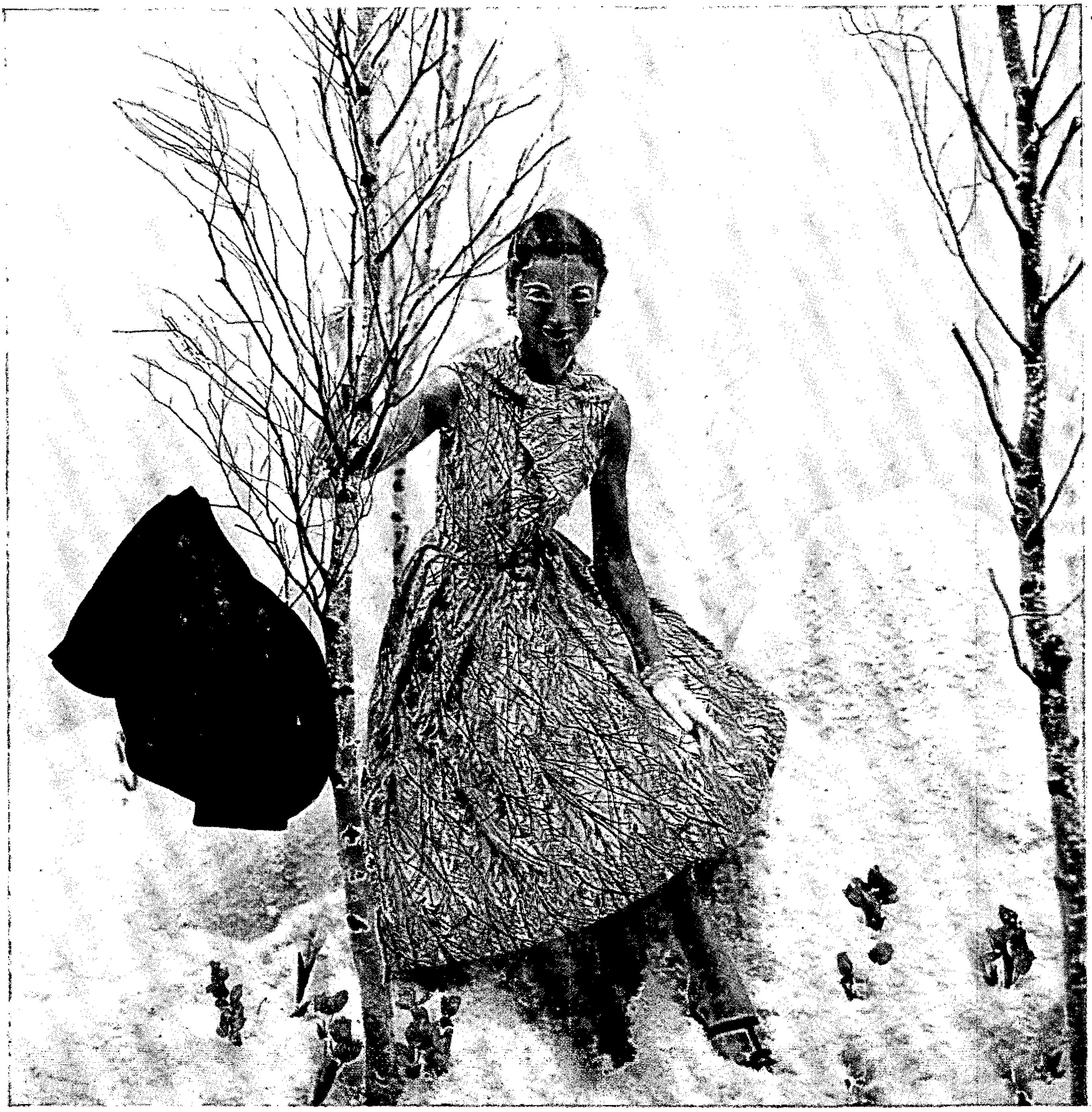

The prettiest thing in print this season is a whole group of fabrics in Celanese acetate. Prints are cropping up in delicate tissue failles, in papery taffetas, in surahs soft as thistledown, in glistening crepes, in soft jerseys. Here is Loomskill's twinkling new tissue faille — completely soft and completely Celanese acetate. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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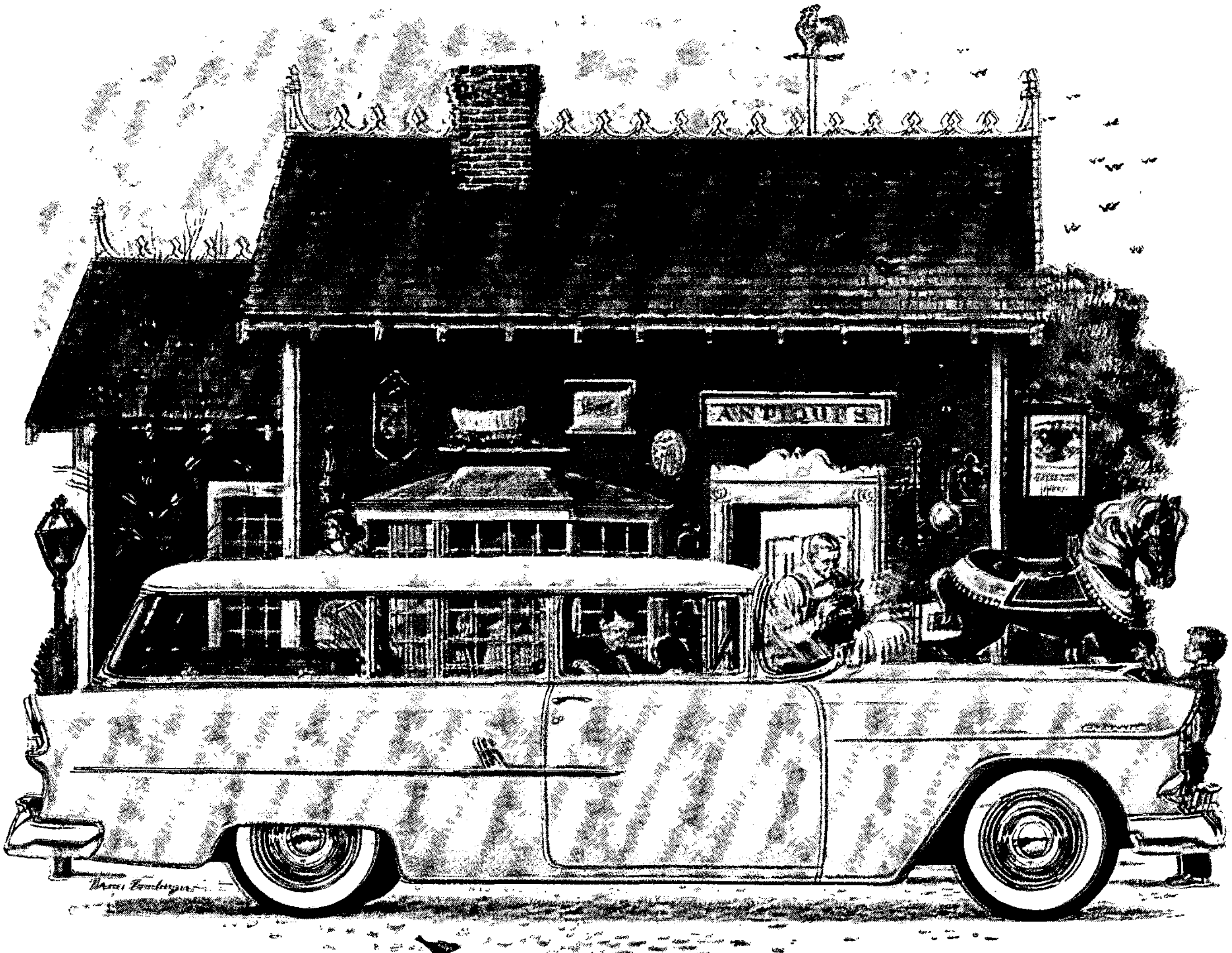

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn, Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Heidi Krall, Giacinto Prandelli, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Delia Rigal, Giuseppe Campora, George London, and Lorenzo Alvary. (A benefit for the New York Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call EL 5-3131.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, and Josef Metternich. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Jean Fenn, Giuseppe Campora, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: The American première of Richard Strauss's "Arabella," with an English libretto by John Gutman. Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, George London, and Brian Sullivan. (A benefit sponsored by the National Council of the Metropolitan Opera Association for the Employees Welfare Fund.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Lucine Amara, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit for the Manhattanville College Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call TR 6-7987.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 4, at 2:30 (performances of Verdi's Requiem, with Herva Nelli, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Richard Tucker, tenor; Jerome Hines, bass; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Walter Hendl conducting on Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:45 (with Aldo Parisot, cello). . . . ¶ Guido Cantelli conducting on Sunday, Feb. 6, at 2:30 (another performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Herva Nelli, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Richard Tucker, tenor; Jerome Hines, bass; and the Westminster Choir); and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 11, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano).

Boston Symphony—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:45, with Vera Franceschi, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—William Steinberg conducting, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8:45.)

Gershwin Concert—Paul Whiteman conducting an all-Gershwin program by the A.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. A benefit for the Gershwin Memorial Foundation of B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing a performance of Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride," in concert form, by the New York Concert Choir and an orchestra, with Lucine Amara, soprano, and other soloists. The third in a series of four programs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Augsburg College Choir—An *a cappella* choir directed by Leland B. Sateren. A benefit for

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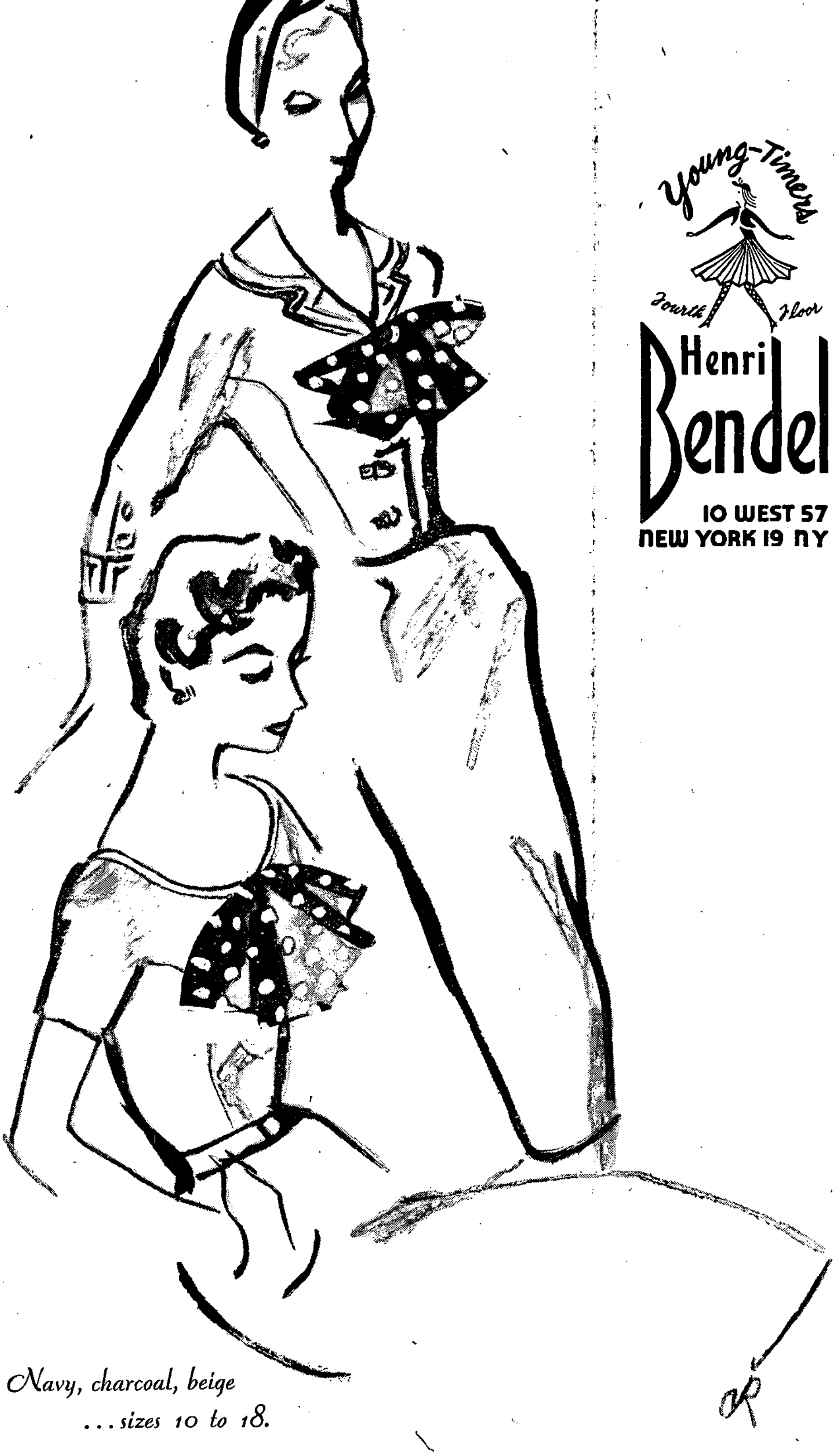

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Camp Norge, at New City, N.Y. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

Walter Gieseking—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Leo Smit—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Wilhelm Backhaus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—The third in a series of five concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music, this one comprising early English verse and its music, with poetry readings by W. H. Auden. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:40.)

Concert Society of New York—William Warfield, baritone, with Otto Herz, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 5:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano; the eleventh of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Feb. 7, at 8:40.)

Erica Morini—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Barbara Custance—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Claremont String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, and with Paul Creston, piano. The second in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:40.)

Note—Mildred Dilling will give a harp recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 8, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Yma Sumac—Incan singer, with her company of twenty dancers, musicians, and Andean drummers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 6, at 8:40.)

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the programs of interest is a concert by an orchestra made up of sixty members of the Symphony of the Air (conducted by Izler Solomon and Herman Neuman) and the Columbia University Teachers College Chorus (directed by Harry A. Wilson), with Johanna Harris, piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30. Tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Jazz Concert—Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie's band, George Shearing's quintet, Erroll Garner's trio, Stan Getz, and Lester Young are among those likely to be on hand. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 12, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

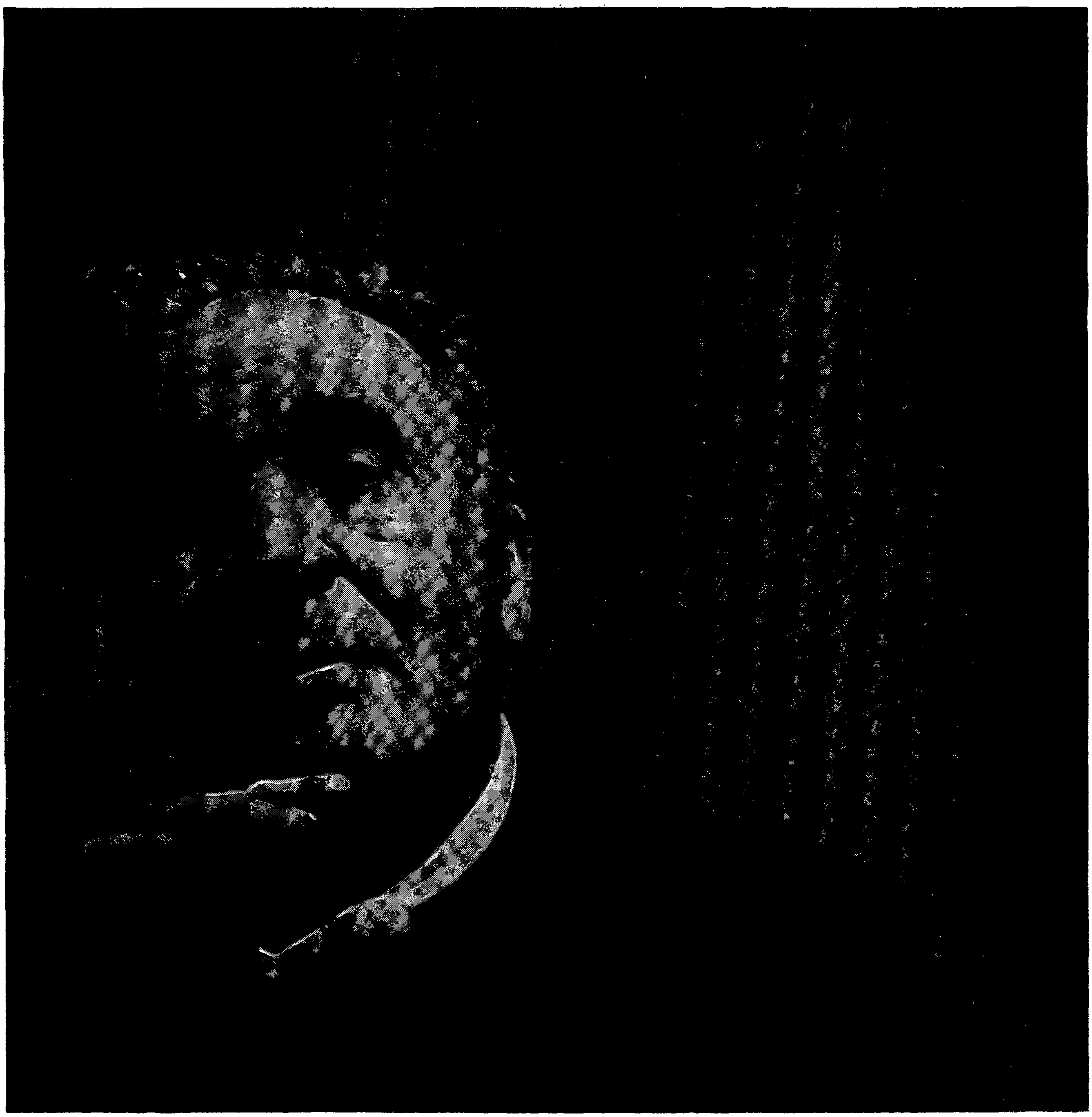
Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 4: Kid Gavilan vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 11: Paul Andrews vs. Harold Johnson, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lexington Ave. at 49th St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 3-4, from 10 to 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 6, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



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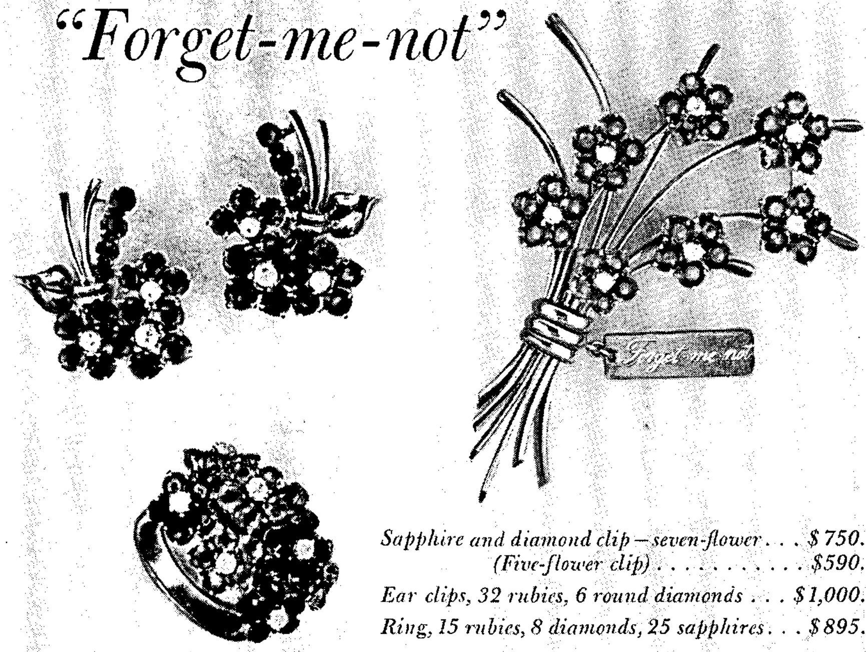

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 4, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call MU 6-1456.) . . . ¶ Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with the Music and Art High School Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 11.)

Plays—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Raggedy Ann and Andy," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The February show, "From Here to Infinity," reveals the position of the earth in relation to our neighbor planets as well as to the farthest stars in the universe. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Sea Around Us," based on the book by Rachel Carson. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present) in addition to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Prose Readings—Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," read by a company of actors that includes Martin Wolfson and Josh White, Jr. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 4, and Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:40.)

Ethel Barrymore—Pictures, caricatures, costumes, and other mementos from the actress's stage career, which began in 1895, along with stills from "The Nightingale" (1914) and others of her motion pictures. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

The Livingston Family—About a hundred items relating to the family that originally settled here in 1674, of which a prominent member was Robert R. Livingston, our first Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In the display are Napoleon's agreement to the Louisiana Purchase, the lyrics of a Fourth of July song written by Thomas Paine, and letters from Robert Fulton about his steamboat. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, as well as

Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5; Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—The Parke-Bernet Galleries is conducting auctions of the closing inventories of the John Wanamaker store, on the premises. Contemporary furniture and reproductions of period cabinetwork will be offered on the final days of the sales. (John Wanamaker, Astor Pl. at 8th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 3-5, and Monday, Feb. 7, at 10 A.M.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Ezzard Charles vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Feb. 18. Sandy Saddler vs. Teddy Davis, 15 rounds for the World Featherweight Championship, Feb. 25.... ¶ Golden Gloves Tournament: New York City Finals, Feb. 21. Eastern Championships, March 9.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. Madison Square Garden. Feb. 14-15.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 13, 16, 20, 23, and 27, and March 2, 6, and 13.

RACING—At Bowie, Bowie, Md. March 9-April 16.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Feb. 18-22.

TRACK—At Madison Square Garden—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 19.... ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, Feb. 26.... ¶ Knights of Columbus, March 5.

MUSIC—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 9.... **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 17.... ¶ Symphony of the Air, Feb. 13, 18, and 20, and March 6 and 13.... ¶ Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, Feb. 13.... ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Feb. 15.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 22 and March 15.... ¶ Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano, Feb. 23.... ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, March 1.... ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, March 4.... ¶ Indianapolis Symphony, March 6.... ¶ Boston Symphony, March 9 and 12.... ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 11.... ¶ Solomon, piano, March 13.... **TOWN HALL:** Concert Society of New York, Feb. 13, 20, and 27.... ¶ I Musici, chamber orchestra, Feb. 13 and 19.... ¶ Musicians' Guild, Feb. 14.... ¶ American Opera Society, Feb. 15.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 16.... ¶ New York Concert Choir, Feb. 20 and March 11.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 21 and March 14.... ¶ Gerard Souzay, baritone, Feb. 23.... ¶ Paganini Quartet, Feb. 25.... ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, Feb. 26.... ¶ Ruben Varga, violin, Feb. 27.... ¶ Gary Graffman, piano, Feb. 28.... ¶ Soriano, piano, March 1.... ¶ Fordham University Glee Club, March 4.... ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 5.... ¶ Carroll Glenn, violin, March 8.... ¶ Camilla Wicks, violin, March 13.... ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, March 15.

BALLET—New York City Ballet, at the City Center, Feb. 15-March 13.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Louis Jourdan in "Tonight in Samarkand," an adaptation by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., of a play by Jacques Deval.... ¶ A play by Paul Vincent Carroll, "The Wayward Saint," with Paul Lukas, Liam Redmond, and William Harrigan.... ¶ Hildegarde Neff, Don Ameche, and Yvonne Adair in "Silk Stockings," a Cole Porter musical with a book, by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, taken from the film "Ninotchka."... ¶ "Bus Stop," a play by William Inge, in which Kim Stanley, Anthony Ross, Elaine Stritch, and Jerome Courtland will appear.... ¶ "3 for Tonight," a potpourri of music, drama, and dance, with a company that includes Marge and Gower Champion, Harry Belafonté, and the Voices of Walter Schumann.

OTHER DATES—National Photographic Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Feb. 18-22.... ¶ Universal Travel and Auto Sports Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 20-27.... ¶ Washington's Birthday is Tuesday, Feb. 22.... ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Wednesday, Feb. 23.... ¶ New Sports and Vacation Show, at Kingsbridge Armory, March 4-13.... ¶ National Antiques Show at Madison Square Garden, March 7-13.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Animal Farm—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. It's somewhat handicapped by a tendency to make the animals resemble the lovable types Disney likes to draw. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Carmen Jones—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera has an all-Negro cast, and the plot has been jazzed up, but not beyond recognition. Dorothy Dandridge makes an inflammatory Carmen, and Harry Belafonté is her Don José. Most of the songs are sung off screen by Marilynn Horne, LeVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes, but the redoubtable Pearl Bailey, who is also on hand, sings her own, thank Heaven. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 9.)

The Country Girl—Bing Crosby gives a splendid performance as a down-at-the-heels actor, and Grace Kelly and William Holden are equally incisive as his wife and the theatrical director who are trying to redeem him. Adapted from the play by Clifford Odets. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Gate of Hell—A remarkable Japanese film dealing with life in the thirteenth century and crowded with color, melodrama, and powerful acting. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Heart of the Matter—An English adaptation of the Graham Greene novel dealing with a British policeman in Africa whose pity for his wife and his mistress twists his principles out of shape. Not too long on logic but exciting a good deal of the time. Trevor Howard makes a fine, tense figure of the upset cop, Elizabeth Allan is admirable as his wife, and Maria Schell is quite persuasive as his mistress. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 9.)

Holiday for Henrietta—A French satire, often funny, on movie writers and their peculiar methods of operation. Directed by Jacques Duvivier and acted by a cast including Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

•**On the Waterfront**—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with a fairly elastic conscience, and he is supported magnificently by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Feb. 9.)

Romeo and Juliet—Maybe this film treats Shakespeare a trifle cavalierly—the text has been edited quite extensively—but it is certainly handsome. Made in Italy, with an English-speaking cast, and directed by Renato Castellani. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Sabrina—A somewhat labored gambol dealing with a chauffeur's daughter on Long Island who aspires to better things. Audrey Hepburn is perhaps overly ebullient as the ambitious young lady, but Humphrey Bogart is superb as a member of the insular haut monde who eventually wins her. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 8-9.)

REVIVALS

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Feb. 8, tentative.)

Chaplin Comedy—"Triple Trouble," a one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 9, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; Feb. 3.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; Feb. 3.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again enact the leading roles. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Feb. 9.)

New Faces (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Feb. 6-8.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 6.)

Potemkin (1925)—That famous Russian job. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Feb. 8, tentative.)

Reap the Wild Wind (1942)—A Cecil B. DeMille treatise on the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 6-8.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 3.)

A Woman's Face (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Feb. 7-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 6, showings at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), with Mae Marsh, Constance Talmadge, and Robert Harron. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 7, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Joyless Street" (1924), with Greta Garbo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Feb. 9: "Vera Cruz" (in Superscope), Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster, Denise Darcel.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Cattle Queen of Montana," Barbara Stanwyck, Ronald Reagan.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Feb. 8: "The Americano," Glenn Ford. Cesar Romero.
From Feb. 9: "Underwater!" (in Superscope), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bridges at Toko-Ri," William Holden, Grace Kelly, Fredric March.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Battle Cry" (in CinemaScope), Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, Mona Freeman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Bad Day at Black Rock" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Feb. 3: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (in CinemaScope), Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey.
From Feb. 4: "The Racers" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, Bella Darvi.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Violent Men" (in CinemaScope), Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Feb. 9 (tentative): "Unchained," Elroy Hirsch, Barbara Hale.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Feb. 6: "Cinerama." (Thursday at 2:40 and 8:40; Friday at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturday at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sunday at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)
From Feb. 8, at 8:40: "Cinerama Holiday." (Première will be a benefit for the Travelers Aid Society. A limited number of tickets are available and may be obtained by calling MU 2-6300.) . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 9, regular schedule—2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Feb. 3: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (both in French and both revivals).
From Feb. 4: "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.

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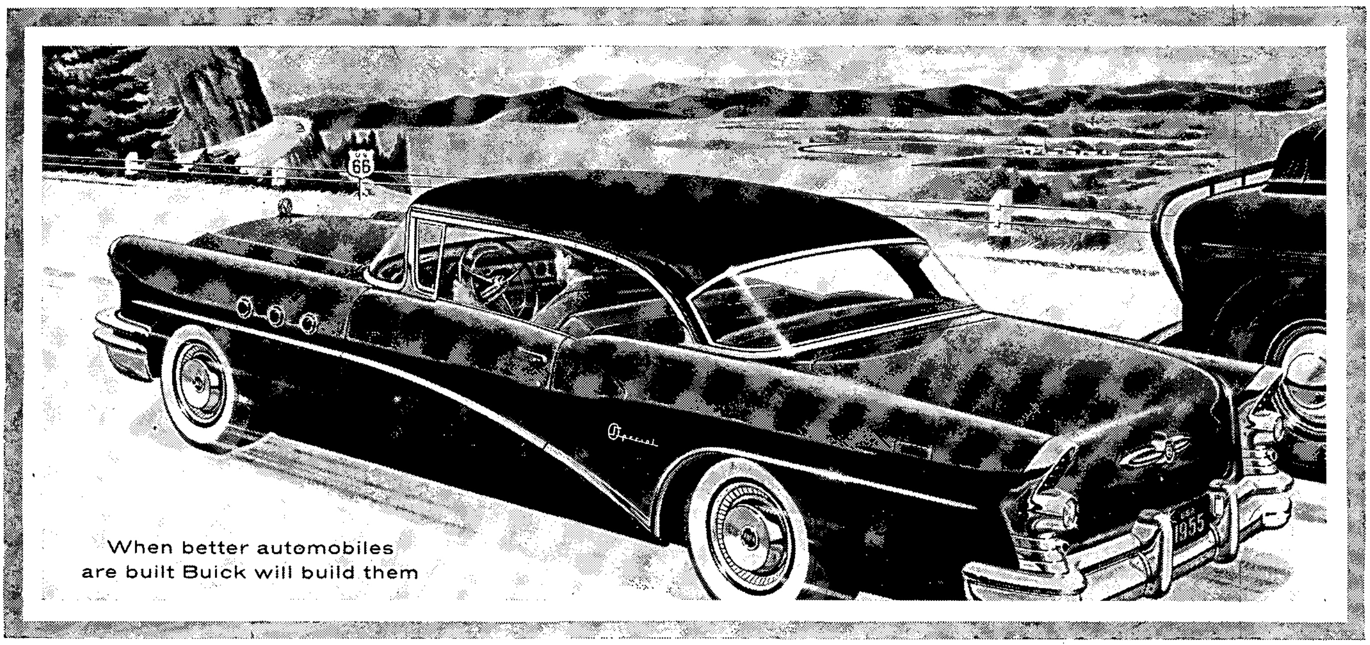

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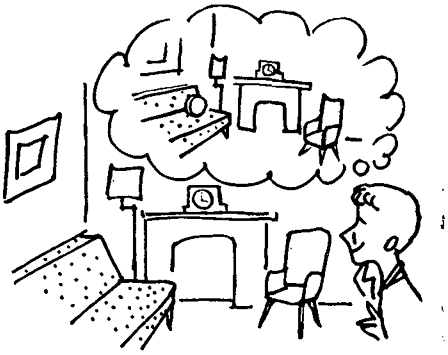

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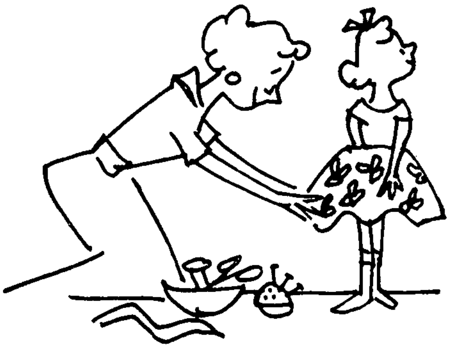

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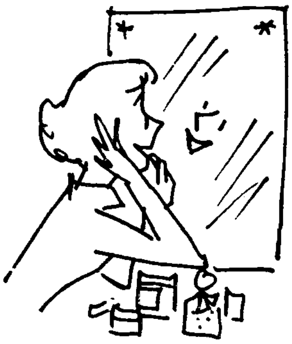

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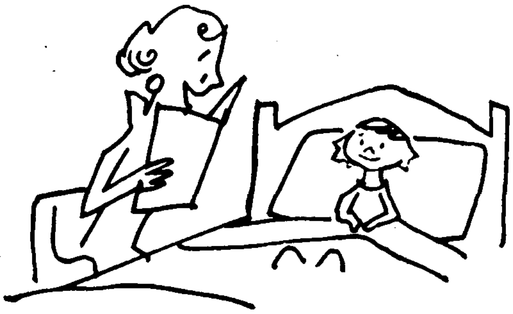

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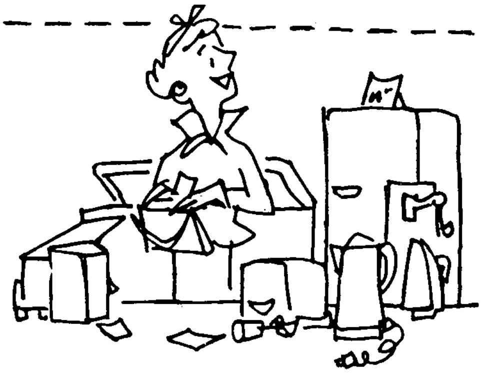

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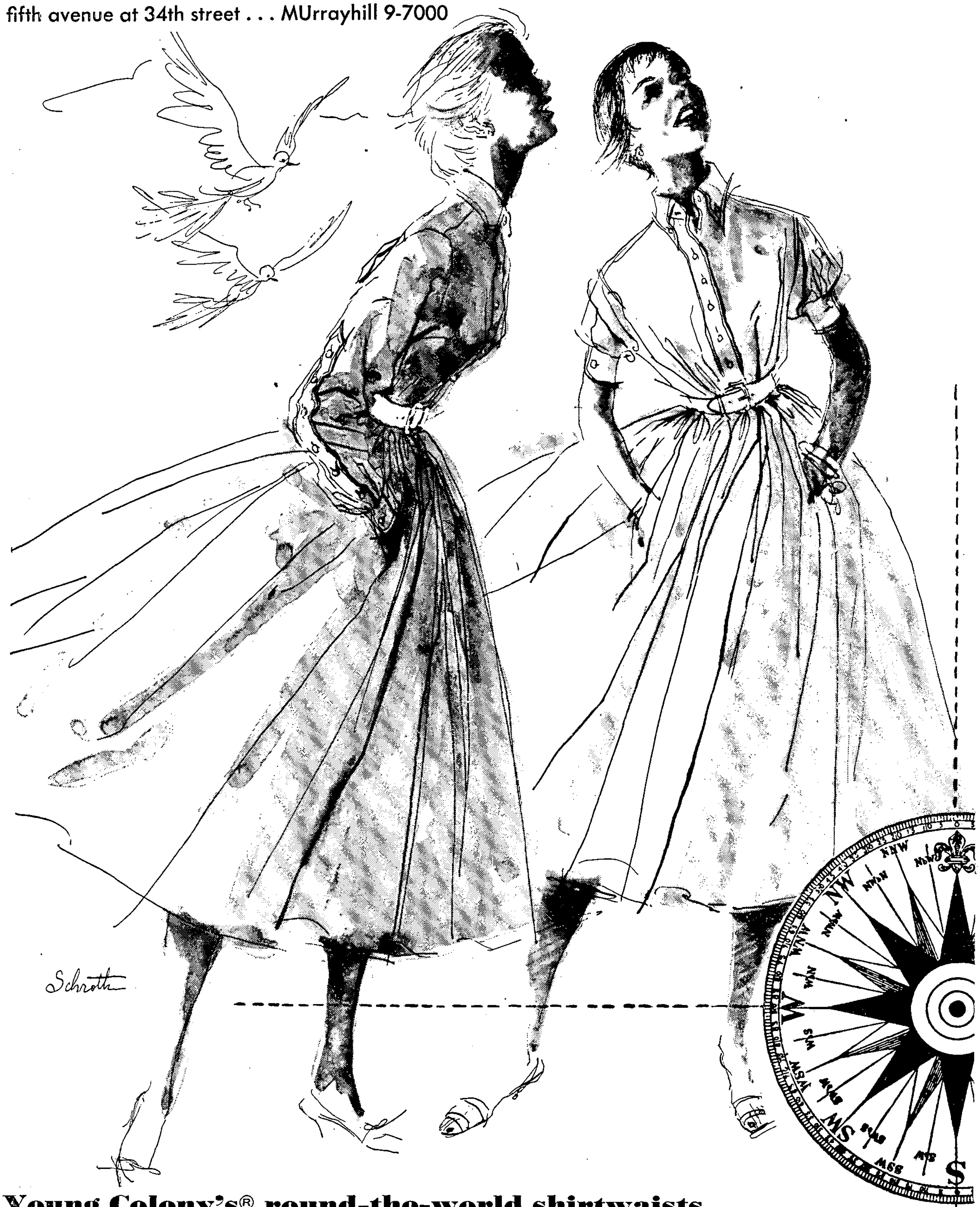

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE wind blows this morning. It blows in the cold, bright streets—from the NW, across from Jersey. It blows in the hot headlines of the morning papers—from every part of the globe, across the seven seas. We don't ever recall a morning, even in wartime, when there was such a complete and gusty rundown of the human scene, so many classic contradictions and differences, of the past, the present, the future. Murmurings out of old history books, shapes seen dimly in the crystal ball. Everything is covered briefly, yet fully—war and peace, age and youth, love and hate, nationalism and universalism, freedom and slavery, blood and tears, profit and loss. It is a morning of brisk physical activity, too. Jet planes of the 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing move to "temporary duty" on Formosa. The U.S. Seventh Fleet puts on a "show of strength" in the Strait. President Eisenhower, to counteract this bustle, announces he will stay put—within two hours' flying distance of the White House. "I want it specifically understood," says Mr. Hagerty, wistfully, "that this is not an emergency measure."

FAMILIAR voices mingle and clash. General MacArthur, after studying a statue of himself in a public park, urges the abolition of war. (The ceremonies were held, it says, "in hazy sunshine.") Senator Flanders, after studying the Formosa resolution, says, "Put in plain English, this *is* . . . war." The italics are ours. Senator Morse says, "This is aggression." The Peiping radio says, "This is aggression." Senator Knowland says, "There is not the slightest intent . . . for a preventive war or aggression." President Eisenhower says, "The United States . . . and indeed all the free nations have a common interest that Formosa . . . should not fall into the control of aggressive Communist forces." Mr. Attlee, the Londoner, says Chiang used to believe Formosa was part of China. The President's message says, "The United States must remove any doubt regarding our readiness to fight." Secretary Wilson says Formosa is "just a ripple." And right in the middle of everything, right in the very eye of this hurricane, a Yale man comes up with nine living specimens of a brand-new creature, an ancestor of the lobster never seen on earth before. What's more, the Yale man had Navy backing—the Navy patrolling the Formosa Strait with one arm, digging up something absolutely new from the mud of Long Island Sound with the other. What a day!

THE punchy citizen, bucking the furious blast in his light topcoat, turns up his collar, blows into his hands, and continues doggedly on his long, long journey up life's ladder, down life's mystery lane. It would pay him, we think, to pause a few moments over the speech of General MacArthur, for this speech presents in quite brilliant form the opinions of a warrior, the dreams of a poet, the recommendations of a patriot. The speech received tumultuous applause. It is interesting chiefly because it presents the hope of the world (abolition of war) as part of a song of praise for the very sort of world that has long made war almost a certainty; that is, a fiercely nationalist-minded world. The General even alluded scornfully to his Korean command as "the so-called United Nations forces." His formula for abolishing war is to "outlaw" it, to let self-interest have free play, and to keep only those arms that are necessary to the problems of "internal order and international police." Since MacArthur was the first general in history who actually commanded a sort of international police (hating everything about it), and since he was obliged to fight a limited war (hating everything about the limitations), his speech and his formula sounded odd indeed. They must have sounded particularly odd to Harry Truman.

BASICALLY, we agree with General MacArthur about the inherent weakness of collective security. "The diverse interests of allies," he said, "always tend toward separation rather than unity." That is exactly the case. Furthermore, sovereign nations don't like to admit, ever, that they are aggressing, and they don't readily submit to disciplinary action by other nations who say they *are* aggressing. Korea illustrates the point—yet at the same time the Korean action under the United Nations was a groping step in the right direction, since it carried out a principle that had been agreed on in advance. The only discipline people accept in this world is the discipline they cook up for themselves, and administer for themselves—the discipline of law and government. All other forms of discipline, whether carried out with crossbows or H-bombs, tend to become war, and generally do become war.

HERE in the familiar jungle of the world, we stand firmly with President Eisenhower on the necessity for showing readiness to fight for principle, although we wonder about the wisdom of opening up the matter in Congress, where the *readiness* to fight, after a few hours of debate, often sounds like the *eagerness* to fight. One thing the H-bomb hasn't changed—nor will anything ever change it—is the priority of values: liberty still leads life in the order of things, even though life now seems very implausible in the event of our having to defend liberty. General MacArthur mentioned that he revered the stars in our flag even more than the stars on his shoulder. He might well have carried his astronomy a bit farther. For sixty nations to set their courses solely by the stars in their flags is for all of us to live in perpetual trouble. This country has already quit that sort of navigation—America, for the past few years, has wisely set its course by the stars in the sky, noticing how impartially they shine on everyone. The President's request that the U.N. assume jurisdiction of the Formosa trouble is evidence of our direction and our temper. The duty of any nation in these days when atomic war would bring double suicide is to show a double readiness: readiness to defend its own special design if openly challenged, readiness to compose this design with the designs of others when they are compatible. War, like crime, will be "outlawed" when, and not until, there is a broad legal system that covers the matter. Meantime, the chances of peace can be improved by advancing from star to star, beginning with MacArthur's shoulder insignia, advancing through the stars of the flags (many of which throw quite a beam), and ending with the stars that light the world.

Sillabub King

SILLABUB! Salmagundi! Good King Henry! Gooseberry tansy! Champ! These—Elizabethan dishes every one of them—are the words that have been on our tongue ever since we had a talk with a recent visitor to these shores, Robin Howard, who is said to run the only Elizabethan restaurant in the world, in the Gore Hotel, London. Without further ado, let us translate them. Sillabub—at the Gore, anyway—consists of raspberries cooked in canary wine, whipped into cream and whites of eggs, and flavored with lemon peel, rosemary, honey, and nutmeg. Salmagundi is chopped chicken, veal, fruit, and vegetables. Good King Henry is a variety of wild spinach. ("I say it's Good King Henry, and I say the hell with it," one may fancy an Elizabethan child saying before they carted him off to the Tower.) Gooseberry tansy is a dessert made of gooseberries, eggs, sugar, rose water, cream, and the juice of an herb called tansy. Champ is potatoes cooked the way Sir Walter Raleigh liked them. You can get all these dishes at the Gore, along with roast peacock, boar's head, lobster pie, and sturgeon, and eat them under the following conditions, if we can believe a brochure that Mr. Howard pressed upon us:

> Table settings are exact replicas of those used by the Elizabethans; the food is cooked from recipes of the time; you sit at genuine sixteenth-century tables to eat off wooden platters with knives and "bifurcated daggers," whilst costumed wenches attend your wants and musicians entertain.

Howard, a personable, dignified Eton-and-Cambridge graduate of thirty who lost both legs on the Rhine while serving with the Scots Guards and gets about skillfully on artificial legs with the help of a cane, became involved in this line of business during the Coronation. "I'd acquired the Gore, a small, thirty-room hotel, a year or two before," he said. "I was brought up in a partly Elizabethan house in Sussex and I've always been interested in things Elizabethan. I've also been interested in the stomach from a fairly early age. So it was a natural for me to start the restaurant. It's open from seven in the evening till midnight, except Sundays—we have a regular restaurant that serves breakfast and lunch—and it includes the services of a lutanist or a girl playing the virginal. The customers were originally tourists, but the English discovered us, and now they come, too. They actually talk to their neighbors! We sometimes run short of roast peacock; I have to pay a hundred and five dollars apiece for my peacocks, so I like to make them last longer by converting them into pâté. Peacock tastes halfway between domestic poultry and game birds. I sometimes serve a peahen with the cock's feathers added. Sturgeon is still the royal fish, you know; all sturgeon landed in the British Isles have to be offered to the Queen. When a shipment arrives, I call up Buckingham Palace and ask if the Queen wants it. We generally get the go-ahead, but sometimes the Queen *does* want it, and we have to defer."

The Gore's Boniface has been here three months, touting his place, and his country, on television and radio, under the auspices of the British Travel Association. "The main thing about British food is that for the last fifteen years it has given a false impression," he told us. "I think you can eat better in England than anywhere else. I have the greatest admiration for the quick-service food one gets in America—sandwiches and so forth—and less admiration for the other. All my friends here know of a lovely little French restaurant, or a delicious Mexican or Chinese restaurant, but it's difficult to find an *American* restaurant. I like Lüchow's, the Brussels, and the St. Regis, but I've dined mostly at private houses, so my frame of reference is limited."

We'd been tipped off that Mr. Howard is a grandson of Stanley Baldwin, and he did not deny this. "I don't like to trade on that circumstance, though," he said. "I prefer to stand on my own merits gastronomically. We can serve thirty-five at a time with comfort, and forty with a bit of a squash."

Little Shaver

A TEACHER who works in the nursery school of the Little Red School House, down on Bleecker Street, has forwarded us this inscrutable observation made by a four-year-old in her care: "Girls cannot marry girls because they all have long hair."

Record Bequest

THE largest single collection of any kind ever given to the Museum of Natural History is now safely on the premises—181,022 moths, butterflies, and other insects, the bequest of John Lovell Sperry, a California civil engineer and amateur lepidopterist who specialized in Geometridae, a family of moths popularly known as millers. Of the 154,630 moths in the Sperry legacy, the great majority are geometrids. Dr. Frederick H. Rindge, assistant curator of the Museum's Department of Insects and Spiders and the only full-time lepidopterist in the United States who specializes in Geometridae, met Mr. Sperry fifteen years ago while studying entomology at the University of California. "I took him my problems about geos and we became friends," Dr. Rindge told us when we stopped in at his office the other day. "That's one of the reasons the collection came here. We had a good geometrid collection before, but the one at the National Museum, in Washington, was stronger, at least in North American geometrids; now ours is the best in the world. Most of the geos in the Sperry collection are from the United States and Canada; the rest are from Europe and Central and South America. The larvae of these moths are inchworms. A worldwide family—quite a successful group. Some geometrid caterpillars are able to camouflage themselves by sticking out at an angle from a twig, like a twig. Some eat oak leaves and have evolved flaps of flesh that make them look like oak tassels; they're devils to spot. Most of them pupate underground, but a few make lightly spun cocoons on top."

Dr. Rindge showed us several cases of Sperry geos—gray or brownish moths, for the most part, about an inch across, and not at all pretty. Many of them looked identical to us, and Dr. Rindge said they were. "In large measure, the interest lies in their geographical distribution," he said. "We're trying to find out where the different species occur, and how specimens differ—in color and structurally—within the individual species. Approximately twelve hundred North American species are known, and Mr. Sperry described some three dozen of them that had been undocumented. His collection will bring new ones to light; I can't say how many. I'll probably spend the rest of my life working on North American geometrids."

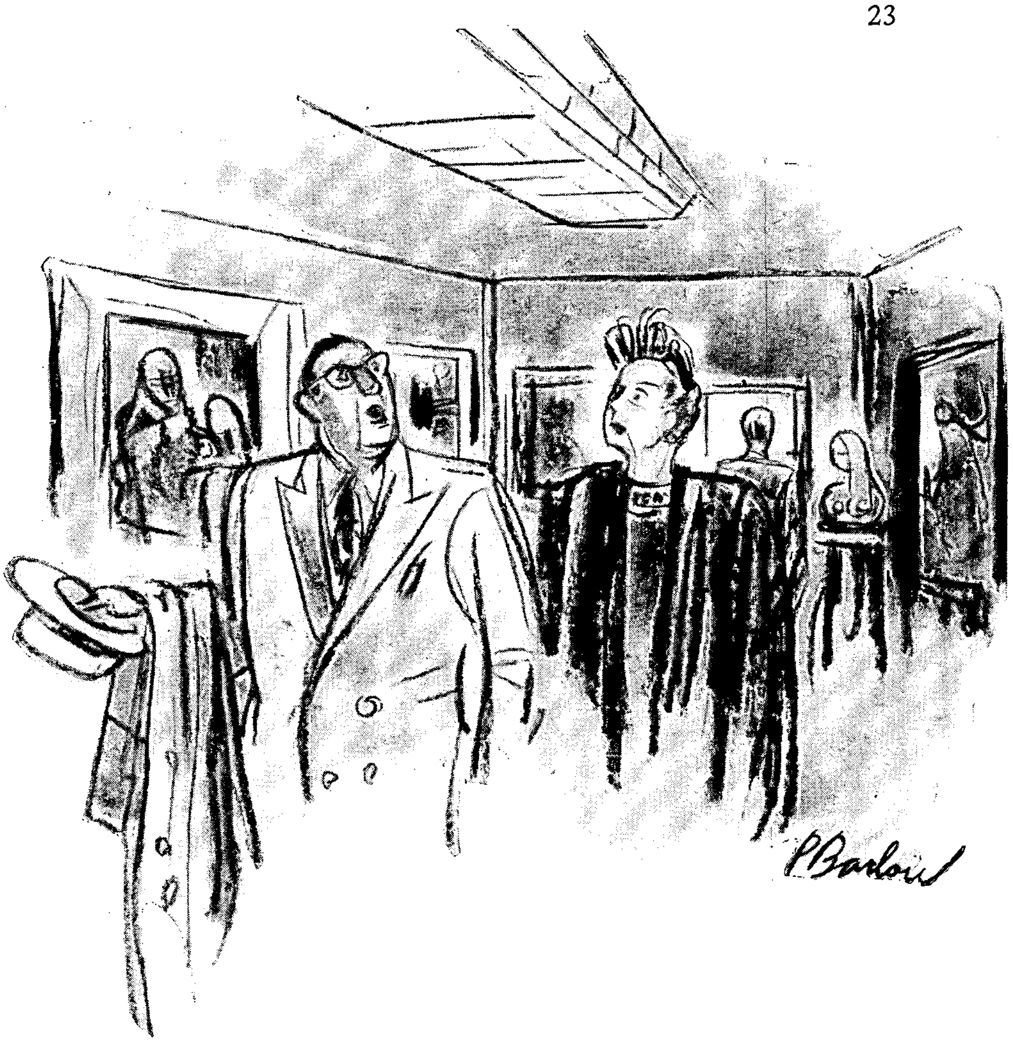
At this point, we were joined by Dr. Mont A. Cazier, chairman of the Department of Insects and Spiders. "We have a couple of guys to mount butterflies for you," he said to Dr. Rindge, who looked relieved.

"The bulk of the Sperry butterflies—thirteen thousand out of sixteen thousand—are, unfortunately, on Riker mounts," Dr. Rindge explained to us. "On cotton, under glass. You can't handle them and see what's on the other side. We like to see what they look like coming and going. We'll have to remove them and mount them on pins."

"Where'd you get that tie?" we asked Dr. Cazier, who was wearing an olive-green cravat with emerald beetles on it.

"Miss Gray, our scientific assistant, made it and gave it to me for Christmas," he said. "It's the fourth one she's made. One had ladybird beetles, one had tiger beetles, and I can't figure out the third. For that matter, I can't identify this beetle."

Dr. Rindge looked at it and shook his head.



"Sure I got a creative urge, but it's satisfied by knowing I could support ten of these guys on the kind of money I make."

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SIGN at the northwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-second Street: "Broadway buses stop here. 6th Ave. buses stop N.W. cor. 32nd St. and B'way."

Black Sheep

WE'VE been backstage at the Belasco to talk with Menasha Skulnik, star of the new Clifford Odets play, "The Flowering Peach." After thirty-five years as a comedian, mostly in Yiddish musicals downtown, Mr. Skulnik is playing his first serious role on Broadway and enjoying it very much. With Mr. Skulnik in his dressing room on the occasion of our visit was his wife, an attractive, dark-haired lady, who had just roused him from a nap. (He usually takes one before the evening performance.) Mr. Skulnik is a short man, five feet four inches tall, and weighs about as much as a box of Ritz crackers. He is bald, has extraordinarily sad eyes, and was born in Warsaw fifty-five years ago.

"All the greats come back here after the show to see Menasha," Mrs. Skulnik told us. "They pick him up and hug him and kiss him. I'm getting jealous."

Mr. Skulnik hunched his shoulders and said, "Marlene Dietrich came and said to me, 'You're so lovable, I'd like to wrap you up and take you home.'" He gave us a wry smile, then went on, with awe, "Movie actors look so much younger in person. Burt Lancaster was here the other night. So big! So handsome! With a whole big mouthful of teeth!"

Mr. Skulnik sat down at his makeup table and started pulling a gray wig over his head. "Right now, this is the biggest part on Broadway," he said. "Mr. Watts Junior said this is the most winning performance he has seen in a long time. The reviewers took me to heart. It means a lot to me, the way they said this is where I belong—uptown." He stared at the image of old Noah in the mirror before him, then drew off the wig and was again Menasha Skulnik. "Uptown, downtown, it's the same audience," he said. "The difference is here I have a day off. Downtown, I gave nine performances a week. All my life, nine performances a week. In addition, downtown I was always the producer. And writer. And director. And publicity agent. Everything. I've played in fifteen hundred plays. I don't remember the names, because they never mattered, to me or anyone. When I was playing downtown, people said, 'Let's go see Menasha Skulnik.' But I like being in a good play. Odets had in mind Fredric March or Spencer Tracy to play Noah, but then he saw me in 'The Fifth Season.' I said to him the other day, 'What made you pick me?' and he said, 'You make me laugh, but

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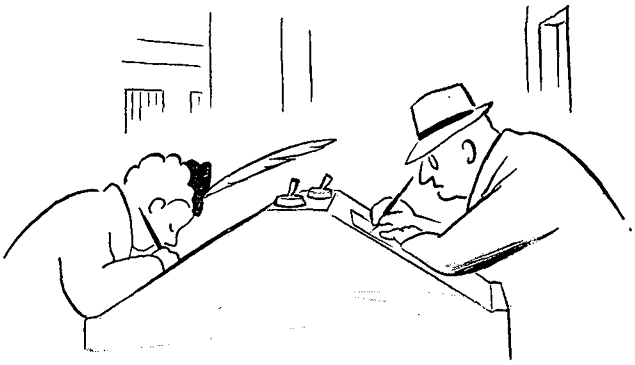

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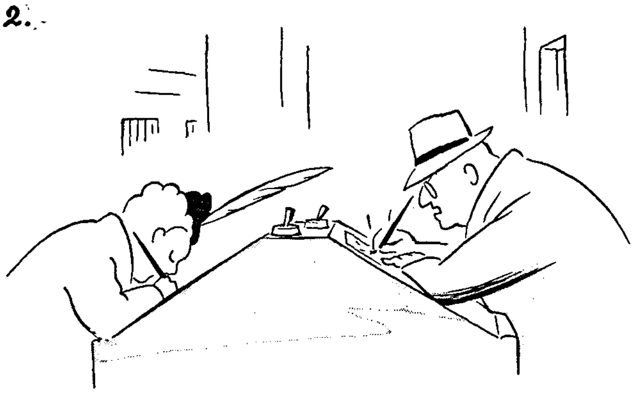

with a tear.' I am always the little guy against the elements."

"For years, he was called the second Charlie Chaplin," Mrs. Skulnik said.

"And I always answered I would rather be the first Menasha Skulnik," Mr. Skulnik said, with force. "You know, there's a city named after me—Menasha, Wisconsin."

"Menasha, darling, it's not named after you at all," his wife protested. "It's an old city, Menasha."

Mr. Skulnik gave a rueful shrug. "She's right. I found out it's an old Indian name. And before that, it was in the Bible. Joseph had two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh. I hear they want to put me in the movies. Movies is a separate article. I would like to make one movie before I retire, but I suppose when they make a movie of this play, Victor Mature would play my part." He lit a cigarette and paced up and down the room. "Every comedian wants to play Hamlet, and this is my Hamlet," he said. "I always say in order to become a comedian, first you must be an actor. And to be an actor? You just go on the stage, open your mouth, and talk. I don't know anything else about it. I'm the only actor in my family, the only black sheep. My father was a plain, hard-working man with a little furniture store in Warsaw."

"Antiques," said Mrs. Skulnik.

Mr. Skulnik shrugged again. "If it was old, it was old," he said.

The next-to-youngest of nine children, Menasha was no sooner out of the cradle than he discovered, not far from home, a theatre specializing in Shakespeare and other classics. He got inside the theatre by carrying drinks to the actors during rehearsals. His first appearance onstage was under a table with four other children. "No lines that first time," he said. "Soon afterward, I gave up school, figuring I could educate myself. I'd hear about Dardanelles, Schmardanelles, and not know where they were and buy a map and look them up. At ten, I ran away with a circus. I swore to myself that I wouldn't come home till I had a high hat, a cape, and a cane. Four years later, I was back, a regular man-about-town, with a high hat, a cape, and a cane."

Mr. Skulnik came to the United States in 1919 and got a job as a juvenile in a Yiddish theatre in Philadelphia. "No matter what I said, the audience laughed," he recalled. "The manager asked me why I hadn't told him I was a comedian. That was how I found out I was a comedian. When I brought my mother over from Poland, she saw me on the stage and said, 'This is nice, but what are you making a living from?' My oldest brother moved to Chicago. One day I was playing out there and he read in the papers that Menasha Skulnik was making five thousand dollars a week. He came to me and asked, 'Is it true you're making five thousand dollars a week?' I told him it was just publicity. He said, 'But you *are* making seventy-five dollars a week?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Thank God!' "

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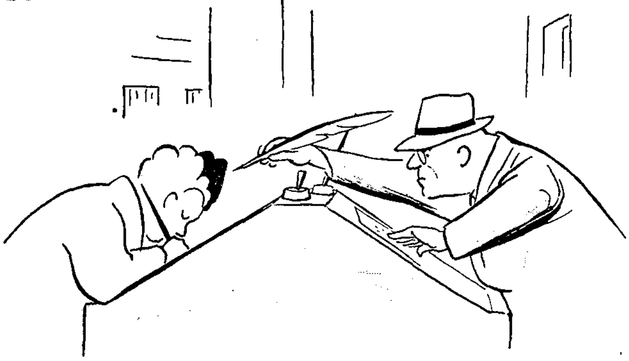

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OVERHEARD at the Metropolitan Museum during the recent exhibition of Dutch paintings: "These are so realistic you don't need to buy a catalogue."

Golden

SOME weeks ago, we ran a piece about that glorious old pile, the Flatiron Building. Now we'd like to tell you about another glorious old pile, the Singer Building, on lower Broadway, which the sewing-machine people ran up in 1908 and which was for a time the tallest building in the world. While it was still under construction, Singer agencies here and abroad handed out tons of publicity about it, including a drawing of it on postcards; a montage that depicted seventeen of the most famous high structures ever built, each neatly labelled in feet (the Great Pyramid, four hundred and eighty-five feet; the Pantheon, one hundred and fifty feet; the Campanile in Venice, three hundred and twenty-five feet), with the Singer tower, six hundred and twelve feet, lording it over all the rest; and a folder, printed in six languages, which listed the Singer Building among such acknowledged wonders as the Taj Mahal and the steam locomotive, and described it as "the most widely known office structure in the world." This was mighty big talk to make about an unfinished building, but it worked; to this day a Singer salesman visiting some remote archipelago in the South Pacific is likely to be asked how things are going with the tallest building in the world.

Actually, the building held the title for a scant eighteen months, being outdistanced late in 1909 by the Metropolitan Life Insurance tower, on Madison Square, which rises to a height of seven hundred feet. The small observation platform in the Metropolitan tower wasn't open to the public, though, and tourists continued to flock to the Singer Building, which was happy to welcome them, at fifty cents a head. At night, the tower was brilliantly floodlighted, and

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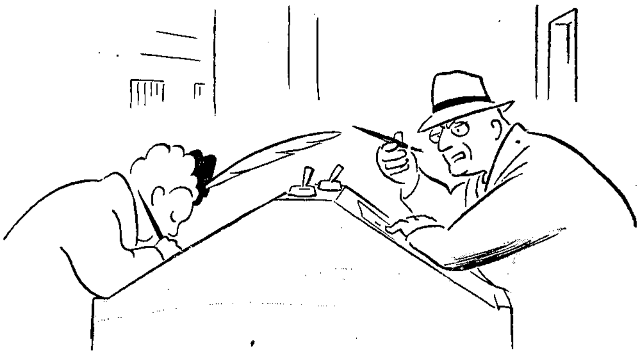

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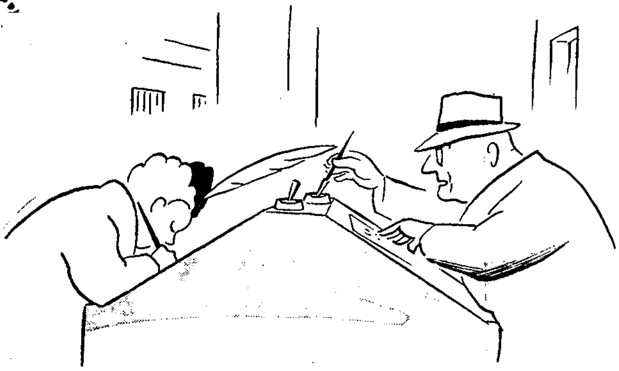

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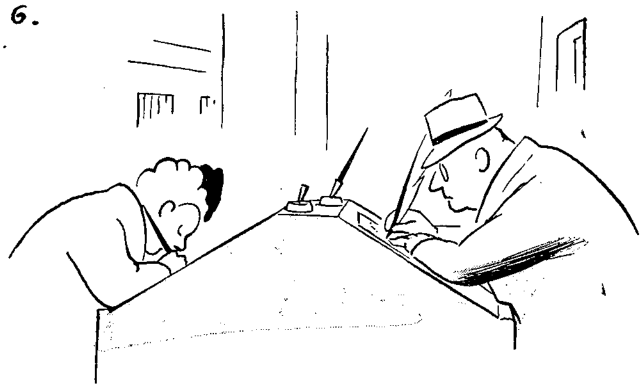

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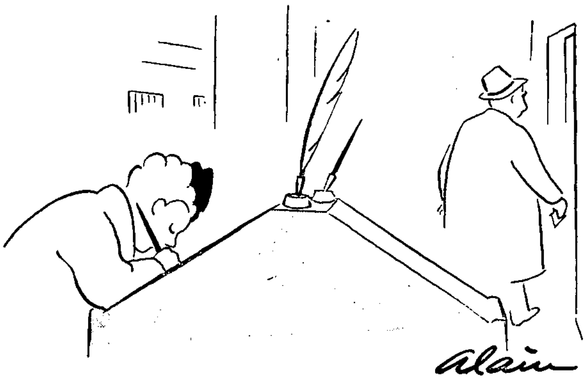


night and day a great white pennant, thirty feet long and spelling out "Singer" in red letters, flew from a sixty-two-foot flagpole atop the tower. It was hauled down upon the arrival or departure by ship of Singer executives, for whose benefit, as they steamed up or down the Bay, a flag spelling out "Welcome Home" or "Bon Voyage" was flown in its stead. The Woolworth Building, seven hundred and ninety-two feet high, was completed in 1913 and became the new tourist attraction. Along about 1916, the observation platform of the Singer Building was closed and the floodlights were doused forever.

At the moment, there are sixteen buildings in the city taller than the Singer, and some of its admirers have rather touchingly begun to claim that it was the first of the skyscrapers. It was nothing of the kind, of course. The steel-skeleton skyscraper was developed in Chicago, in the eighteen-eighties, and the first local steel skyscraper was the eleven-story Tower Building, at 50 Broadway, erected in 1889. By the time the Singer Building was going up, it had been decided to tear the Tower Building down, to make way for a skyscraper three times as high. If the Singer Building had survived only as short a time as the Tower Building, its early demise would have been a grievous blow to its architect, Ernest Flagg, who declared that it was "as solid and lasting as the Pyramids." Flagg, who died in 1947, was a gifted designer, his specialty being what was known as "modern French." "It is doubtful if an equally magnificent tower will ever be built unless it is a literal copy of the Singer Building," the Singer people announced, with characteristic modesty, on opening day, and newspaper accounts of that occasion made much of the splendor of the interior, and especially of the lobby, with its rows of matched pavonazzo-marble columns and its vaulted ceiling, covered with gold leaf. "At night," wrote one critic, "it appears to the beholder like the nave of some wonderful, golden cathedral."

The Singer people have been wise enough to leave magnificence alone. The pillars of the lobby are still boldly of marble, the ceiling boldly of gold leaf, as if Formica and stainless steel had never been invented; the only major change in the building took place about ten years ago, when the express elevators to the thirteenth floor were replaced by speedier models. As for the furnishings and decoration of the office of the president of the Singer Company, on the thirty-fourth floor, they haven't been altered by so much as a light switch in forty-seven years. The Singer Company occupies, as it did on opening day, all of the tower from the twenty-ninth floor to the observation platform on the fortieth floor (it is known as a forty-seven-story building, but the narrow, ornamental lantern above the observation platform was never intended to be rented), and the rest of the building is given over to assorted tenants, among them a couple of certified public accountants, a Japanese bank, a dentist, a detective agency, and an estate in process of liquidation. Several of the tenants have been there since the building went up; two former tenants were the Great Mouthpiece, William Fallon, and that much greater mouthpiece, Martin Littleton. Modern office buildings are hell to take pictures from; the Singer Building has dozens of ornate balconies, and on days when parades are scheduled to march up Broadway the balconies suddenly come alive with newsreel and TV cameras.

Medical Advice

A GIRL we know who goes around with a young doctor and, like all girls who go around with young doctors, has put up with a good deal in the way of dates broken because of an emergency tells about a new one. The other night, this young doctor telephoned her to explain why he couldn't take her out to dinner. His exact words were "I think I may not be feeling too well, so I've gone to bed." The girl asked him just what he meant by "*think* I may not be feeling too well," and he said, "I'm not sure how I feel, but the last two patients I saw told me I looked terrible and ought to be home in bed."

A FATHER-TO-BE

THE strangest notions had a way of forcing themselves into Rogin's mind. Just thirty-one and passable-looking, with short black hair, small eyes, but a high, open forehead, he was a research chemist, and his mind was generally serious and dependable. But on a snowy Sunday evening while this stocky man, buttoned to the chin in a Burberry coat and walking in his preposterous gait—feet turned outward—was going toward the subway, he fell into a peculiar state.

He was on his way to have supper with his fiancée. She had phoned him a short while ago and said, "You'd better pick up a few things on the way."

"What do we need?"

"Some roast beef, for one thing. I bought a quarter of a pound coming home from my aunt's."

"Why a quarter of a pound, Joan?" said Rogin, deeply annoyed. "That's just about enough for one good sandwich."

"So you have to stop at a delicatessen. I had no more money."

He was about to ask, "What happened to the thirty dollars I gave you on Wednesday?," but he knew that would not be right.

"I had to give Phyllis money for the cleaning woman," said Joan.

Phyllis, Joan's cousin, was a young divorcée, extremely wealthy. The two women shared an apartment.

"Roast beef," he said, "and what else?"

"Some shampoo, sweetheart. We've used up all the shampoo. And hurry, darling, I've missed you all day."

"And I've missed you," said Rogin, but to tell the truth he had been worrying most of the time. He had a younger brother whom he was putting through college. And his mother, whose annuity wasn't quite enough in these days of inflation and high taxes, needed money, too. Joan had debts he was helping her to pay, for she wasn't working. She was looking for something suitable to do. Beautiful, well-educated, aristocratic in her attitude, she couldn't clerk in a dime store; she couldn't model clothes (Rogin thought this made girls vain and stiff, and he didn't want her to); she couldn't be a waitress or a cashier. What could she be? Well, something would turn up, and meantime Rogin hesitated to complain. He paid her bills—the dentist, the department store, the osteopath, the doctor, the psychiatrist. At Christmas, Rogin almost went mad. Joan bought him a velvet smoking jacket with frog fasteners, a beautiful pipe, and a pouch. She bought Phyllis a garnet brooch, an Italian silk umbrella, and a gold cigarette holder. For other friends, she bought Dutch pewter and Swedish glassware. Before she was through, she had spent five hundred dollars of Rogin's money. He loved her too much to show his suffering. He believed she had a far better nature than his. She didn't worry about money. She had a marvellous character, always cheerful, and she really didn't need a psychiatrist at all. She went to one because Phyllis did and it made her curious. She tried too much to keep up with her cousin, whose father had made millions in the rug business.

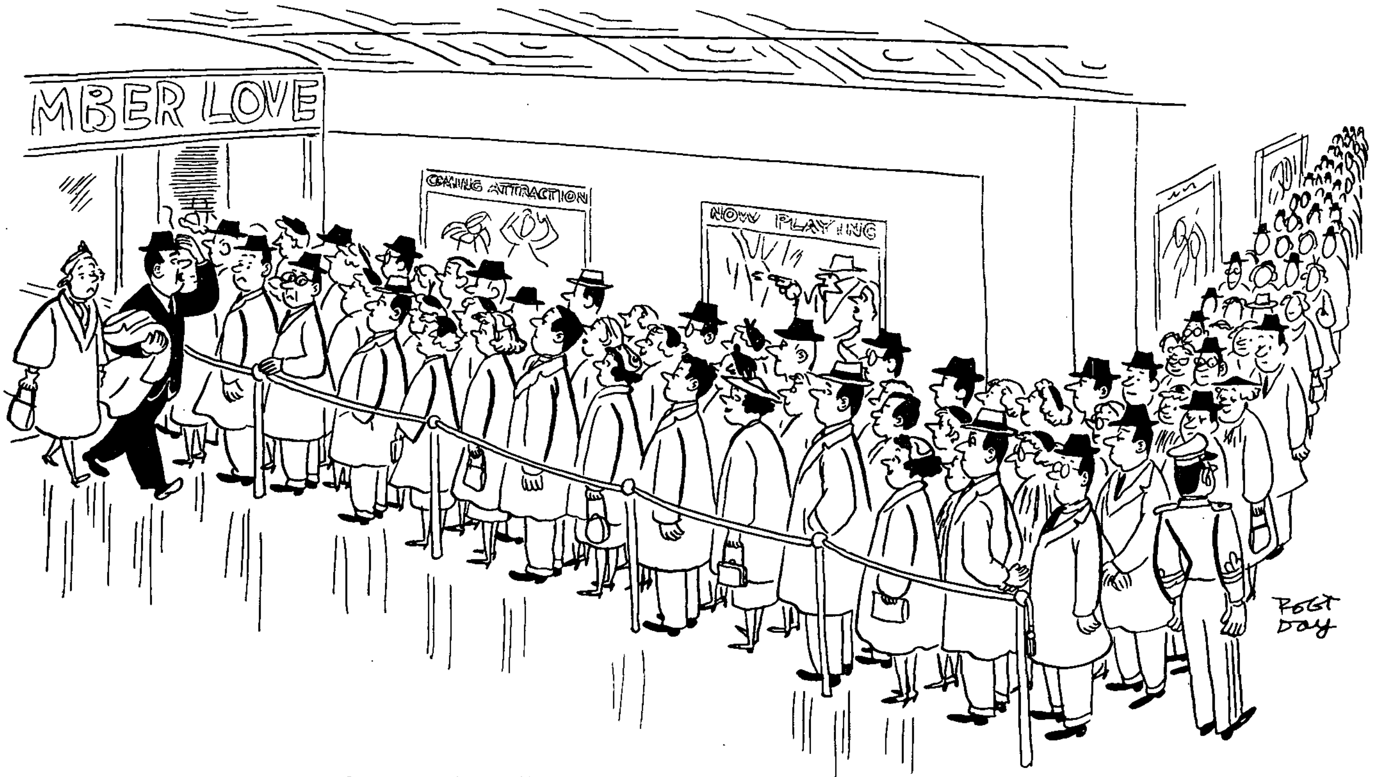
While the woman in the drugstore was wrapping the shampoo bottle, a clear idea suddenly arose in Rogin's thoughts: Money surrounds you in life as the earth does in death. Superimposition is the universal law. Who is free? No one is free. Who has no burdens? Everyone is under pressure. The very rocks, the waters of the earth, beasts, men, children—everyone has some weight to carry. This idea was extremely clear to him at first. Soon it became rather vague, but it had a great effect nevertheless, as if someone had given him a valuable gift. (Not like the velvet smoking jacket he couldn't bring himself to wear, or the pipe it choked him to smoke.) The notion that all were under pressure and affliction, instead of saddening him, had the opposite influence. It put him in a wonderful mood. It was extraordinary how happy he became and, in addition, clear-sighted. His eyes all at once were opened to what was around him. He saw with delight how the druggist and the woman who wrapped the shampoo bottle were smiling and flirting, how the lines of worry in her face went over into lines of cheer and the druggist's receding gums did not hinder his kidding and friendliness. And in the delicatessen, also, it was amazing how much Rogin noted and what happiness it gave him simply to be there.

DELICATESSENS on Sunday night, when all other stores are shut, will overcharge you ferociously, and Rogin would normally have been on guard, but he was not tonight, or scarcely so. Smells of pickle, sausage, mustard, and smoked fish overjoyed him. He pitied the people who would buy the chicken salad and chopped herring; they could do it only because their sight was too dim to see what they were getting—the fat flakes of pepper on the chicken, the soppy herring, mostly vinegar-soaked stale bread. Who would buy them? Late risers, people living alone, waking up in the darkness of the afternoon, finding their refrigerators empty, or people whose gaze was turned inward. The roast beef looked not bad, and Rogin ordered a pound.

While the storekeeper was slicing the meat, he yelled at a Puerto Rican kid who was reaching for a bag of chocolate cookies, "Hey, you want to pull me down the whole display on yourself? You, *chico*, wait a half a minute." This storekeeper, though he looked like one of Pancho Villa's bandits, the kind that smeared their enemies with syrup and staked them down on anthills, a man with toadlike eyes and stout hands made to clasp pistols hung around his belly, was not so bad. He was a New York man, thought Rogin—who was from Albany himself—a New York man toughened by every abuse of the city, trained to suspect everyone. But in his own realm, on the board behind the counter, there was justice. Even clemency.

The Puerto Rican kid wore a complete cowboy outfit—a green hat with white braid, guns, chaps, spurs, boots, and gauntlets—but he couldn't speak any English. Rogin unhooked the cellophane bag of hard circular cookies and gave it to him. The boy tore the cellophane with his teeth and began to chew one of those dry chocolate discs. Rogin recognized his state—the energetic dream of childhood. Once, he, too, had found these dry biscuits delicious. It would have bored him now to eat one.

What else would Joan like? Rogin thought fondly. Some strawberries? "Give me some frozen strawberries. No, raspberries, she likes those better.



"The picture stinks. Pass it on."

• •

And heavy cream. And some rolls, cream cheese, and some of those rubber-looking gherkins."

"What rubber?"

"Those, deep green, with eyes. Some ice cream might be in order, too."

He tried to think of a compliment, a good comparison, an endearment, for Joan when she'd open the door. What about her complexion? There was really nothing to compare her sweet, small, daring, shapely, timid, defiant, loving face to. How difficult she was, and how beautiful!

As Rogin went down into the stony, odorous, metallic, captive air of the subway, he was diverted by an unusual confession made by a man to his friend. These were two very tall men, shapeless in their winter clothes, as if their coats concealed suits of chain mail.

"So, how long have you known me?" said one.

"Twelve years."

"Well, I have an admission to make," he said. "I've decided that I might as well. For years I've been a heavy drinker. You didn't know. Practically an alcoholic."

But his friend was not surprised, and he answered immediately, "Yes, I did know."

"You knew? Impossible! How could you?"

Why, thought Rogin, as if it could be a secret! Look at that long, austere, alcohol-washed face, that drink-ruined nose, the skin by his ears like turkey wattles, and those whiskey-saddened eyes.

"Well, I did know, though."

"You couldn't have. I can't believe it." He was upset, and his friend didn't seem to want to soothe him. "But it's all right now," he said. "I've been going to a doctor and taking pills, a new revolutionary Danish discovery. It's a miracle. I'm beginning to believe they can cure you of anything and everything. You can't beat the Danes in science. They do everything. They turned a man into a woman."

"That isn't how they stop you from drinking, is it?"

"No. I hope not. This is only like aspirin. It's super-aspirin. They call it the aspirin of the future. But if you use it, you have to stop drinking."

Rogin's illuminated mind asked of itself while the human tides of the subway swayed back and forth, and cars linked and transparent like fish bladders raced under the streets: How come he thought nobody would know what everybody couldn't help knowing? And, as a chemist, he asked himself what kind of compound this new Danish drug might be, and started thinking about various inventions of his own, synthetic albumen, a cigarette that lit itself, a cheaper motor fuel. Ye gods, but he needed money! As never before. What was to be done? His mother was growing more and more difficult. On Friday night, she had neglected to cut up his meat for him, and he was hurt. She had sat at the table motionless, with her long-suffering face, severe, and let him cut his own meat, a thing she almost never did. She had always spoiled him and made his brother envy him. But what she expected now! Oh, Lord, how he had to pay, and it had never even occurred to him formerly that these things might have a price.

Seated, one of the passengers, Rogin recovered his calm, happy, even clairvoyant state of mind. To think of money was to think as the world wanted you to think; then you'd never be your own master. When people said they wouldn't do something for love or money, they meant that love and money were opposite passions and one the enemy of the other. He went on to reflect how little people knew about this, how they slept through life, how small a light the light of consciousness was. Rogin's clean, snub-nosed face shone while his heart was torn with joy at these deeper thoughts of our ignorance. You might take this drunkard as an example, who for long years thought his closest friends never suspected he drank. Rogin looked up and down the aisle for this remarkable knightly symbol, but he was gone.

However, there was no lack of things

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It's not that I don't love you, Ellen. It's just that I wasn't invited on the jailbreak."

• •

to see. There was a small girl with a new white muff; into the muff a doll's head was sewn, and the child was happy and affectionately vain of it, while her old man, stout and grim, with a huge scowling nose, kept picking her up and resettling her in the seat, as if he were trying to change her into something else. Then another child, led by her mother, boarded the car, and this other child carried the very same doll-faced muff, and this greatly annoyed both parents. The woman, who looked like a difficult, contentious woman, took her daughter away. It seemed to Rogin that each child was in love with its own muff and didn't even see the other, but it was one of his foibles to think he understood the hearts of little children.

A foreign family next engaged his attention. They looked like Central Americans to him. On one side the mother, quite old, dark-faced, white-haired, and worn out; on the other a son with the whitened, porous hands of a dishwasher. But what was the dwarf who sat between them—a son or a daughter? The hair was long and wavy and the cheeks smooth, but the shirt and tie were masculine. The overcoat was feminine, but the shoes—the shoes were a puzzle. A pair of brown oxfords with an outer seam like a man's, but Baby Louis heels like a woman's—a plain toe like a man's, but a strap across the instep like a woman's. No stockings. That didn't help much. The dwarf's fingers were beringed, but without a wedding band. There were small grim dents in the cheeks. The eyes were puffy and concealed, but Rogin did not doubt that they could reveal strange things if they chose and that this was a creature of remarkable understanding. He had for many years owned De la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget." Now he took a resolve; he would read it. As soon as he had decided, he was free from his consuming curiosity as to the dwarf's sex and was able to look at the person who sat beside him.

THOUGHTS very often grow fertile in the subway, because of the motion, the great company, the subtlety of the rider's state as he rattles under streets and rivers, under the foundations of great buildings, and Rogin's mind had already been strangely stimulated. Clasping the bag of groceries from which there rose odors of bread and pickle spice, he was following a train of reflections, first about the chemistry of sex determination, the X and Y chromosomes, hereditary linkages, the uterus, afterward about his brother as a tax exemption. He recalled two dreams of the night before. In one, an undertaker had offered to cut his hair, and he had refused. In another, he had been carrying a woman on his head. Sad dreams, both! Very sad! Which was the woman—Joan or Mother? And the undertaker—his lawyer? He gave a deep sigh, and by force of habit began to put together his synthetic albumen that was to revolutionize the entire egg industry.

Meanwhile, he had not interrupted his examination of the passengers and had fallen into a study of the man next to him. This was a man whom he had never in his life seen before but with whom he now suddenly felt linked through all existence. He was middle-aged, sturdy, with clear skin and blue eyes. His hands were clean, well-formed, but Rogin did not approve of them. The coat he wore was a fairly expensive blue check such as Rogin would never have chosen for himself. He would not have worn blue suède shoes, either, or such a faultless hat, a cumbersome felt animal of a hat encircled by a high, fat ribbon. There are all kinds of dandies, not all of them are of the flaunting kind; some are dandies of respectability, and Rogin's fellow-passenger was one of these. His straight-nosed profile was handsome, yet he had betrayed his gift, for he was flat-looking. But in his flat way he seemed to warn people that he wanted no difficulties with them, he wanted nothing to do with them. Wearing such blue suède shoes, he could not afford to have people treading on his feet, and he seemed to draw about himself a circle of privilege, notifying all others to mind their own business and let him read his paper. He was holding a *Tribune*, and perhaps it would be overstatement to say that he was reading. He was holding it.

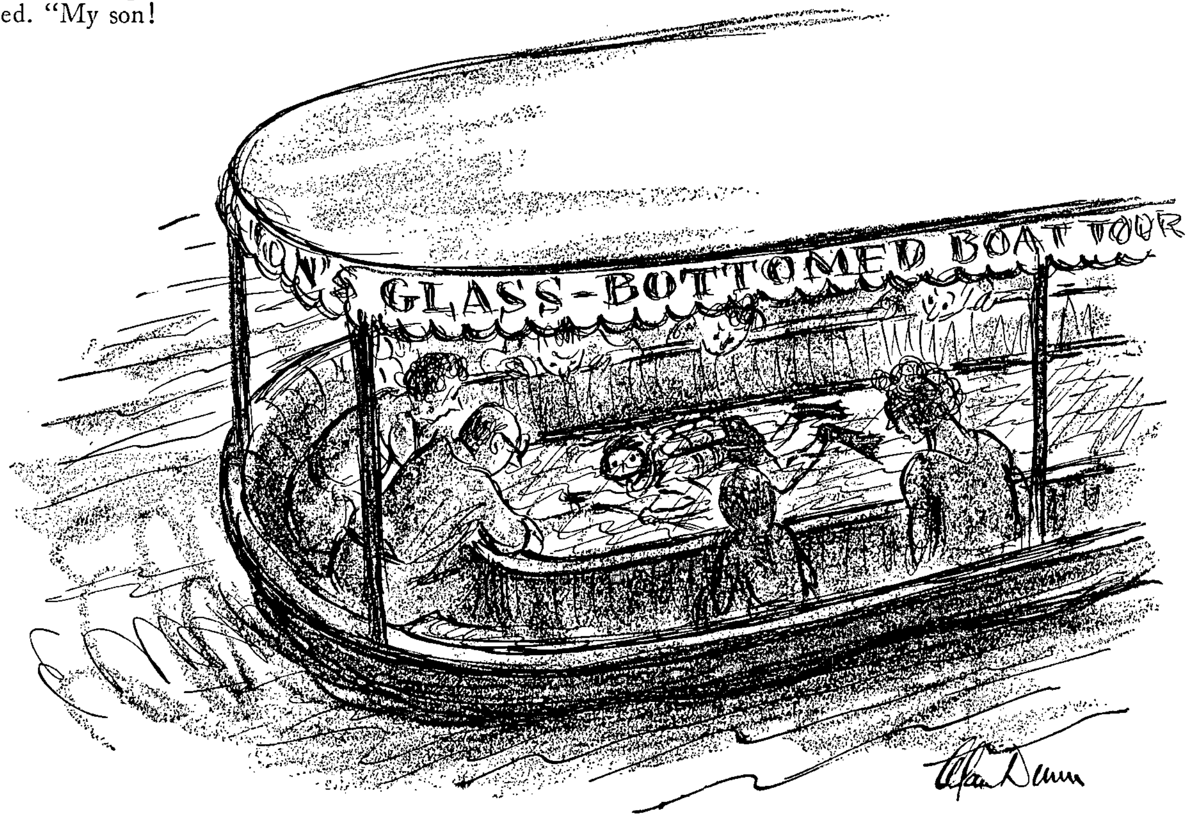
His clear skin and blue eyes, his straight and purely Roman nose—even the way he sat—all strongly suggested one person to Rogin: Joan. He tried to escape the comparison, but it couldn't be helped. This man not only looked like Joan's father, whom Rogin detested; he looked like Joan herself. Forty years hence, a son of hers, provided she had one, might be like this. A son of hers? Of such a son, he himself, Rogin, would be the father. Lacking in dominant traits as compared with Joan, his heritage would not appear. Probably the children would resemble her. Yes, think forty years ahead, and a man like this, who sat by him knee to knee in the hurtling car among their fellow-creatures, unconscious participants in a sort of great carnival of transit—such a man would carry forward what had been Rogin.

This was why he felt bound to him through all existence. What were forty years reckoned against eternity! Forty years were gone, and he was gazing at his own son. Here he was. Rogin was frightened and moved. "My son! My son!" he said to himself, and the pity of it almost made him burst into tears. The holy and frightful work of the masters of life and death brought this about. We were their instruments. We worked toward ends we thought were our own. But no! The whole thing was so unjust. To suffer, to labor, to toil and force your way through the spikes of life, to crawl through its darkest caverns, to push through the worst, to struggle under the weight of economy, to make money—only to become the father of a fourth-rate man of the world like this, so flat-looking, with his ordinary, clean, rosy, uninteresting, self-satisfied, fundamentally bourgeois face. What a curse to have a dull son! A son like this, who could never understand his father. They had absolutely nothing, but nothing, in common, he and this neat, chubby, blue-eyed man. He was so pleased, thought Rogin, with all he owned and all he did and all he was that he could hardly unfasten his lip. Look at that lip, sticking up at the tip like a little thorn or egg tooth. He wouldn't give anyone the time of day. Would this perhaps be general forty years from now? Would personalities be chillier as the world aged and grew colder? The inhumanity of the next generation incensed Rogin. Father and son had no sign to make to each other. Terrible! Inhuman! What a vision of existence it gave him. Man's personal aims were nothing, illusion. The life force occupied each of us in turn in its progress toward its own fulfillment, trampling on our individual humanity, using us for its own ends like mere dinosaurs or bees, exploiting love heartlessly, making us engage in the social process, labor, struggle for money, and submit to the law of pressure, the universal law of layers, superimposition!

What the blazes am I getting into? Rogin thought. To be the father of a throwback to *her* father. The image of this white-haired, gross, peevish old man with his ugly selfish blue eyes revolted Rogin. This was how his grandson would look. Joan, with whom Rogin was now more and more displeased, could not help that. For her, it was inevitable. But did it have to be inevitable for him? Well, then, Rogin, you fool, don't be a damned instrument. Get out of the way!

But it was too late for this, because he had already experienced the sensation of sitting next to his own son, his son and Joan's. He kept staring at him, waiting for him to say something, but the presumptive son remained coldly silent though he must have been aware of Rogin's scrutiny. They even got out at the same stop—Sheridan Square. When they stepped to the platform, the man, without even looking at Rogin, went away in a different direction in his detestable blue-checked coat, with his rosy, nasty face.

THE whole thing upset Rogin very badly. When he approached Joan's door and heard Phyllis's little dog Henri barking even before he could knock, his face was very tense. "I won't be used," he declared to himself. "I have my own right to exist." Joan had better watch out. She had a light way of bypassing grave questions he had given earnest thought to. She always assumed no really disturbing thing would happen. He could not afford the luxury of such a carefree, debonair attitude himself, because he had to work hard and earn money so that disturbing things would *not* happen. Well, at the moment this



situation could not be helped, and he really did not mind the money if he could feel that she was not necessarily the mother of such a son as his subway son or entirely the daughter of that awful, obscene father of hers. After all, Rogin was not himself so much like either of his parents, and quite different from his brother.

Joan came to the door, wearing one of Phyllis's expensive housecoats. It suited her very well. At first sight of her happy face, Rogin was brushed by the shadow of resemblance; the touch of it was extremely light, almost figmentary, but it made his flesh tremble.

She began to kiss him, saying, "Oh, my baby. You're covered with snow. Why didn't you wear your hat? It's all over its little head"—her favorite third-person endearment.

"Well, let me put down this bag of stuff. Let me take off my coat," grumbled Rogin, and escaped from her embrace. Why couldn't she wait making up to him? "It's so hot in here. My face is burning. Why do you keep the place at this temperature? And that damned dog keeps barking. If you didn't keep it cooped up, it wouldn't be so spoiled and noisy. Why doesn't anybody ever walk him?"

"Oh, it's not really so hot here! You've just come in from the cold. Don't you think this housecoat fits me better than Phyllis? Especially across the hips. She thinks so, too. She may sell it to me."

"I hope not," Rogin almost exclaimed.

She brought a towel to dry the melting snow from his short, black hair. The flurry of rubbing excited Henri intolerably, and Joan locked him up in the bedroom, where he jumped persistently against the door with a rhythmic sound of claws on the wood.

Joan said, "Did you bring the shampoo?"

"Here it is."

"Then I'll wash your hair before dinner. Come."

"I don't want it washed."

"Oh, come on," she said, laughing.

Her lack of consciousness of guilt amazed him. He did not see how it could be. And the carpeted, furnished, lamplit, curtained room seemed to stand against his vision. So that he felt accusing and angry, his spirit sore and bitter, but it did not seem fitting to say why. Indeed, he began to worry lest the reason for it all slip away from him.

They took off his coat and his shirt in the bathroom, and she filled the sink. Rogin was full of his troubled emotions; now that his chest was bare he could feel them even more distinctly inside, and he said to himself, "I'll have a thing or two to tell her pretty soon. I'm not letting them get away with it. 'Do you think,' he was going to tell her, 'that I alone was made to carry the burden of the whole world on me? Do you think I was born just to be taken advantage of and sacrificed? Do you think I'm just a natural resource, like a coal mine, or oil well, or fishery, or the like? Remember, that I'm a man is no reason why I should be loaded down. I have a soul in me no bigger or stronger than yours. Take away the externals, like the muscles, deeper voice, and so forth, and what remains? A pair of spirits, practically alike. So why shouldn't there also be equality? I can't always be the strong one.' "

"Sit here," said Joan, bringing up a kitchen stool to the sink. "Your hair's gotten all matted."

He sat with his breast against the cool enamel, his chin on the edge of the basin, the green, hot, radiant water reflecting the glass and the tile, and the sweet, cool, fragrant juice of the shampoo poured on his head. She began to wash him.

"You have the healthiest-looking scalp," she said. "It's all pink."

He answered, "Well, it should be white. There must be something wrong with me."

"But there's absolutely nothing wrong with you," she said, and pressed against him from behind, surrounding him, pouring the water gently over him until it seemed to him that the water came from within him, it was the warm fluid of his own secret loving spirit overflowing into the sink, green and foaming, and the words he had rehearsed he forgot, and his anger at his son-to-be disappeared altogether, and he sighed, and said to her from the water-filled hollow of the sink, "You always have such wonderful ideas, Joan. You know? You have a kind of instinct, a regular gift."

—SAUL BELLOW

NOTES ON SOME EMINENT FOREIGN NOVELISTS

FROM ANY ANGLE IT'S A VIPERS' TANGLE

The wise commit the errors,
The good commit the sins.
The brave are full of terrors.
Only the loser wins.
And even white is partly black
In books by François Mauriac.

THE CAT ON THE MAT DESERVES A PAT

Colette
Kept Love for a pet,
Brushed its fur as soft as silk,
Gave it saucerfuls of milk,
Taught it all the tricks there are—
But didn't trust it very far.

THE MUTED SCREEN OF GRAHAM GREENE

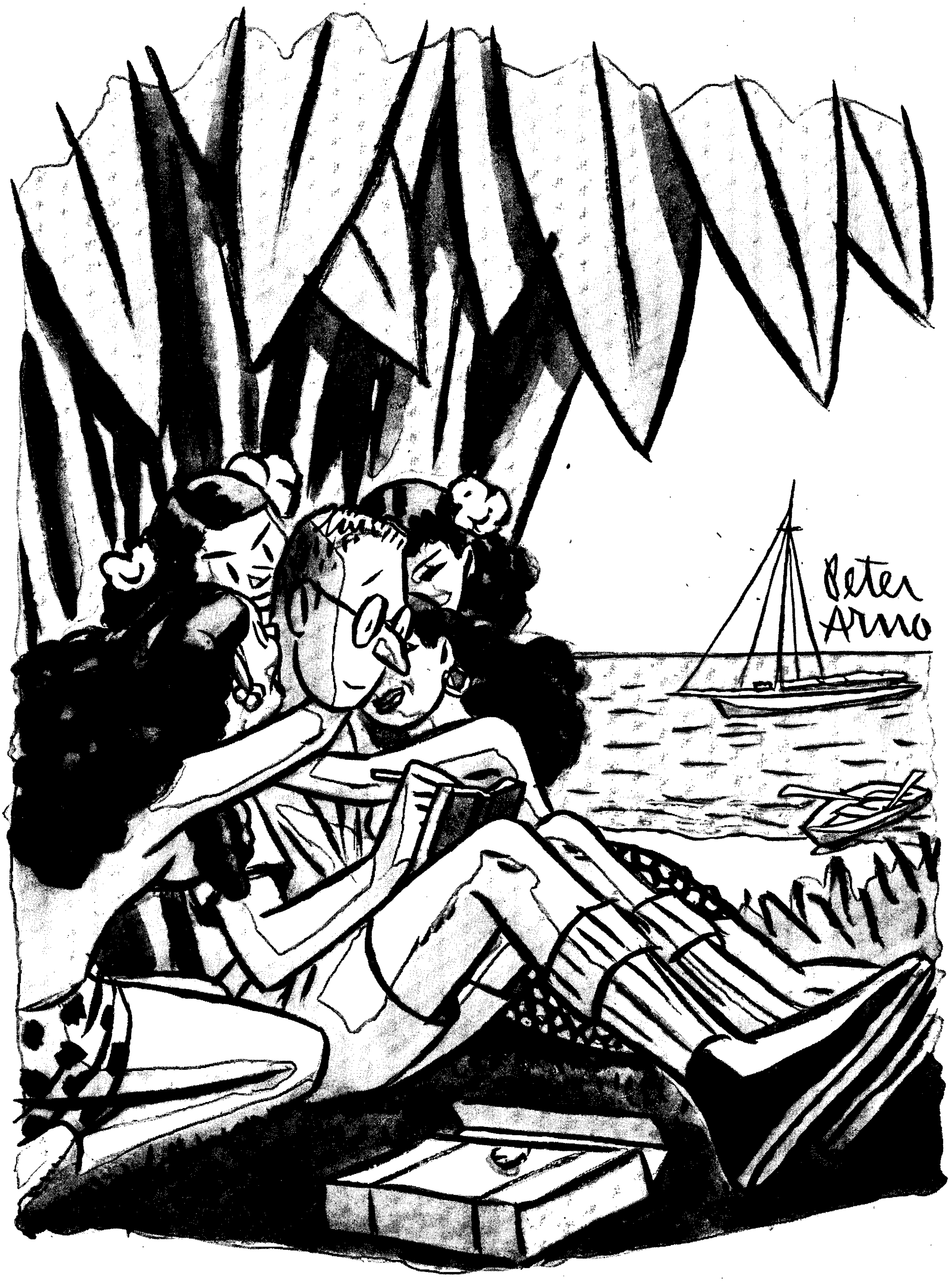
Were all our sins so empty of enjoyment,
All sinners gloomy as the ones he paints,
The Devil soon, I think, would lack employment
And the earth teem with saints.

THE ABSOLUTE LAW OF EVELYN WAUGH

Englishmen of the upper classes
Are more amusing than the masses.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

● ●



"The natives seemed friendly enough, so I decided to stay the night . . ."

THE BATTLE OF THE SUITS

Joe Ortiz, the janitor at the Temple Home for Boys, in Reno, thought the Christmas decorations, even though it was three weeks past Christmas, made the tunnel-like main hall more cheerful. But Mr. Buchanan, the superintendent, said, "Take them down, Joe. They're unseasonable." Prettiness is always seasonable, isn't it, Joe thought, but he said nothing, naturally, to the boss. He got out the stepladder and went up it like a sailor or a monkey and began to unfasten the crêpe-paper swags. It was a job his heart wasn't in, so he got what pleasure he could out of the climb itself, thinking that for fifty-six he wasn't such a bad specimen. He had a mouth full of thumbtacks and a dangle of crêpe paper about his neck when he saw the boy they called the Senator come out of Buchanan's office at the end of the hall. Joe took the thumbtacks out of his mouth, the crêpe paper off his neck, and climbed down the ladder. Then he stood, back to the wall, hands free, awaiting him.

The Senator was a fine figure of a man, from a distance—tall, raven-haired, and commanding. He was a little portly, but his round paunch was balanced by his equally round buttocks, so the effect was symmetrical. The Senator had a loud, sweet voice or a loud, scornful voice, as the occasion required. Now it was loud and sweet. Lifting a plump arm in greeting, he called, "*Salud, Papacito Ortiz!*"

The Senator always addressed Joe in this second-year Spanish, kindly overlooking the fact that the janitor was born in San Diego and spoke English, and that what Spanish he had was pure border Mexican.

"You want to see me, Harold?" Joe asked when the Senator, a slow and stately walker, finally reached him.

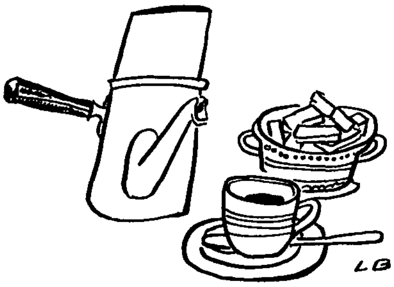
"*Por favor, Señor José*," Harold said, as if they were two Castilians far from home and happily met amidst strangers.

Close up, the Senator's fifteen years showed on him. He had a big, round face, raw now with acne, a full, unformed mouth, and heavy black brows. He had a good forehead and nose, and later would be handsome. Joe knew this, and the fact was not comforting. He had enough to do handling the unsightly Senator. Let the Senator grow into good looks (and the Senator would be the first to know when this happened), and Joe probably *couldn't* handle him. As it was, Joe was the only one in the Home who called the Senator by his proper name, Harold Whitehall.

The Senator didn't like to be called Harold. Hal he tolerated. But his proper title was the Senator. The name had been given him by the kids in the purest derision, as Joe well knew, and Harold had wrapped it around himself with such ostentatious pride that the Home was now impressed by what it had itself created. But not me, Joe thought. I'm not impressed.

The Senator's "*Señor José*," his big-hearted determination to make an equal of Joe, somehow managed to push Joe into a barefoot Pancho pose, as if he were a peon who had never tasted white bread or owned a pair of shoes. Joe hated himself as well as the Senator when he was overtaken by this play-acting. He, a man with three years in San Miguel High School, was, at the moment, better-educated than the Senator himself, who was now a second-year student in the Reno High School. Joe was old enough—matters accelerated a little, as is possible with Mexicans—to be the Senator's grandfather. (Though, God be praised, things had not so fallen out.) He had five grown sons, a sweet wife dead, and a sweetheart as alive as could be, and willing, any time he gave the word, to be a wife, too. He had a 1950 Chevvy, two guitars (one of them electric), and a fine library of paperbacks, and he knew probably five hundred songs. So why let a kid like the Senator get under his skin?

Besides, the boy had good traits. Beautiful traits compared to some of the young criminals at Temple. What was wrong with speaking second-year Spanish, bowing from the waist, and hating dirty stories? And sing! The Senator sang like a bird. Church, bonfire programs, funerals—wherever singing was either needed or permitted—there was the Senator lifting what in an older man would have been called his whiskey tenor in song. Sometimes the Senator would go to an out-of-the-way spot and sing to himself, and even when he was pointed out, singing there, he didn't stop or become self-conscious. By God, Joe thought, I hate myself for not loving that boy. He's a good kid, though unpleasant. And he resolved never again to call him Harold.



"Kid," he said, managing to keep it from becoming "keed," "what's your problem?"

"*Señor*, it is the *patrón*. He desires word with you."

"You mean Mr. Buchanan, Harold?"

"*El patrón, Señor Ortiz*. He desires word with you about the suits."

"O.K. I been expecting it. I want to wash up first. You go tell him I'll be there as soon as I've finished."

"He told me to bring you."

"O.K., bring me. But first I'm going to wash up."

Joe's room was in the basement, down a steep flight of narrow, unrailed cement stairs. With the Senator on his tail, he took it running—showing off, risking his neck to impress another showoff.

The room was a space fifteen by fifteen, walled off from the furnace, hot-water heaters, janitor's supplies, and the like by partitions of beaverboard. From the outside, no one could guess what a pretty place Joe had made of it. Sometimes he'd leave work for five minutes and come down to take a peek at it. Just open the door and, without going in, have a quick look, the way a man will pull the picture of his baby or sweetheart from his pocket to make sure they really exist. He did not care to have the Senator in his room, but now that the Senator was there, he'd let him see how good it was, how warm, orderly, and *bright*. The two guitars were hung up on the wall by red ribbons Joe had braided himself. They were as pretty in their way as any of his pictures—the Virgin excepted, of course. His paperbacks were arranged in alphabetical order, and not one stood a fraction of an inch farther out on the shelf than another. And the shelf, like the ribbons, was red. The window, being in the basement, looked out into the bottom of the shrubbery that grew around the foundation of the building. Joe had his table against this window, and he could sit there, as if in a game blind, observing intimately the habits of cats, sparrows, and lizards. He turned to ask the Senator to enter, but it was too late for such courtesies; the Senator had walked in and was busy looking around.

He continued to look around as Joe washed. In the mirror over the washbasin Joe could see him examining his books and pictures. The Senator gave the pictures a glance that was scornful or pained or embarrassed—Joe couldn't tell which—and went on to the books. Joe hoped the Senator would not take this occasion, while he waited, to tell him sad stories of his childhood. He had heard one or two. If you were to believe them—and Joe always did—you had to hand it to the Senator for just surviving.

"What's this?" the Senator asked.

Joe shook the water out of his eyes and looked into the mirror. "Tequila," he said.

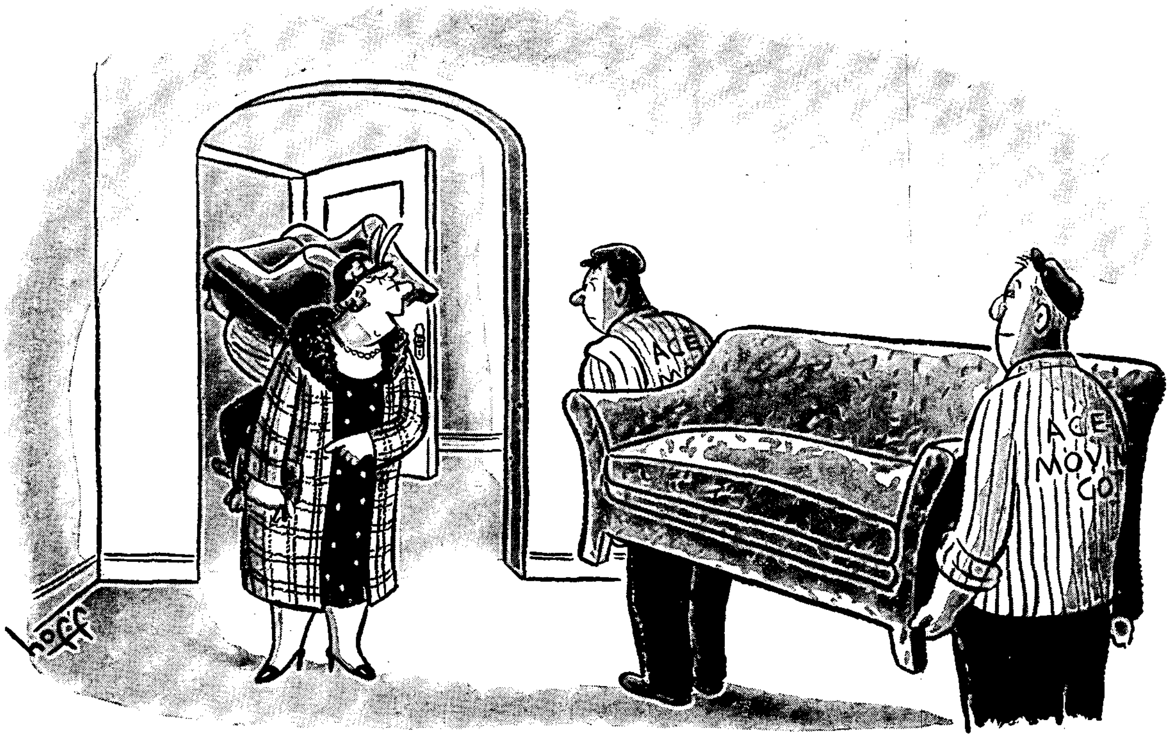
"Alcohol, *Señor*?"

"*Sí*," Joe said, falling into the Senator's pattern in spite of himself.

"Abraham Lincoln said, 'There are many defenders of alcohol but no defense.' "

"Good man, Lincoln," Joe said. "He saved the Union."

The Senator would not be put off by such pleasantries. "You defend alcohol, *Señor*?"



"Before you take it out, let's just see how it would have looked over there."

• •

Joe, in his own room, felt easily the Senator's equal. "No, I just drink it."

"It is the same thing, *Señor*."

"No, sir. I do many things I wouldn't waste a minute defending."

"Well," said the Senator, flabbergasted, "I never heard anybody say that before."

Joe felt proud. I have the Senator on the run, he thought. "The best things I have done in my life I wouldn't defend."

A shocked darkness, like a polliwog surfacing, floated up into the Senator's bright-blue eyes. "I have never done anything in my life I wouldn't defend," he said.

"I believe you, completely," Joe said.

This lack of argument discouraged the Senator. He sat down in the chair by the window and gazed out into the shrubbery. "There is a bee out there," he said aggressively.

Joe wouldn't argue about that, either. "Must've spent the winter in the basement and just got out."

"I owe my life to bees, and in spite of the fact, I hate them."

Joe resisted saying "How's that?" and said, instead, "Let's get going." He did not want to hear how a bee had saved the Senator's life. But the Senator did not budge. He still sat gazing with melancholy into the shrubbery. Joe could not see the bee, and though he warned himself not to get mixed up with the Senator's past life, the old, natural habit of courtesy, acquired long before he had entered Temple, asserted itself, and he said, "How's that, Harold?"

"When I was a baby, still drinking milk, my folks ran out of money. To save my life, my father robbed beehives of honey. My mother diluted it with warm water, and I lived on it. It saved my life. That was a fine, unselfish thing for my father to do, wasn't it? Be willing to rob to save his child's life?"

"Yeh," Joe said. "It was."

"I don't like him, though. I have a strong antipathy to him. You understand antipathy, *Señor*?"

"I understand what you mean, Harold."

"I got a strong antipathy to bees, too. Once, I told my mother about this, and she said, 'Baby, bees saved your life. You should love bees.' But I said, 'Mother, what I feel is antipathy.' "

"How old was you when you said this, Harold?"

"Ten, maybe."

What Joe felt was strong sympathy for the Senator's mother, but all he said was "Mr. Buchanan's waiting for us, Harold."

The bee at that moment made a short flight, and Joe saw it. It was a battered, ragged bee and didn't look as if it had ever seen a flower or had anything to do with honey.

"The bee stands in the same relationship to me as the wolf did to Romulus and Remus. Romulus and Remus were—"

"I know about those two kids," Joe said. "A wolf nursed them."

He had studied classic myths at San Miguel High School, and he had an unpleasant picture now of the Senator, a big, fat, black-haired baby, being suckled by an oversize, hairy-legged bee. Maybe there would be a statue of it on the courthouse lawn someday. He emptied his thermos bottle, in which he carried hot coffee when he was working out on the grounds and couldn't be bothered coming in for lunch, and began to rinse it.

"My mother really loved me, didn't she, keeping me alive on honey and water that way?"

"No doubt about it," Joe said. "She dead now?"

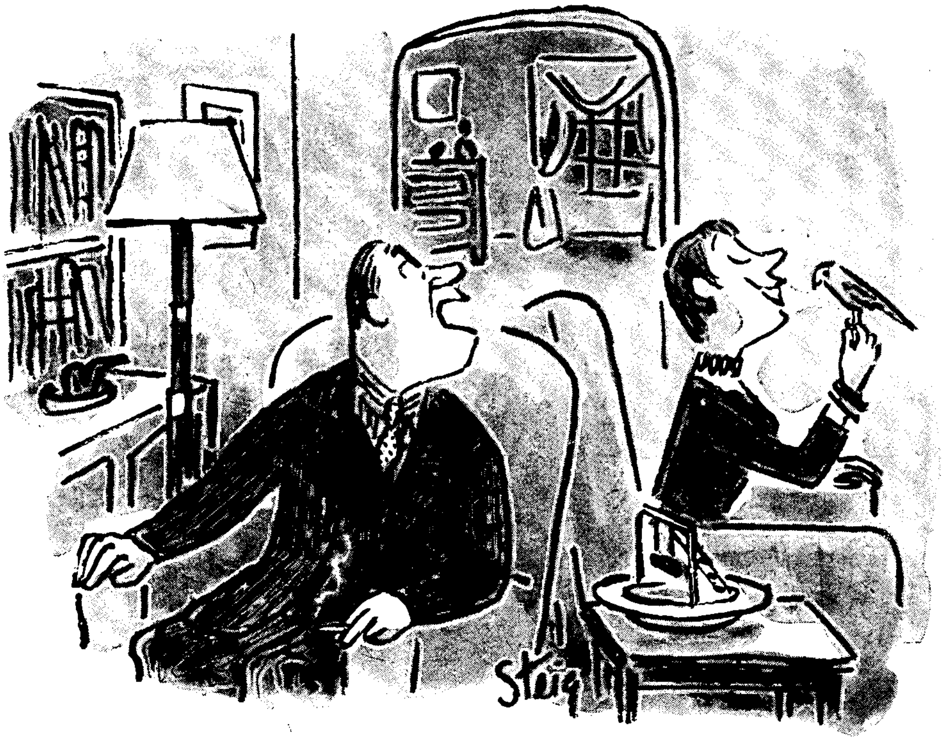
"No, she's alive. She's shacking up with some guy in Tucson. Charming fellow. He's crazy to marry her, but she don't know if it would work out. I'd be with them now, except he's insanely jealous of me."

Startled, Joe turned, thermos bottle in hand.

The Senator reassured him. "It's a Freudian thing," he said. Then he got up quickly. "That's a disgusting thing to do."

"What's disgusting?"

"Cleaning a thermos that way. No



“Why don’t you marry him!”

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scalding, no soap. That’s unsanitary. All kinds of bacteria breed in warm, dark places like that. The least we can do is to be sanitary, isn’t it?”

For a second, Joe was apologetic. The last thing he wanted to do was to offend anybody by being unsanitary. Then he was mad.

“Whose bottle is this, anyway?” he asked. “For thirty years I’ve been rinsing thermos bottles this way. If it’s so God-damned unsanitary, why haven’t I been sick?”

“It makes me sick to watch you.”

“Who asked you to watch me?” He grabbed the Senator’s arm. “You get out and stay out. It’s none of your business if I park cockroaches in my thermos bottle.”

The Senator’s head dropped, but not before Joe saw the tears in his eyes.

“I’m sorry, *Señor*,” he said. “Something must’ve happened to me when I was young. Dirt just makes me sick.”

Joe let go his arm. The kid looked sick. His face between the raw spots was gray, and the tears rolled down his cheeks without losing their shape. No satisfaction, Joe thought, kicking the Senator. Kick the Senator, who needs it, and who you hurt’s a kid.

“You got no right talking that way, Harold.”

“I know it. But you made me feel so at home down here, *Señor*. You certainly know how to put people at their ease.”

Joe, who knew a buttering-up when he got it, nevertheless responded, “I try to.”

“You succeeded. You made me think we could just work our problems out together.”

Joe got mad all over again. “I got my thermos problems all worked out, kid. You just don’t worry about it. You just keep your nose out of it. Now let’s get going.”

The Senator was once more meek. “Could I see your suit before I go?”

“You’ve seen it.”

“Not off you.”

“O.K. Look. It’s there in the closet. I’m going.”

He waited a minute or two at the top of the stairs.

The Senator, when he came, said in a condoling voice, “It’s rather an upsetting coincidence, isn’t it?”

“It don’t upset me none, Harold.”

Outside Buchanan’s office, the Senator said, “Charming fellow, Buchanan. Regular he-man.”

Joe had never thought of Buchanan that way. The Superintendent’s face was veal-colored and heart-shaped; that is, if you turned the heart upside down, so that the pointed end disappeared amidst thin strands of dun-colored hair and the double curves of the top of the heart coincided with Buchanan’s fat jowls.

The Senator ushered Joe into the office as if he were a stranger.

“Sir,” he said, “*Señor Ortiz*, our neighbor from down under.”

The Superintendent, to Joe’s surprise, found this funny. He was seated behind his desk in a dark-blue double-breasted suit. “Welcome, *Señor*,” he said.

Joe nodded. “You want to see me?”

“Sir,” said the Senator, “before I leave, may I just say how much we all appreciate your gesture in creating the noon music hour?”

“Thank you, Senator,” Mr. Buchanan said. “Will you wait outside, please? I may want to speak to you later.”

The Senator left the room, and Mr. Buchanan gazed after him. “Remarkable youngster,” he told Joe. Joe agreed. “Sit down, Joe, won’t you?” Mr. Buchanan pointed to a chair at one corner of his desk. “How’s the world treating you, Joe?”

“I got no complaints,” Joe said.

“I expect you know why I asked you in for this little chat?”

“I have an idea.”

“The Senator tell you?”

“There are quite a few things I know without any help from the Senator.”

“Sure, Joe. There sure are. Well, first of all, let’s get this straight. I don’t intend to push you around any. You’ve been in this institution longer than I have. In fact, you’re an institution yourself around here. The kids say ‘Joe the Janitor’ and I truly believe, Joe, it means a lot more to them than ‘Buchanan the Superintendent.’ I may be the titular head, but you’re the heart and guts of the place. O.K., Joe?”

“O.K.,” Joe said.

“So what I wanted was for us two heads of Temple to get together and talk over a little problem that faces us.”

“O.K.,” Joe said again. “Here we are.”

“This involves you and the Senator, Joe. One of you has to give ground.”

“I don’t see why.”

Mr. Buchanan ignored this. “Now, you know, Joe—or maybe you don’t—the Senator’s had a rough life. He’s been very underprivileged up to now.”

“I know,” Joe said. “He was brought up by the bees.”

“Oh. The Senator tell you?”

“Nobody could guess a thing like that.”

“No. I guess not. Now, Joe, what I’d like first of all is your version of the suits. I’ve never heard your version, you know.”

“Version? There’s what happened. How do you get versions out of that?”

“O.K., Joe. What did happen?”

“Check down at the store if you want to, about what happened. They ran this ad about their after-Christmas sale of suits, and I needed a new suit. So Tuesday noon I went down, picked one out, and bought it. They had to turn up the cuffs, like they always do, and I was to get it Wednesday. Wednesday after work, when I stopped in for it, they said, ‘Which one is yours?’ I said, ‘What do you mean which one is mine?’ And they said, ‘Look. Two suits just alike and both going to Temple.’ They were just kidding—they knew which one was mine, all right. The other one was the Senator’s. That’s the only version there is of the suits, Mr. Buchanan. The Senator and I bought identical suits. Only,” he added, “we don’t wear them the same.”

“No, you don’t,” Mr. Buchanan said. “That’s a fact.”

“Well, that’s my version. Is that all you wanted?”

Mr. Buchanan rubbed his hands together. “No, Joe, not to beat around the bush, it isn’t. You’re a man, Joe. The Senator’s a kid. I want you to make a little sacrifice for the boy.”

“What?” asked Joe.

Mr. Buchanan filled his snorkel pen, seemed dissatisfied with the job, and did it again; then, having discharged all the ink, he got up, went to the window, and there alternately exposed and retracted the mechanism. Finally, he turned around and faced Joe. “It’s not easy to say this, Joe.”

“Go ahead. You don’t have to go easy on my account.”

“You know how kids are.”

“Yes, sir, I do.”

“Well, they’re riding the Senator about his suit.”

“It don’t look good on him, that’s a fact. He ought never to have bought it. Big pin stripe, double-breasted. It’s a man’s suit.”

“You’re right, Joe. But that’s not why the kids are riding him. You know how the Senator is.”

Mr. Buchanan hesitated, but Joe didn’t like to say, either.

“Kids have no understanding of the dignity of labor, Joe. You know that. So they’re saying the Senator’s wearing a janitor’s suit.”

“What can I do about it?”

“If the Senator so much as puts his head around the corner, they start telling him the furnace needs attention or a john’s out of order. This humiliates the boy.”

“What can I do?” Joe asked again.

“I’ll tell you what, Joe. You could take your suit back and get another. I’ve already called the store. Under the circumstances, and since you’ve only worn it once, they’ll take it back at full price.”

“If the Senator don’t like to wear a suit like mine, why don’t he take his back?”

“Trouble is, Joe, the Senator had to have his suit altered considerably. It won’t fit anyone else.”

“For a kid,” Joe admitted, “the Senator’s got an unusually fat tail.”

“Yeah. Well, there it is, Joe. You’ve got a chance to make a fine gesture. Do something for an underprivileged boy.”

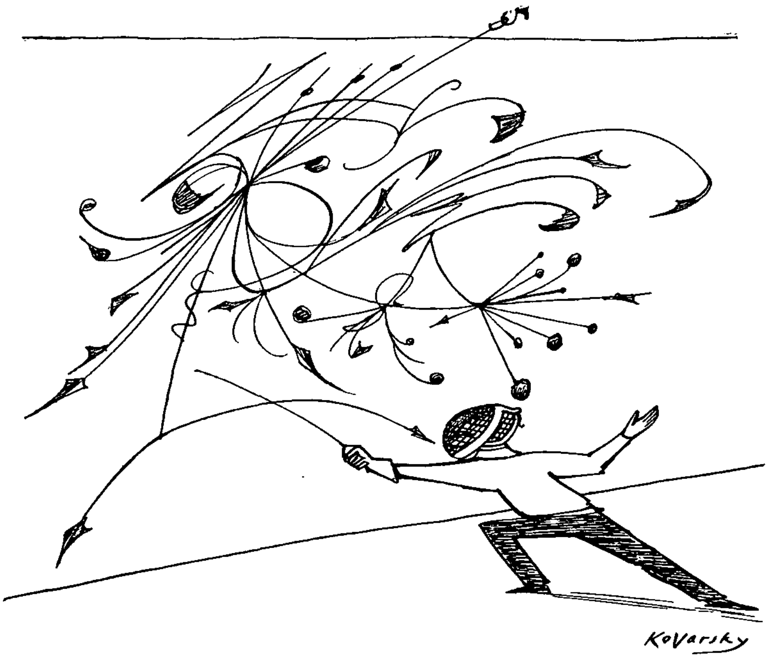
“No, sir,” Joe said. “I’m not going to do it. I bought mine first, it looks good on me, and I’m going to keep it. Couple of weeks, the Senator and me wear our suits so different, they won’t look alike anyway. The kids will forget they ever started out the same.”

“Meanwhile, the boy has to suffer.”

“That’s up to him. It don’t give me any pleasure having him wear my suit, either.” Joe wondered how to explain to Mr. Buchanan what he felt about the Senator in *his* suit. That suit which was made to take chances, to go a few unexpected places. The Senator made it look like a uniform of some sort. “The Senator contradicts that suit.”

“I don’t get it,” Mr. Buchanan said.

Joe shrugged. “I’m keeping my suit. If you think the Senator’s suffering too much, you buy him another.”



He had perhaps gone too far. Mr. Buchanan retracted his snorkel, capped it, put it in the desk drawer, and sat down.

“Joe, take the afternoon off. Go downtown. Ride out toward the mountains. Get some perspective on this. As I see it, this is an opportunity for you to make a magnificent gesture to a young person. Give yourself a little time, and I’m sure you’ll come up with the right decision.”

As far as Joe was concerned, he had already come up with the right decision; but he didn’t have anything against an afternoon off.

“O.K., Mr. Buchanan,” he said, and left the office.

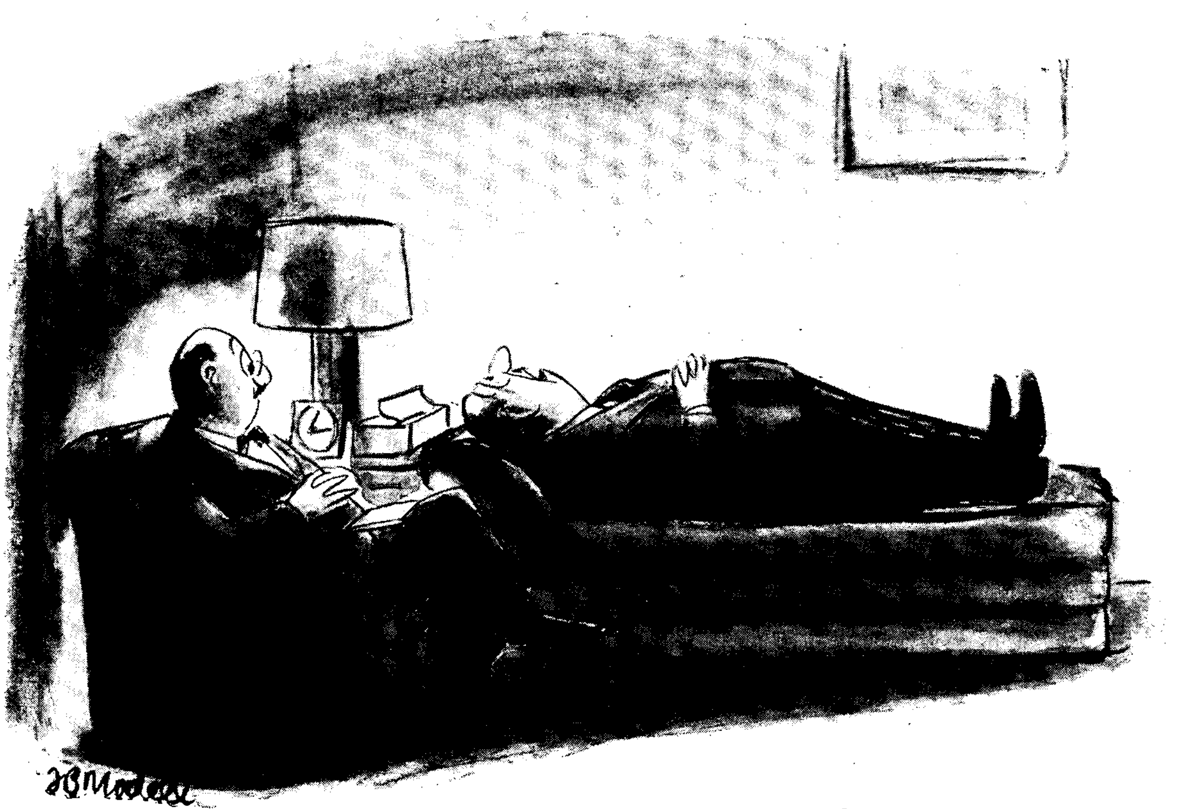
He met the Senator halfway down the hall. The Senator lifted his arm in his usual salute. “*Vaya con Dios, Señor,*” he said.

Go with God! Joe’s skin prickled. As if God himself were a gift the Senator could hand out or withhold as the fancy struck him!

He didn’t say a word, but he went down the stairs to his room, immediately undressed, and put on his new suit. Then he stood before the mirror looking at himself.

By God, he thought, the Senator’s wrong. It don’t look like a janitor’s suit. What it looks like is a gambler’s suit. It looks like the suit of somebody who don’t know all the answers but is willing to take a chance. “Yes, sir,” he told his suit. “You stand up for me, and I’ll stand up for you. The way I’ve been doing.”

Since his mind was all made up about the suit, there wasn’t any point in going out and looking at the mountains. There wasn’t any point in going out into the raw January afternoon at all. He and his suit would just stay in here and celebrate a little. The Janitor’s suit wanted to defy the Senator’s suit. He saw the thermos bottle, and though he’d never had anything in it but coffee before, and though it was a little unhandy to drink from, he felt he’d enjoy having his drink from it now. That way, he could defy the Senator twice, be unsanitary and alcoholic at the same time. He poured some tequila into the thermos bottle, and when a few drops



"Somehow I miss feeling that pride of ownership a Cadillac owner should have."

• •

fell onto his suit, he didn't try to wipe them off. "Share and share alike," he said.

His first sip quieted his anger, and as his anger left him, he felt apologetic toward his room. He hadn't really looked at it since he came in. It could've been a jail cell or a comfort station, for all the attention he had paid it. He went over and stretched out on his bed. By God, he thought, I have made myself a pretty room—warm, lively, and bright-colored as a woman. Not that a room could take a woman's place. A man who thought that would never have bothered to put up the pictures he had: telephone girl, girl wearing chaps, girl blowing soap bubbles. Though the girl pictures weren't all; besides his holy pictures, he had pictures of his five sons, his dead wife, his live sweetheart, a lonesome coyote, Segovia, and the 1955 Chevrolet. He had an eye for anything that was beautiful, he told himself—human or animal, vegetable or mineral. He sloshed the tequila around in his thermos and drank a toast to the beauties in his room, and to beauty generally, and to the poor Senator, who had no eye for beauty and who, though he loved himself, must be repelled when he looked in the mirror to see the face of the one he loved best so disfigured. The only thing about the Senator that's really a thing he can take any pride in is his suit, Joe thought. And me laying here on my bed of riches depriving the poor kid of his one pride.

He took another sip and thought about it some more. I'm not going to take my suit back, he decided, but what I will do is tell Buchanan I'll never wear it here at the Home. Here in my room if I want to, Reno if I want to, but noplace where any of the kids can see me. The Senator's got his world and I've got mine, and there's no use trying to mix the two.

Having made his decision, he wanted to tell Buchanan at once, so he finished his drink in a hurry and started up the stairs in a hurry.

IT was the Senator, of course, lurking in that neighborhood to be the first to hear his decision, who found him. Before Joe could tell him his decision, his eyes closed and he lost for a while not only the problem of the suits but the whole world.

When he opened his eyes, the school doctor, the Senator, Mr. Buchanan, and Father Jiménez were standing by his bed. He was evidently in a bad way. Their faces were very serious.

Father Jiménez said, "Are you feeling better, Joe?"

"Am I going to die, Father?" he asked.

The doctor didn't give Father Jiménez a chance to answer. "Die?" he said, and chuckled. "Don't be silly, Joe." Then, to Buchanan, "I told you there was going to be an accident on those stairs if you didn't put up a handrail."

The Senator poked the thermos bottle under the nose of the doctor, who was bending over Joe. "Sir," he said, "it wasn't the stairs. It was the liquor."

"Poor kid, raised by the bees!" Joe cried. "What can you expect? Father, if I die, bury me in my suit." He pulled the coat up under his chin. "It's my last request." Then, pressing his hands to his bandaged head to hold it together while he spoke, he said, "What'll you do then, Harold? You'll be wearing a dead man's suit, not a janitor's suit. How are you going to like that?"

The Senator drew himself up proudly. "*Señor*," he said, "in that case, I have no choice. I'll walk the earth in a dead man's suit."

Joe could see him doing it, could see his chance-taking gambler's suit walking the world and beginning each day to look more like the Senator. He gave a groan and fell back across the pillows, one arm across his eyes. In that case, *he* had no choice at all but to get well. He shut his eyes and prepared to continue the struggle. —JESSAMYN WEST

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THE RELIC

A murmuring in empty shells
Recalls the ocean's undertone,
But not a wisp of music dwells
In this small skull of dulcet bone—
A thrush's skull, miraculous
Among dead leaves and threads of ice,
This delicate contrivance was
The sounding board of Paradise.

Beneath the tree lies music's skull,
The tree a skeleton of spring,
And both, perhaps, are beautiful
Though leaves and thrush no longer sing;
But, growing old, I have a reason
For wishing some divine delay
Could hold a song beyond its season
And hide the thrush's skull away.

—ROBERT HILLYER

OUR DOWNTOWN CORRESPONDENTS

JUST CHURNING AROUND

UNTIL a couple of weeks ago, I had felt singularly and, in a way, mortifyingly detached from the great stock-market pyrotechnics that illuminated the final months of 1954 and continued, like a partly spent but still high-flying meteor, into 1955. To be sure, I have been the contented owner for quite a few years of approximately .000105 per cent of the common stock of the General Motors Corporation, but compared to E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Inc., with its twenty-two per cent, or even to Charles S. Mott, a Michigan Croesus who owns some eight hundred thousand shares of G.M. common—each and every share currently worth nearly a hundred dollars—I have been an inconsequential cog in the latest gyrations of Wall Street. As a matter of fact, I was not even aware that General Motors had gone up a whopping nine and a half points on the Big Board during one tremulous day in January until I climbed on my commuters' train the following morning and had my attention called to a front-page newspaper account of this phenomenon by a couple of knowledgeable travelling-mates who, when they are not frittering away their in-transit time playing backgammon, are forever carrying on about Food Fair, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and other bluish chips in their bulging portfolios.

"At one point yesterday, the market value of Motors increased more than eight hundred million dollars," said Food Fair.

"Almost two hundred million for the du Ponts!" exclaimed Jersey.

"Things are getting out of hand," Food Fair remarked. "I've always said when the market hits the front pages, that's the time for the smart money to be getting out."

"Bernie Baruch said it first," Jersey observed.

"Do you think I ought to get out?" I asked worriedly, in my agitation bumping slightly against a portable backgammon set bridging my friends' knees.

"Be careful!" cried Jersey. "Don't jiggle the board!"

It was as sound a bit of advice as I've heard lately.

I DIDN'T get out of the market, as it happened, because my wife had misplaced the key to our safe-deposit box, and by the time she found it (in a kitchen canister where she hoards worn-out flashlight batteries), General Motors had plunged down from the dizzying heights, as had, of course, many another altitudinous security. But by then my interest in the turbulent market was mounting rapidly, like Douglas Aircraft. I resolved to confront Wall Street face to face and see what it was up to.

Through my Jersey acquaintance (who made me promise to telephone him promptly if I was tipped off to anything good), I arranged to spend a day hanging around the premises of a downtown brokerage house—Ralph E. Samuel & Co., at 115 Broadway. Jersey thought that Merrill Lynch or one of the other large installations would simply bewilder me, and that the Samuel firm, which he described as "a cozy, intimate little shop," would suit me better; it would enable me to "get the feel of things," as he put it. He instructed me to present myself on the following Monday morning to Ralph E. Samuel, a financier and philanthropist who has run this particular shop since 1938. By way of briefing me for my adventure, Jersey lent me a copy of a newsletter that the firm periodically circulates among its customers. One section of this commentary on the state of the fiscal world was headed "Partners' Lunch!" and began, "Our partners got together for lunch the other day—a good lunch and no austerity—to discuss the outlook for the economy, the prospects for common stocks, and to hammer out an investment policy that would command unanimity." The lunch, alas, appeared to have been no great success, at least as far as any fruitful meeting of minds was concerned. There are six partners in the firm—Ralph Samuel, his son Donald, Myron S. Falk, Jr., Max Sternberg, Adrian A. Bendix, and Bernard Stein. In the newsletter, their views were summarized, but not in any attributable fashion. Instead, there were references merely to "Mr. First Man," who believed that "investors should not be hesitant about acquiring generous equity positions, but had some doubt that this is the time to do the acquiring;" "Mr. Second Man," who asserted that "he would have absolutely no objection to an investor reducing his equity holdings, and that on the whole he leans toward the conservative side;" and so on, with nary a hint of unanimity, right through "Mr. Sixth Man," who "would have no interest in reducing an investor's equity holdings at this time unless there was an extreme imbalance." ("Be careful! Don't jiggle the board!") "It is amazing," observed the document, which was ascribed to none of the contentious Big Six and, for all I know, was compiled by a waiter, "that with the same knowledge and the same opportunities and facilities, men come up with such sharply varied conclusions. However, it is obvious that this is true all through the investing world, with the result that purchasers of three and a half million shares of stock on any given day are matched by those who are selling to precisely the same extent."

With this sobering and tidy statistic riveted to my mind, I set forth on Monday morning. I found that the Samuel offices, nineteen stories up, were reassuringly cozy and intimate—so cozy and intimate that when the switchboard operator was unable to rouse a partner or employee by phone, she could usually get his ear, as from time to time she did, simply by shouting at him. Her switchboard is in one corner of a large room. Above her head, a magnified projection of the New York Stock Exchange ticker tape inches endlessly across the wall; a duplicate of this tape is projected on the opposite side of the same wall, for the benefit of people working in an adjoining room. Indeed, the offices are laid out so that the ebb and flow of the market can be watched, through a glass wall or a porthole, from every room in the place. Scattered about the premises are an American Stock Exchange ticker, its tape unmagnified and unprojected; a Dow-Jones ticker, which spews financial news; and dozens of telephones. After a few hours there, I could understand why brokers are always singing the praises of the granitic virtues of A.T.&T.; they *know*. Brokers, I learned during my visit, do ninety per cent of their business these days over the phone.

I checked in with Ralph Samuel, who I assumed was Mr. First Man. It was a minute or so after ten, the hour when trading starts on the Exchange, and the ticker had just begun to move. As we chatted, he apologized for letting his glance stray to a window in his office that gave on the projected tape. "There are times when I wish I could draw a curtain across that pane," he said. "But I have to keep an eye on it. These are very tense days down here, you must remember." One factor contributing to that morning's tensions, I quickly found out, was an optimistic announcement that Walter Winchell had babbled on a television program the night before about a stock called Pantepec Oil, which is traded on the American Exchange. Winchell tips a stock this way every so often, it appears, and whenever he does, a spate of activity ensues—generally an upward spate. In any event, that Monday morning there was such a rush to buy Pantepec that the stock didn't even make the ticker until nearly noon, by which time it had gone up from 6¾ to 8⅞, a sizable jump; 357,500 shares of it had changed hands, and some people, somewhere, had harvested, before taxes, nine hundred thousand dollars.

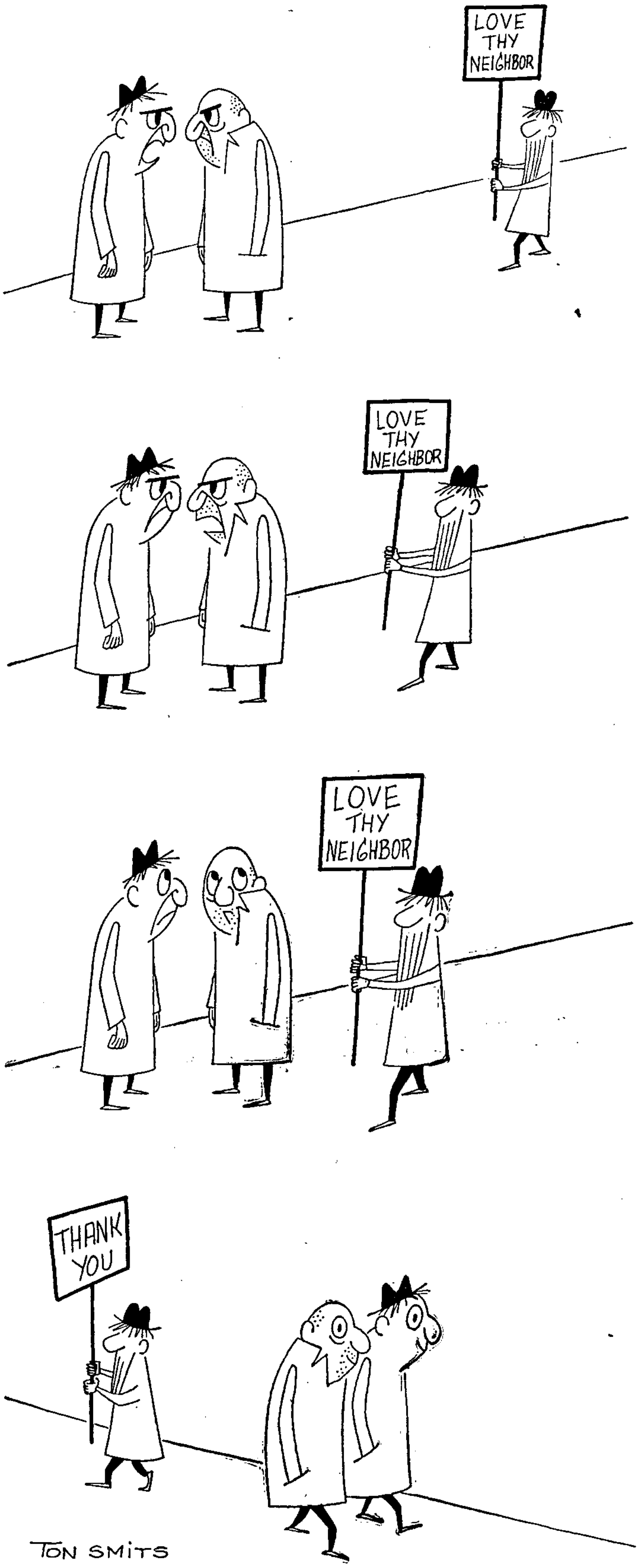
I asked Mr. Samuel how he felt about the big boom. "I'm not sure this *is* a boom," he said. "I'm not sure the whole Western world isn't in for a long-term period—maybe ten or twenty years—of homeopathic doses of mild inflation. Of course, I could be as wrong as I could be right. Everybody has his personal way of looking at things. At a dinner party the other night, an intelligent and experienced friend of mine told me that he was about to pull out of the market. He said that he'd stopped in at an uptown brokerage office and that the commotion in the place reminded him of 1929. 'That convinced me,' he said. 'I'm going to sell everything.' Imagine basing his judgment merely on that! But then he could be right. You always talk tentatively down here. If only we could all forget our private little guideposts and try to appraise the fundamentals of the world! But that isn't easy. Excuse me!" Something in the interminable parade of symbols and figures across the ticker tape had caught his eye, and he strode rapidly from his office to the firm's main chamber, where a dozen men and women were busy helping A.T.&T. forge ahead. "How about quotes, Irene? I need Revere Copper & Brass," he said to a red-haired girl sitting in a cubicle at the far end of the room. This, I learned, was the nerve center of the premises, from which Irene, the order clerk, transmits buy-and-sell instructions to the firm's floor men at the New York and American Exchanges, and funnels other information into Goodbody & Co., a larger brokerage house, one flight below, that handles all the Samuel company's bookkeeping.

While Irene was getting the Revere figures, Samuel took me into a glass-faced office adjoining her cubicle and turned me over to his son.

"The market seems better today, R.E.," Donald said. "It looks as if the panic is over. What's with Pantepec, do you suppose?"

Ralph Samuel shrugged and left the room.

I had a brief and enlightening, but far from uninterrupted, chat with the junior Samuel. Every few seconds, moved to action by some signal from Irene beyond the glass, or by a telephone call, or by some inner impulse, he would buy something, sell something, get a price quoted, or confer with a customer calling in from outside. After one of his phone conversations, he sighed with relief. "That man wants to sell, so I guess the market's going up today," he said. I must have looked puzzled. "Every house has its human barometers," he explained, "and that was one of our most reliable ones. They're the people who are invariably wrong—almost invariably, that is—so that all you have to do is take the course directly antithetical to theirs. There's a well-known story about a human barometer in 1929. All through 1927 and 1928, his friends had been doing the exact opposite of what he did, and they had prospered hugely. Then, in October, 1929, right at the peak of the market, he sold out everything he had. When word got around, his friends, who had been afraid the market might collapse, were elated. They bought everything they could get hold of. Then came the crash. A couple of weeks later, when they had strength enough, they got hold of this guy and asked him what in the world he had done to them. He explained, 'I was at home, studying my charts, and it looked to me as if this was certainly the



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time to buy,' he told them. 'Then it occurred to me that for two solid years I'd been consistently wrong. This time, I told myself, I'll take a flyer. I'll do the very opposite of what my reasoned judgment tells me to do. So I sold.' "

I said that it seemed tough on a barometer to let him persist in his contrary ways. "It does no good to tell a barometer that he is one," Donald Samuel said. "We've tried it. For one thing, he'll refuse to believe you; nobody wants to admit that his opinions are infallibly cockeyed. Anyway, if he did believe you, he'd become worthless as a barometer. He'd get so introspective that you couldn't count on him any more. Finally, you can never be sure that your barometer isn't—just for once—going to do the right thing, like that man in '29. So if you tried to change him, you might destroy his chance of a lifetime."

I asked how his customers were reacting to the boom—assuming that there was a boom. "Customers are funny," he said. "When the market's quiet, there are a lot of them you never hear from. But when the market surges forward, they all wake up. As my father says, it's like lights going on all over town on a dark day. In recent weeks, we've discovered things we'd never dreamed of about people. They may be content in a down market, but in a strong market they hear about other people making money and begin to lust after it themselves. I've seen some frightful evidence of greed come out in people who are normally as nice as anything. There's a saying down here that it's all right to be a bull or a bear but that you should never be a hog. I'm afraid that at a time like this some people just can't resist becoming hogs. And the foolish thing about it all is that with our present tax setup they can't hope to make much money by quick turnovers. Oh, the traders on the floor can make a little, because they don't have to pay commissions, but even they get clipped by taxes. A lot of them buy and sell just for the sport of it. And, oh, if only people knew how to handle their brokers! When the market starts to cut loose, the customers get to worrying so about their money that they make their brokers feel inhibited. Why can't people learn to trust their brokers the way they trust their butchers?"

I had no ready answer for this challenging question, and Donald Samuel, perhaps saddened by my hesitation, suggested that I move along into the main room, where I could sit near Bernard

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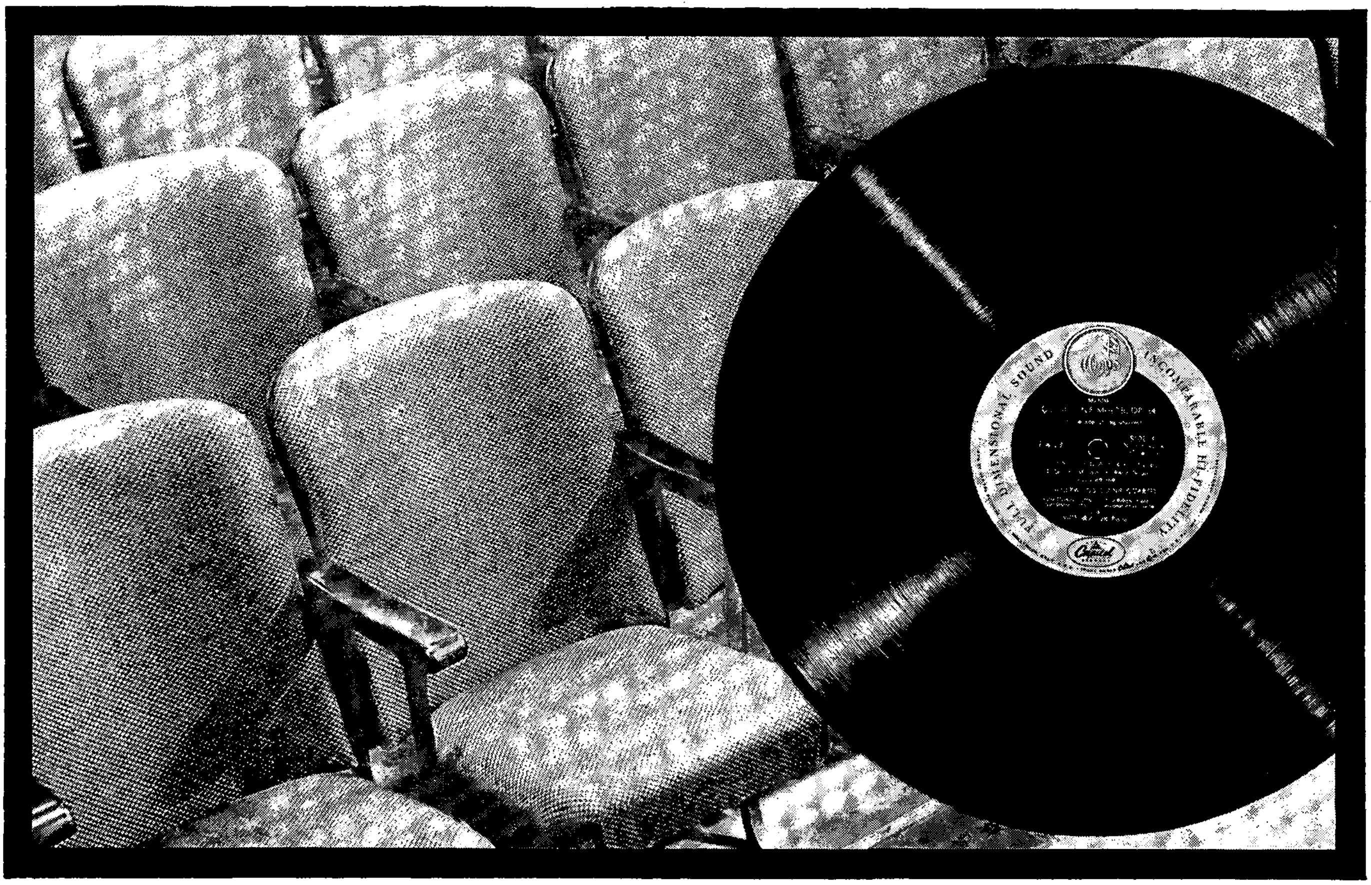

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Thank you, Mr. Hanan

In John Hanan's column in Advertising Agency, that highly regarded publication for advertising agency people, we were delighted to discover several paragraphs of generous words about Nation's Business.

In his column he talks about the 6 million cars destined to come off Detroit's assembly lines this year . . . the mammoth battle among the manufacturers for markets . . . the struggle for safety on the streets . . . the competition for routes for farm products and manufactured goods . . .

Then Hanan says: "Nation's Business for November encyclopedically exposes a rich perspective on the whole staggering issue: Markets . . . Safety . . . Roads . . . and the impact on Shop Location. Four articles, 13 pages, and an interest-grasping stroke for this fast-enlivening magazine."

What we like best is that "enlivening." We looked it up in our dictionary and found this: "To make lively. To give freshness or vivacity. To animate, make active or vigorous; quicken, stimulate." Thank you, Mr. Hanan . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

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Stein's desk and get a further feel of things. As we passed Irene's message center, I heard Ralph Samuel asking her for a quote on Kennecott Copper. It struck me that he was mighty interested in copper that morning, and I debated conveying this intelligence to my Jersey friend. I decided not to when further reflection made me realize that I hadn't the slightest notion whether Mr. First Man was bullish or bearish about copper, and that my own attitude seemed not only underhanded but perilously close to hoggish.

Bernard Stein, a young, ruddy-faced man in a gray linen work jacket, was talking into two of his four telephones when I reached his side. With one of his elbows he waved me to a chair at one side of his desk, next to the American Stock Exchange ticker. When he had hung up, he reached across me, grabbed a few yards of tape, and scanned it quickly. "Nothing on Pantepec yet," he said. "Well, this is where we all work."

I asked him why Donald Samuel was isolated behind glass.

"He talks very loudly," Stein said.

Next to Stein's desk was that of a shirtsleeved, gray-haired fellow who seemed to be having an astonishingly good time. While he watched the ticker, from which he hardly ever removed his eyes for more than an instant, his face was bathed in an almost constant smile, as if he were a museum curator strolling appreciatively through a gallery of his special treasures.

"Is he Mr. Fourth Man?" I asked Stein, recalling from my preparatory reading that this partner was markedly bullish.

"No, he's Eddie Otto, a customers' man," said Stein, and distracted Otto's attention from the ticker long enough to introduce me.

"If Winchell would tell me on Friday morning what he's going to recommend on Sunday night, I'd sure appreciate it come Monday," said Otto.

"Do customers drop in very often?" I asked Stein.

"Scarcely ever," he said. "If people came in here and sat down, we wouldn't know what to do with them. They'd just be in our way. The only one we have"—Stein pointed to a dignified, white-haired man who was alertly watching the ticker from a chair a dozen feet away—"comes in just about every day, but he does a little investment counselling on his own, so we don't really count him."

One of Stein's phones rang. "Well, Bob, how are you?" he said genially. "I

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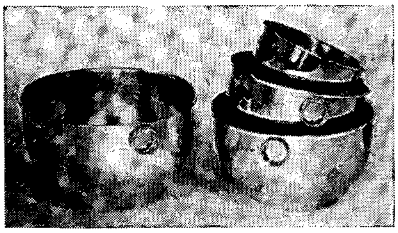

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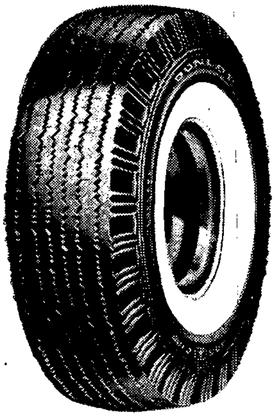

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thought you were going to give me a hot tip. . . . I called you Saturday, twice. . . . I called you last night, but you were out. . . . What? . . . Pax Athabasca? Gee, *thanks.*" He hung up quickly and dialled a number on another phone.

"Ten and a quarter bid, three-eighths asked, Eddie!" Irene yelled.

Eddie beamed all over. "The market's jumping like a rabbit!" he yelled back.

"Give me your trader in Pax Athabasca," Stein was saying into his phone. While he waited, he said to me, "This is a Canadian mining stock I got a hot tip on. I haven't been following it, but this guy says it's two and a half bid, three and a quarter asked. I wouldn't recommend anything like this to a customer, but I'm willing to take a little flyer on it for myself. On Friday, I was thinking of taking a flyer on American Metals when it was at forty-six, and I didn't, and now it's at fifty-two. Why does a stock go up six points in two days with no news? It was just a hunch on my part. So much of Wall Street is simply trying to outguess other people. You think they're going to buy, and you buy ahead of them, so that by the time they do buy, you're ready to sell to them. . . . Pax Athabasca? It's *what*? Eight, eleven? Never mind, thanks."

He hung up, frowning, called Bob to say that the prices on his tip were wildly off, and then, after hesitating a moment, called a customer. "The market's better today, Doctor," he said, in much the same tones the doctor himself might have used in reporting on a patient's condition to a relative. Then Stein asked whether the doctor hadn't bought some uranium stock a couple of years ago. Apparently the answer was yes, for Stein next inquired if the purchase had included any Pax Athabasca. The answer to this question caused the broker to smile broadly. "What do you suppose it's at now?" he asked. "Guess." After the doctor had guessed, Stein, unable to contain his pleasure, cried exultantly, "Well, I've got good news for you, Doctor! Pax is eight bid, eleven asked!" There was a pause. Then Stein, crestfallen, said, "No, not *Rex:* I was talking about *Pax*. . . . Oh, I thought you had Pax. Never mind." He hung up dejectedly. Quickly recovering, he said to me, "The ticker's four minutes late. Looks like another four-million-share day, all right. But nothing terribly much seems to be happening. Central opened on a block of twenty-five thousand at thirty-

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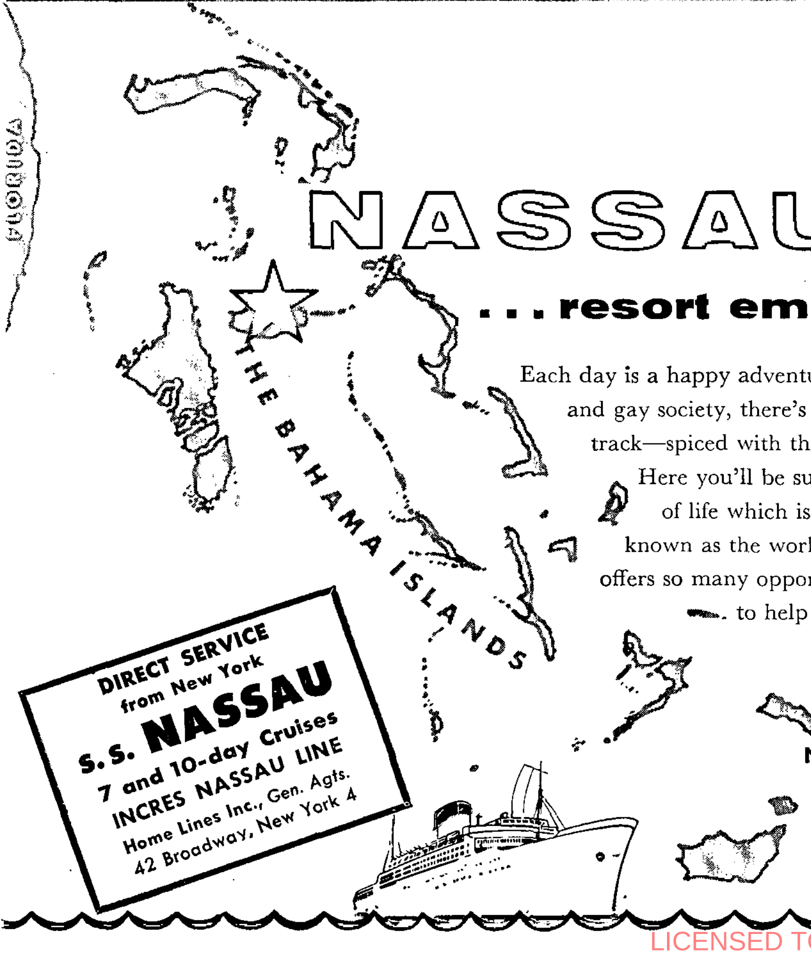

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nine, and G.E. is going strong, but for the most part the market isn't doing much really—just churning around. . . . Hey, look! American Metals went down one and a quarter!"

The expression of a man who is happy that he failed to make quite as much as he might have made if he had done something he didn't do is a very odd one. It was the one Stein was wearing now, at the news of the point-and-a-quarter skid.

"Freeport Sulphur is going crazy!" a voice shouted across the room. The white-haired customer leaped to his feet and muttered something urgently to Irene.

"Oh, I wish this market would quiet down—be nice and gentle for a while," Eddie Otto said.

Throughout the morning, the room was full of excited talk, much of it so abbreviated or esoteric that I couldn't grasp it. I was certain at one point, for instance, that I heard Irene cry, "Eastman, Dillon can pay forty-eight for Fibber McGee! Anyone interested?" But there was no response to this invitation, and I never did find out what she was talking about. Conceivably, of course, she had learned that Eastman, Dillon could pay forty-eight for Fibber McGee.

Stein left his post for a minute, and while he was gone, a partner sitting at the desk in front of his—Max Sternberg, whose head is slightly cocked to one side, as if he always had a telephone clamped under his ear, and who has one there much of the time—called out, "How much Homestake you got, Bernie?" Then he turned around, did not seem terribly surprised to find no one at Stein's desk, and never brought up the subject again.

"Get a report on Schering, Irene," Eddie Otto called. "There's no rush. Any time will do." Thirty seconds later, he called to her, "Never mind, Irene. I just sold it."

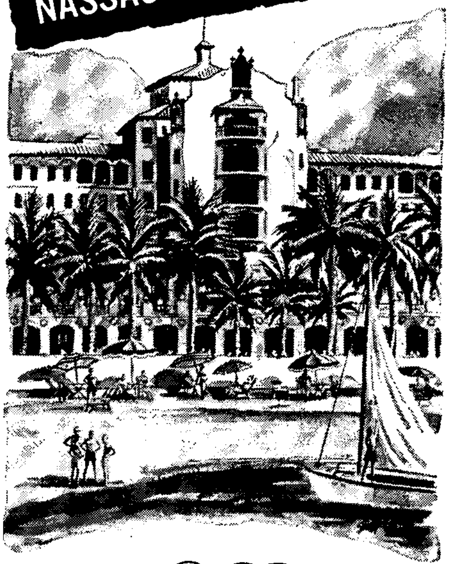
Stein came back, and grabbed Donald Samuel as he loped past. "Hey, did you see that Spalding just sold at seventeen and a quarter?" Stein asked excitedly. "What do you think of that?"

"That was me who bought it," Samuel said.

"Oh," said Stein.

At noon, Stein invited me to sit in on a Partners' Lunch, which was to be served in a room off the senior Samuel's office in about half an hour, and I accepted thankfully. Then Stein suggested that in the meantime, since the market seemed to be merely thrashing around aimlessly, we might go down-

NASSAU in the BAHAMAS



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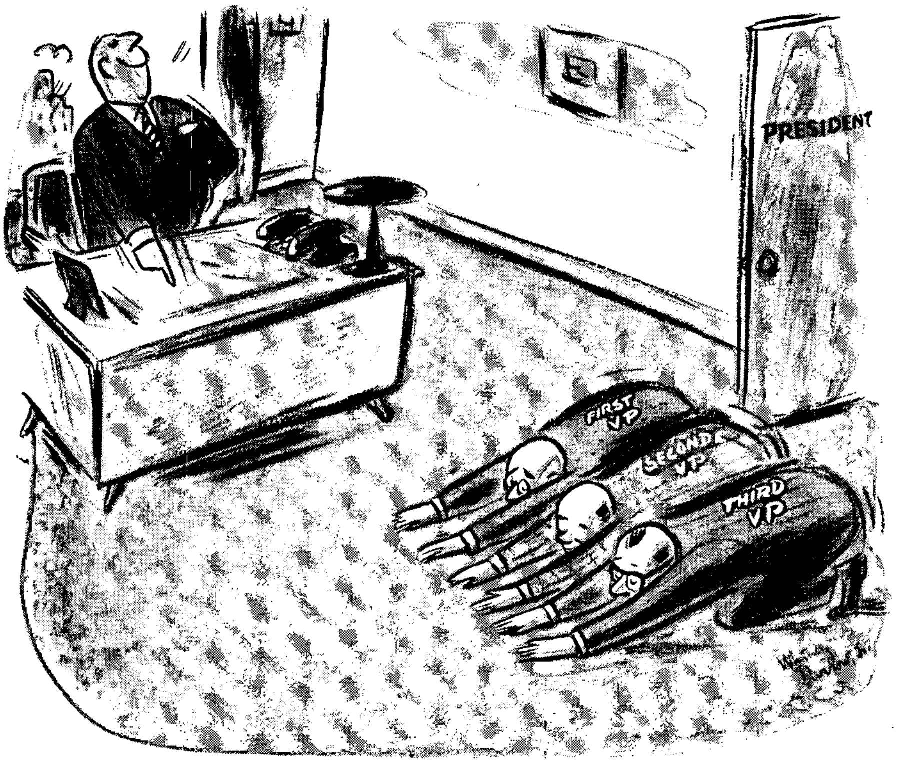

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stairs and have a quick look at the offices of Goodbody & Co.

"Pantepec opened at eight and seven-eighths!" Irene was trumpeting as we walked out the door.

On the eighteenth floor, the same bustling atmosphere prevailed, except that the Goodbody firm had a dozen or so male order clerks, instead of a single Irene, to handle its larger volume of business. In a corridor outside a room that was devoted entirely to Canadian operations, Stein introduced me to Marcus Goodbody, an erect, white-haired gentleman of seventy-eight who, Stein whispered to me as we saw him approach, is an expert sail-skater despite his years. Stein remarked that I was a journalist, and Mr. Goodbody looked piercingly at me.

"Were you connected with that Winchell business?" he demanded sternly.

I assured him I had not been.

"That's a scandal, sir," he said.

I asked him how things were going otherwise.

"Well, everybody's making a lot of money these days, and that's all very well and good," he replied, "but the people in back here—the order clerks and others—are getting tired. Four-million-share days mean overtime work for them, you know."

A FEW minutes later, Stein and I joined the other Samuel partners for lunch. There was one vacant place at the table, set for Adrian Bendix, the only partner who has a seat on the New York Stock Exchange; he was coming over from the floor if he could find time.

"What've you been doing this morning?" Ralph Samuel asked his son.

"Selling garbage, mostly," Donald answered.

There ensued an hour's fascinating talk, most of it confidential, about the ins and outs of various industries and corporations. I was impressed by the partners' breadth of detailed knowledge. I had heard tales of brokers who are intuitive about securities but painfully ignorant of the assets these represent—a famous story concerns the eminently successful trader who made a packet in Blaw-Knox, a steel company, because he had a hunch that the months to come would see an upswing in the wearing of men's hats—but the six partners had an awesome variety of facts on their tongues. The subject of road building came up; they practically built a highway at the table. Someone spoke of leisure-time activities; they had up-to-the-minute data on the production of golf balls over the last two decades. Toward the end of their symposium, Bendix, the floor man, sprinted in, wan and gray, and silently gobbled his lunch. When he had finished, he told me that he had heard I was coming around and had arranged to take me on the floor with him, if I was interested. I said I certainly was.

"Don't point at anything, or you'll find you've bought something," Stein warned me jovially as Bendix and I were leaving. "Oh, damn, American Metals is up two points," he added. He looked suddenly as though his lunch—a good one, and no austerity—had disagreed with him.

AFTER the guards at the Exchange had passed us through to the floor, Bendix glanced hastily at one of a dozen magnified ticker tapes that are visible from every part of the immense hall, and warned me to stick to his heels. At a rapid walk—the Exchange forbids running, to prevent accidents—we headed for a booth at the edge of the floor, where Bendix picked up a sheaf of order slips that were awaiting him. Then he scurried about executing these orders at one or another of the eighteen trading posts—each handles some eighty stocks—that are scattered around the floor. A couple of times, when he couldn't immediately make a trade at a price that satisfied him, he turned over a slip to a specialist—a man who deals exclusively in a few stocks, or just a single stock, and remains at one post all the time, sharing commissions with his peregrinating brethren.

Between chores, Bendix told me that he has been a member of the New York Stock Exchange since 1946, that for fourteen years he had been a broker on the Curb—now the American—Exchange, and that he has never failed to be impressed by the high standard of ethics governing activities in his business. "I'm apt to trade fifteen or twenty thousand shares a day—maybe five hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities—on a purely verbal basis," he said. "We have occasional mixups, to be sure, but it's an amazingly honest industry." (It occurred to me that I might have spotted one of those mixups earlier. Back at the Samuel office, I had seen a "DK," or "Don't know," on the ticker, following a transaction involving a hundred shares of Pepsi-Cola at eighteen and a half, and this, I had been told, indicated that some brokerage house wanted to be informed of the source from which it had bought the stock.) "As a matter of fact," Ben-

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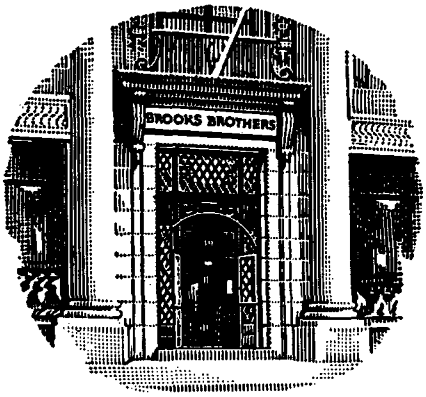

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dix went on, "we've always felt—My number is up!" His roving eye had lit on one of two big boards, on opposite sides of the floor, where numbers are flashed to let members know there are messages waiting for them. "Squad!" he shouted. Instantly, a squad boy, or messenger, materialized at his elbow. "Goodbody for Bendix!" Bendix told him. Seconds later, the squad boy was back with a handful of order slips, carefully folded so that only the recipient could see what was on them. Bendix pushed on. A few minutes later, when he again shouted "Squad!," there was no immediate response, and he appealed to a floor supervisor for help. "Gee, I'd love to be picked up, Arthur," Bendix said.

"I haven't the strength to pick you up," said the supervisor. (Wall Street is notorious for its jokes.) The supervisor soon got hold of a boy, who duly picked Bendix up.

"There's a very nervous market here today," Bendix told me. Like everyone else I had met downtown, he spoke of the market as if it had a personality of its own, and was capable of being soothed or prodded or tricked. I asked him if he didn't sometimes feel nervous himself, dealing in such large sums of money day in and day out. "We usually think of it just as numbers," he replied. Then he got an order to sell a hundred shares of New York Central, and as we strode toward Post Seventeen, where Central is traded, he said we'd see a lot of activity there, because Central was being given quite a whirl that day. A dozen or more traders were buzzing around the post, shouting at each other with verve and, in one or two instances, either real or simulated rage. As Bendix shouldered his way into the swarm, he told me that when bidding is hotly competitive, as it was here, and two men make an identical offer simultaneously, the issue is customarily settled by tossing a coin. The quotation on Central at that moment was thirty-seven and five-eighths bid, thirty-seven and seven-eighths asked. As he plunged into the melee, Bendix yelled that he had a hundred at three-quarters. ("I tried to do a little better for my customer," he explained afterward.) A man pointed affirmatively at him, the deal was clinched, and each party scribbled a seemingly illegible notation on a pad he carried. Immediately afterward, another trader tried to sell a hundred Central at the same price. Two men screamed acceptance at him, and, without a word, a third man fished a half dollar from his pocket and flipped it in

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the air. It clattered to the floor, and its owner had to scramble vigorously to retrieve it. I was delighted to see that even during a four-million-share day—which this proved to be—a stock trader reacts as normally as anybody else to the clink of hard money.

SHORTLY before three-thirty, when the Exchange closes, I bade Bendix goodbye and returned to the Samuel offices to take leave of my hosts. Stein told me that the market was slipping; he guessed that floor traders were realizing profits on shares they'd bought speculatively earlier in the day. "They don't like to go home owning things," he said.

Donald Samuel, momentarily out of his cage, was saying on a telephone, not loudly at all, "Well, the quality stocks look to me like they're going to be quiet for a while—with some exceptions, naturally."

At three-twenty-eight, all the partners present assembled, as if to catch the finish of an exciting sports event, in front of Irene's cubicle, and stood intently watching the ticker's account of the day's final sales. "If I weren't going to Florida tomorrow, I'd sell some more of that B. & O. short," Stein mused aloud.

Eddie Otto had a radiant smile on his face. "Come on, General Electric!" he bellowed at the ticker tape. "Let's go!"

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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James A. Linen, in his "Letter from the Publisher" in *Time*, states that the average male reader of *Time* owns "... shoes (6 pairs), suits (7) ... and carries in his pocket at any given time ... ($30.70)."

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With fifteen dollars and twenty cents
At any given time.

I've counted my shoes for Mr. Luce;
They're scarce as cars in Venice.
The secret of my closet is
I have pairs (2)—one tennis.

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Remarks are justly scathing,
And *Time* may know, omnisciently,
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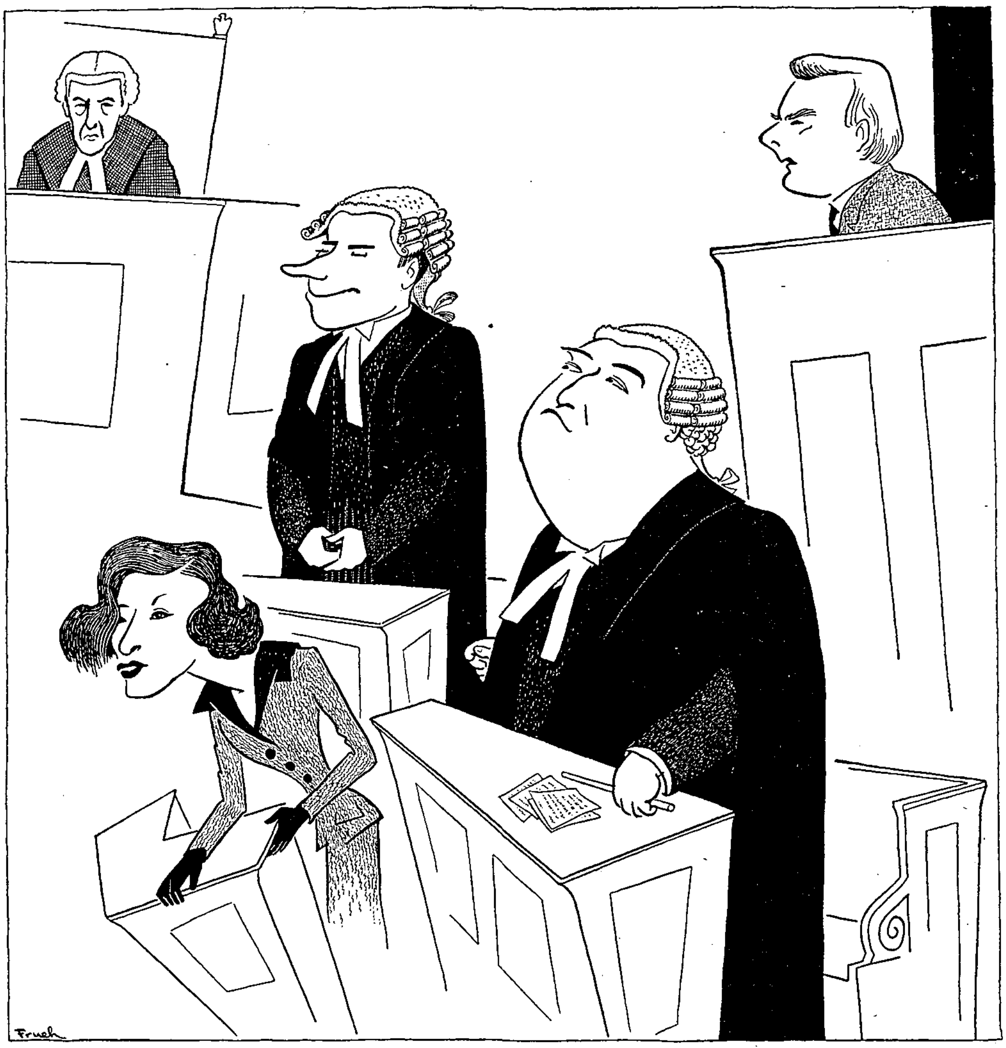
THE THEATRE

QUAINT, AIN'T?

THERE were moments during the performance of "Plain and Fancy," at the Mark Hellinger, when it seemed to me that it would be a pleasant and virtuous thing to forsake New York and take up residence in the Amish country of southeastern Pennsylvania, where there is no cigarette smoking, drinking, brawling, or casual love-making, and where only the fast country-club set has either buttons on its garments or plumbing anywhere but behind the barn. This admiration for strictly ordered rusticity passed quickly—in fact, by the time I had buttoned my overcoat, lighted a death-dealing cigarette, and bundled myself into a newfangled taxicab—but it is quite a tribute to the charm of the entertainment that I felt it at all, because up to now even the laxer disciplines of the South Shore of Long Island have often been as much as I could bear. While it lasted, though, the spell was fairly strong. Now and then, I suppose, the long stretches of monosyllabic dialect ("Your love is all. I go now, ain't?") began to seem less quaint than merely monotonous, the unrelieved severity of the costumes took on a faintly depressing air, and the sunny innocence of the plot made me think wistfully back to plays like "Pal Joey" and "Guys and Dolls," in which, of course, marriage was at best a last and desperate resort. For the greater part of the evening, however, I was well content with the world proffered me by the management and watched it with warm affection, if no particularly urgent excitement.

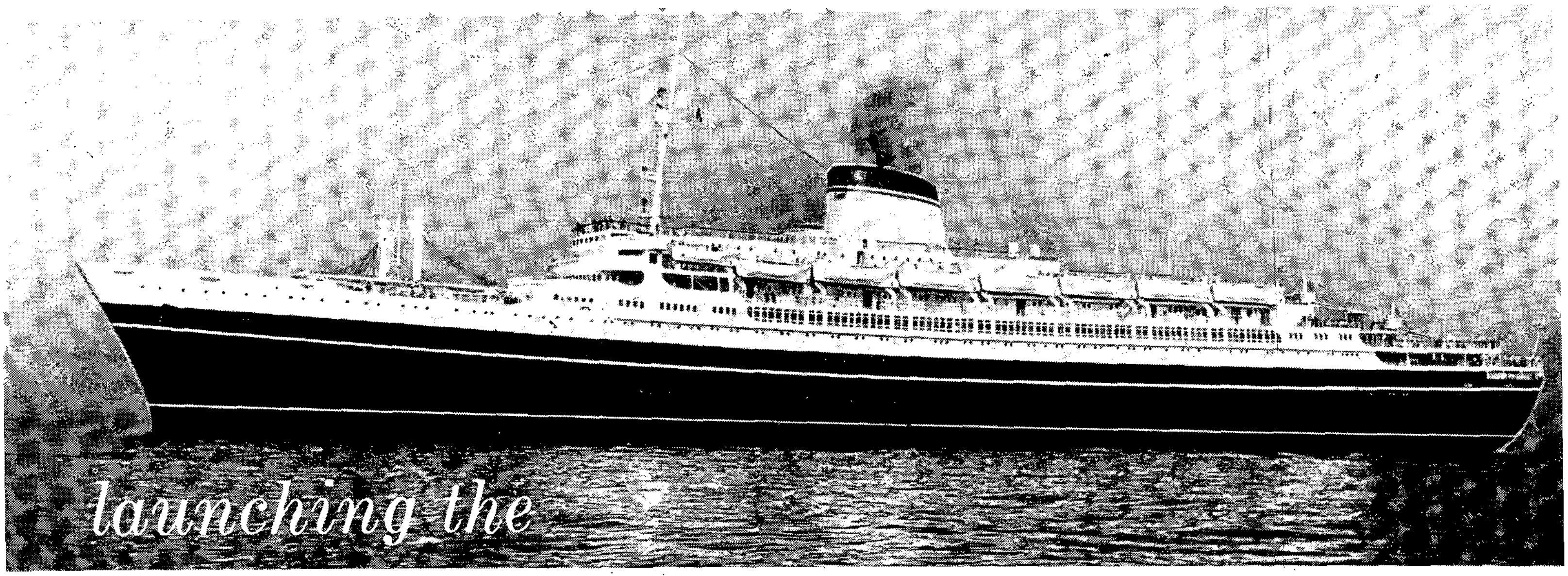
The story needn't tax us much or long. An Amish youth named Peter Reber is in love with a girl of the community called Katie Yoder, but he has a reputation for unchristian violence and her father has arranged a match for her with the boy's brother, Ezra, who is a simple-minded muscle man. There is a fight between the two young men that further damages Peter's standing, and when a barn which he has whimsically ornamented with a picture of a bird burns down, he is believed to have put a hex on it, and is put in Coventry by his co-religionists. This is the principal dilemma. A subordinate one involves a city man who has dropped in to consummate some kind of real-estate deal, bringing with him a fine, big blonde from the outside world, who has quite a time adjusting herself to the local customs. This romance is complicated by a misunderstanding about one of the Amish girls, who is momentarily dazzled by his urban ways and gets the idea he has proposed to her. At this point, everybody is obviously in a pretty fix, but Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, who contrived the book, are men of ingenuity, and a brief carnival scene is enough to clear everything up.

On the whole, the emotional content of all this is slight, but the authors have contributed some interesting accessory decorations, including the communal erection of a new barn right there on the stage; the simultaneous operation by the blonde of a pump, a churn, a meat grind-



"WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION"

The orbicular customer in the middle of this scene is Francis L. Sullivan, who serves as counsel for the defense in Agatha Christie's melodrama at the Henry Miller. The emotional lady testifying is Patricia Jessel; the smug barrister is Ernest Clark; the judge, Horace Braham; and the prisoner at the bar, Gene Lyons.



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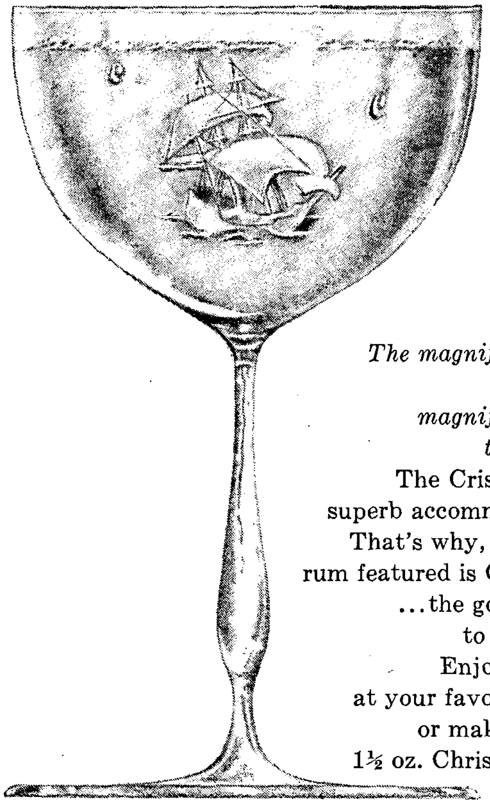

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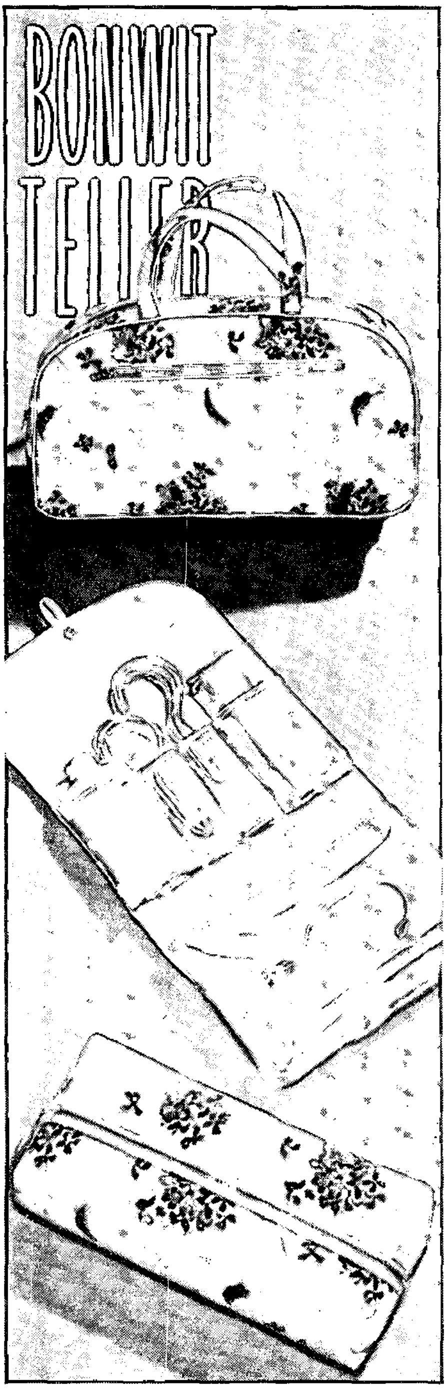

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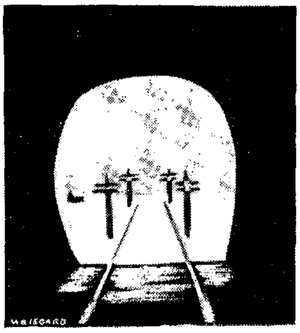
er, and a boiling pot; and some equally trying experiences she has with several of the Amish bachelors, who appear to find her appetizing, though peculiar. All these help, and so, for the most part, do the tunes and lyrics, provided by Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt, respectively. As far as I can remember, I have never been successful in predicting the songs in a musical that would go on to further triumphs, but I liked those called "It Wonders Me," "Young and Foolish," and "This Is All Very New to Me," and it may be that you will, too. These are sentimental items, and the simplicity of the idiom seems to me very engaging. It applies less well to humor, however, and I'm afraid that the ostensibly funny songs, especially one called "City Mouse, Country Mouse," are more coy than diverting. Of the dances, arranged by Helen Tamiris, the rather prim and angular numbers executed in Amish costume have, I think, admirable style and freshness, but the carnival ballet, which has the appearance of something warmed over from "Carousel," is much less happily inspired, and while I guess it accomplishes its narrative purpose, it struck me as aesthetically vacant, and even a little unpleasant. The scenery and costumes, by Raoul Pène duBois, are a sort of miracle in that their designer has somehow composed his unpromising materials—grimly dressed people and remarkably dull buildings—into a series of quite enchanting pictures.



My favorite performer, in an extremely capable company, is Shirl Conway, an expert comedienne with a highly expressive face, who makes the visiting blonde an unremitting joy, though she is assisted by very few really hilarious lines. The others include Richard Derr as her metropolitan admirer, Gloria Marlowe as Katie, Barbara Cook as the Amish girl out for an urban conquest, David Daniels as Peter, Douglas Fletcher Rodgers as his brother, Stefan Schnabel as Papa Yoder, and Daniel Nagrin as the leader of the dancers. I have space only to congratulate them as a group.

THERE are usually three or four little comedies almost uncannily like "The Grand Prize," the latest entry at the Plymouth, in every theatrical season. These works vary slightly in the details of plot and locale, but in essence they are identical. They always deal with a group of people who are alleged to be either rich or bright, or both, but there is never much in their speech or behavior to sustain these claims; the story that animates them takes off from some contemporary and preferably rather indelicate absurdity ("Wouldn't it be funny if Miss Christine Jorgensen got elected Miss Rheingold for 1956?" is a not inconceivable springboard for some relentless playwright) and then explores its every delicious possibility; the dialogue is composed of a series of small cylindrical quips that fizz and pop along like a string of firecrackers on a dewy lawn; and the humor reaches its high point in a big drunk scene in the second act. There is something about this kind of art that puts me into an uneasy trance, but it has its admirers, and so, I suppose, we'd better grapple with it for a while.

"The Grand Prize," then, is the product of Ronald Alexander, who is familiar to me only as the author of "Time Out for Ginger," a piece that had to do with a young lady who liked to play football. His inspiration this time is somewhat more intellectual, since his current heroine is a beautiful secretary who wins a television quiz contest and with it the right to change places with her employer for a day. All you need to know about this transaction, I think, is that the hero is pressed into service as a butler; that his duties involve quite a lot of comic business in a miniature kitchen and with a sofa that turns into a bed; and that although his original intentions toward the secretary are distinctly roguish, she extorts an honorable proposal from him in the end. The social position of both these people is incomprehensible to me. From time to time, the lady asserts that she has majored in littachure at some unnamed university, and she backs this up with a small library consisting entirely of nineteenth-century British poets, but her demeanor is only intermittently scholastic. Her vis-à-vis is said to be a man of hereditary wealth and position, occupying a penthouse at Sixty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, where he is attended by two maids and a butler of his own, and he has a certain air of patronizing elegance ("What an interesting anthology of pomes," he remarks, inspecting her books. "Would you care to sell it?"), but he also has

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a way of insisting on the extent and cost of his possessions that isn't, I suspect, entirely consistent with the bluest blood. The others in the cast—an advertising man, a nymphomaniac, a genuine servitor, and a couple of representatives of the television industry—are simpler drawings, and my only complaint about them is that they give the rather disconcerting impression of coming from somewhat more elevated surroundings than their principals. The jokes are of the sort that almost inevitably arise from folding beds, kitchenettes, and television, and I will not afflict you with samples of them. There are two drunk scenes, instead of one, and while this is generous, the quality is not unusual. A man tries to say "suspicion" and it comes out "subsission," and— well, so on.

The leading parts are taken by June Lockhart and John Newland, who are both obviously more intelligent and attractive than they are permitted to appear, and there are adept smaller performances by Betsy Palmer, Tom Poston, Nancy Wickwire, William Windom, Donald McKee, and Ken Harvey. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Declaration of Independence," by Carl Becker*]

There are some sentences in the Declaration which are more than felicitous. The closing sentence, for example, is perfection itself. Congress amended the sentence by including the phrase, "with a firm reliance upon the protection of divine Providence." It may be that Providence always welcomes the responsibilities thrust upon it in times of war and revolution; but personally, I like the sentence better as Jefferson wrote it. "And for the support of this Declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." —*Page 197.*

. . . and on the whole it must be said that Congress left the Declaration better than it found it. The few verbal changes that were made improved the phraseology, I am inclined to think, in every case. —*Page 209.*

The final paragraph as it stands is certainly much stronger than in its original form . . . the revision had in addition the merit of giving to the final paragraph, what such a paragraph especially needed, greater directness and assurance. —*Pages 210-11.*

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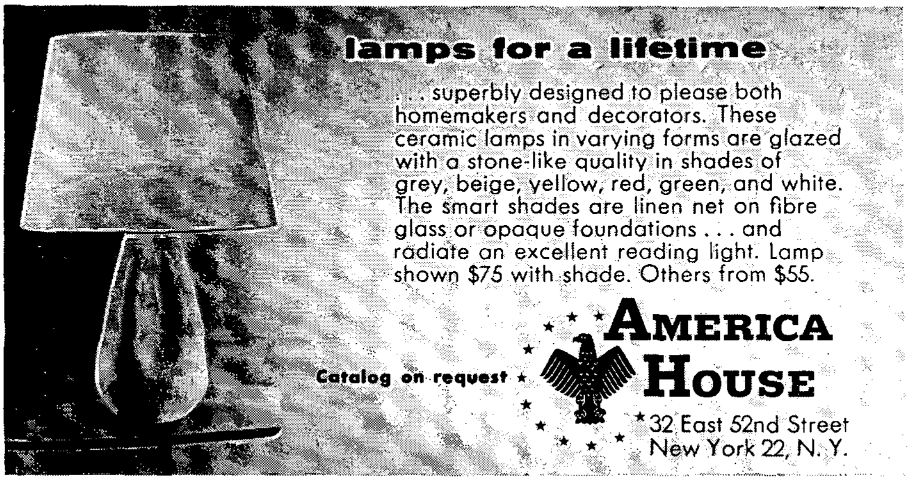

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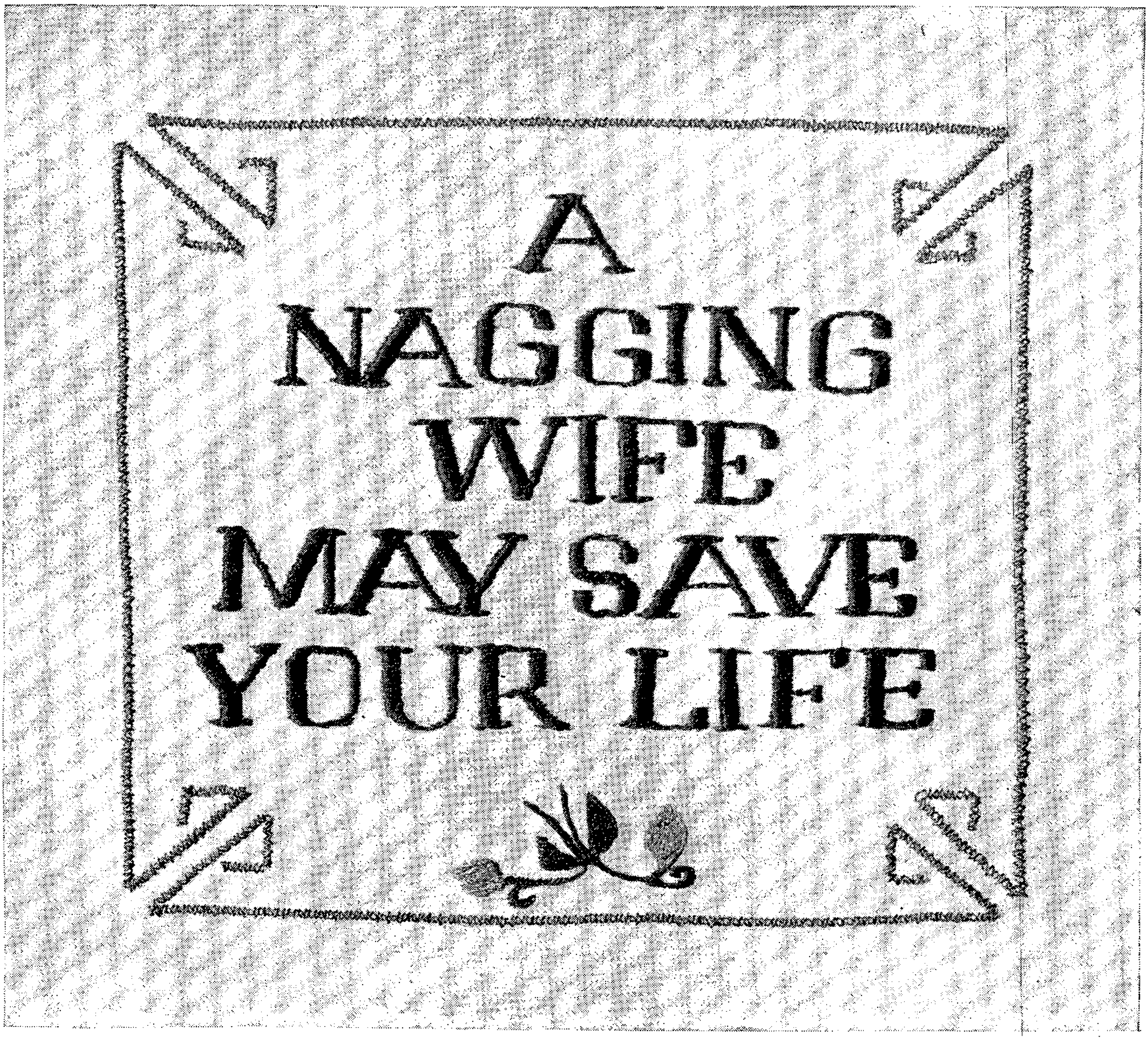

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Bellini Problem

VINCENZO BELLINI'S rather special place in the history of music is apt to be forgotten by operatic audiences simply because his operas are so seldom performed nowadays, and the reason they are so seldom performed is that there are at present very few singers who are capable of meeting the exacting demands of his vocal writing. This is a deplorable situation, for Bellini was certainly one of the greatest melodists who have ever lived, and his three finest works—"Norma," "I Puritani," and "La Sonnambula"—realize the ideals of Italian opera with a degree of purity probably unmatched by any other composer. It is, in fact, this very purity of his aesthetic approach that stands in the way of his being currently successful. Bellini conceived opera as a medium that makes its appeal almost exclusively through beautiful singing, and he wrote for the greatest singers of his day, exploiting the most delicate and the most spectacular capacities of the human voice with unique subtlety and eloquence. He was to the voice what his contemporary and admirer, Frédéric Chopin, was to the piano. His sense of classic melodic line was, like Chopin's, both scrupulously refined and vigorously evocative, and his art consisted, to a large extent, of eliminating from his canvas everything but the precise and elegant quality of what might be called his musical draftsmanship. He was never guilty of excess or vulgarity. Though, like most Italians of his period, he wrote floridly for the voice, his elaborate musical ornamentations always formed an integral part of his melody and were never tacked on for mere show. Bellini's style may not have encompassed the dramatic depth, the human insight, or the technical complexity that other great composers have brought to opera, but in its own particular way it is unsurpassed anywhere in music.

In presenting "La Sonnambula" in concert form at Town Hall on Tuesday night of last week, the American Opera Society, an organization that is to be generally commended for its enterprise, undertook a task of staggering difficulty and, within certain limitations, succeeded in carrying it out. The limitations were, of course, vocal. Strictly speaking, there was only one singer in the cast—Cesare Siepi—who would have proved entirely adequate to the requirements of his role had the opera been produced in the grand manner and in a large opera house. Despite this handicap, the American Opera Society so skillfully balanced and adjusted the material at its disposal that "La Sonnambula" became a remarkably pleasant musical experience. The most admirable of the evening's technical triumphs was the singing of Laurel Hurley, who undertook the terrifyingly difficult role of Amina. Miss Hurley certainly does not possess the ample and infinitely flexible voice Bellini had in mind when he wrote the part. Her voice was nevertheless sufficiently ample to fill Town Hall, even when she sang—as she often did—in a safe mezza-voce. And the neat craftsmanship with which she manipulated her limited resources was a continuous joy to witness. From the musical, as distinct from vocal, point of view, her performance was a very brilliant one indeed. Arnold U. Gamson conducted the production with spirit, and the remaining roles—notably the Elvino of Charles Anthony—were sung, on the whole, with grace and accuracy. I left the hall feeling that perhaps this sort of thing is the best present-day answer to the problem of putting on Bellini. The small-scale performance had the virtues of coherence and musical precision and was in many ways more satisfying than some indifferently sung versions of Bellini operas that I have encountered in bigger and more pretentious surroundings.

WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser" had its first performance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday night, under the baton of a new German conductor, Rudolf Kempe. The score used was the so-called Dresden version, which was reintroduced here last season under George Szell and which is, I think, somewhat cruder, both musically and dramatically, than the more familiar one Wagner later rearranged for the Paris première of the opera. Ramon Vinay, who sang the title role, was apparently not in very good voice. Astrid Varnay, who sang Venus, suffered from a tremolo that made some of her musical phrases almost unintelligible. The only first-rate singing of the evening was provided by Margaret Harshaw, George London, and Jerome Hines, as Elisabeth, Wolfram, and the Landgraf, respectively. I found Mr. Kempe's conducting generally crisp and energetic, but nowhere, it seemed to me, did he succeed in infusing the score with the sort of magic "Tannhäuser" must have if it is not to become a bore. His conceptions of tempo and rhythm were invariably conventional and correct, but the gleaming orchestration, the touches of soaring melody, and the sturdy ensembles that make this otherwise rather weak opera worth listening to were, I thought, handled in a fairly perfunctory manner.

I am afraid that I can't say much for Thursday night's "Aïda" at the Metropolitan, either, except that the work itself is, of course, a far superior opera to "Tannhäuser," *and one whose* indestructible effectiveness can survive even the most routine and uninspired treatment, which was, by and large, what it got. The occasion was made worthy of comment only by the début of Robert McFerrin, a baritone, who sang the role of Amonasro and took his place in history as the second Negro singer to make an appearance on the Metropolitan's stage. Mr. McFerrin proved to be an artist of considerable refinement, with a small but well-produced voice. His approach to the dramatic aspects of the role is as yet somewhat tentative, but I expect that, given time and increased authority, he may do it quite impressively. As for the rest of the production, I think it kinder to refrain from detailed criticism and to record only that Herva Nelli, Kurt Baum, Blanche Thebom, Luben Vichey, and Norman Scott went through their accustomed roles without any special distinction.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

WINTER'S NIGHT

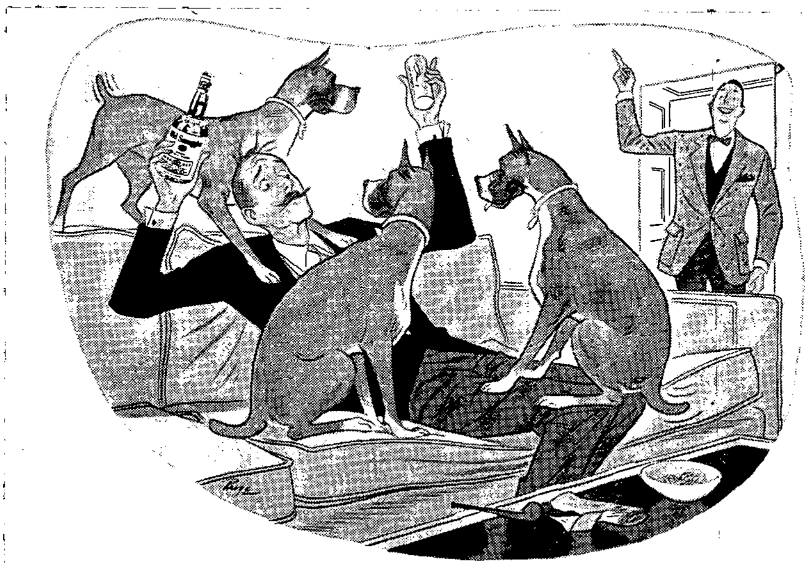
Opening her window wide,
she heard
far off the frosty dog
mourn the cold moon.
Beside the sill, the icy leaf,
once tender,
caught the stars' fire
in its opal glove.

—NANCY WILSON ROSS

•

Joe DiMaggio celebrated his Hall of Fame award at Toot Shor's with the boys. He award at Toats Shor's with the boys. He does—next summer.—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

Were you there, Wilson?



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Ted Watson

I used to think Charlie Hill prized his dogs more than anything else in the world. But that was before my latest visit to his home. Shortly after I arrived Charlie excused himself to make a phone call, and told me to fix myself a drink. Just as I was pouring some Old Smuggler, his three boxers bounded into the room and started a friendly contest to see which one would sit on my lap. Charlie returned while the melee was at its height. I was fully prepared for him to feel more concerned about his dogs than me, but his remark was surprisingly sensible. "Careful Ted," he frantically admonished, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

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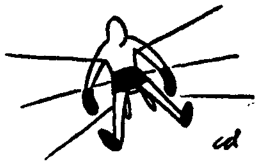
THE REPRIEVE

MY sister and I had never seen snow. One winter day we asked our mother if she ever had. "No," she told us. "Nor do I ever expect to, either. There's not a Chinaman's chance I'll ever get away from these four walls, even to go see my sister in Lake Charles. Not that she wouldn't cut me dead if I did. I can stay right here till I drop in my tracks, for all anybody cares. Some have and some have not; some do and some don't. No, in answer to your question, I haven't ever seen it snow."

We were used to these outbursts. In summer, Mother would complain that she had never been out of the heat and the dampness; she had never had a moment's rest; her lot was a sweltering Hell on earth, fighting mosquitoes and flies, and dripping sweat over an ironing board, and picking up after two rotten girls and a thankless invalid. The invalid was our father, who had been partly paralyzed in an accident and whose mind had been affected. Summer or winter, Mother's discontent was steadfast—reinforced occasionally by flashes of vicious rage. But she was beautiful.

One January night, in our small, swampy Louisiana village, it snowed. Early in the evening, Mother and my sister and I were in the sewing room, which we two girls also used as our sleeping and study room. Mother sat at her machine, with her black hair falling in a wild tangle about her shoulders. The glare of the small machine lamp against her smooth olive skin heightened the perpetual flush of her cheeks. Her face, never still, was dominated by dark, restive, always wrathful eyes.



She shoved her knee against the machine's lever and gripped the cloth behind the plunging needle. She was making a skirt. I remember the fabric well, for I still have a scrap of it. It was a cheap striped rayon, really too flimsy for a skirt.

"Come here," she said, releasing the lever and looking fiercely at the table where my sister and I sat, each holding a schoolbook. "Both of you. Mignon! Musette!"

Those were our improbable names. Our grandmother had once been a patron of the New Orleans opera. When our mother married a common laborer, she lost her family's favor, and she hadn't stopped short of the ludicrous in a vain effort to regain it. And so we had become Musette and Mignon Sims, after our grandmother's favorite heroines.

"Never mind studying," she said. "I want to try this on you."

"On us both?" Mignon asked.

I could have told Mother that Mignon had not been studying at all. In her lap was a magazine in which she kept cutouts of her favorite movie stars and glossy photographs of some of them. She had one signed "To Mignon, good luck, William Powell," which never ceased to impress me. Mignon, who at ten had Mother's looks and disposition, was scornful of me. I was three years younger than she, and I was skinny. She would never let me go through her magazine. Only Betsy, a friend who lived several blocks away, was allowed to do this; in return, she would lend Mignon her collection of paper dolls—cutouts from a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. I had no place in their world, and if I followed my sister to the yard of Betsy's house, as I frequently did, and hung around for long, Mignon would pull a cattail from the flower bed and lash my legs until I ran home, weeping.

"On you both, yes. I'll try it on you both," Mother said. "Then I'll pull it over your heads, make a sack of it, and throw it in the river." She thrust the skirt at my sister. "Don't sass me, Mignon. Try it on."

"I hate it," Mignon said. "Why don't you give it to Musette?"

"You both have to try it. It's come out too big for one and too little for the other." Mignon stood up and put on the skirt. Mother watched her a moment and then struck the machine with her fists. "You infernal machine! Why don't you work right?" she cried. "No, take it off, Mignon! Throw it away! Take it out of my sight!" Mignon handed the skirt to me.

I didn't think it would be necessary for either of us to dispose of it, because our mother's rage was building to a pitch where she would get rid of it herself. She would crumple it into a wad and, rushing to the back porch, jam it into the garbage can, and she would keep an eye on it until the garbage truck passed, so that no foraging Negro could claim it. Or she would dash across the yard to the house that bulged with the Goudeaux, our Cajun neighbors, and, jerking open the screen door, burst in and toss the wad at Mrs. Goudeaux's fat, astonished face. "Here, give it to one of them." Mother disdained to know the Goudeaux children by name, and we

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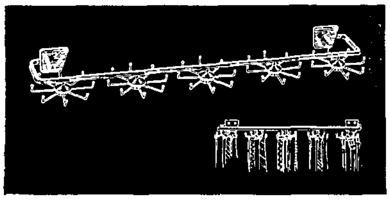

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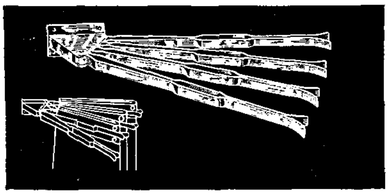

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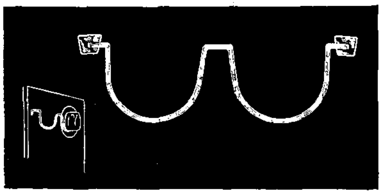

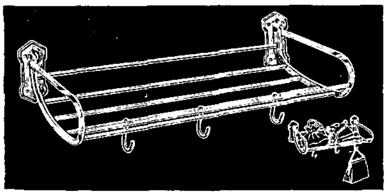

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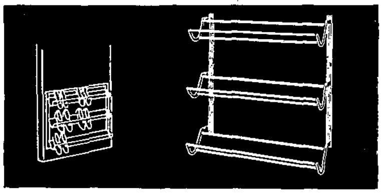

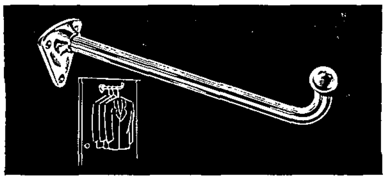

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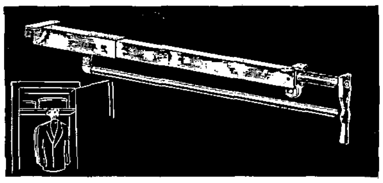

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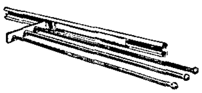

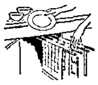

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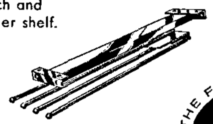

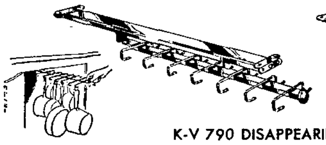

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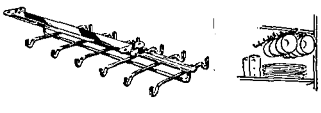

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were discouraged from playing with them. "It's a mess. Go on. Take it," she would say, and without waiting for thanks (the Goudeaux were poorer than we, and were grateful even for rags), she would storm away, banging the screen door behind her, as if to let the woman know that if it were not for the existence of so many Goudeaux in the neighborhood, her sewing would never fail, her cakes would always rise, her children would be as uncorrupted as they had been at birth.

Like her sewing, her cooking was frequently the object of her wrath. Often Mignon and I went to bed hungry because she would stand for no insult from the contents of the pots on her stove. If she misjudged the seasoning in a stew or forgot the cheese in a soufflé, or if the meat loaf grew watery and crumbled, she would march with the pot into the bathroom, screaming at us, "Not fit for a pig! Not even you two!" And our dinner would be swiftly ejected from the house.

I PUT on the skirt; it bunched at the waist and hung limply around my ankles. Mother walked over to me. She seized my arm, and with her thimbled forefinger she rapped me severely on the head. "Impossible," she said. "I could tear you limb from limb. It's impossible to fit anything on you. Give it to me! I'll tear it to shreds!" But before she could pull the skirt from me, her rage was rechannelled.

"Bla-a," we heard. "Bla-a." It was my father's voice. Mother's name was Blanche, but that pathetic bleat was the best that he could do, and it came only at those times when his mind was clear. Our house, a twin of the Goudeaux house next door, was square, with only five small rooms. The sewing room was diagonally across from my parents' room. The other rooms were the kitchen and bathroom and the living room. When my sister and I were in the house, our father was never out of earshot.

"What does *he* want?" Mother said. "Does he think I'm going to drop everything and run in there? Doesn't he know I've got my hands full, thanks to him? Did I ask for this?" I lowered my head to discourage the tirade that usually followed such questions, and to my immense relief she flung her thimble at the machine and left the room.

I did not want to hear again the story of my father's accident. Sometimes when she told me the story, she would take me on her lap, as if she were telling a bedtime story, but I could almost feel the anger in her breast. "He made

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promises—to be an engineer, an oilman," she would say. "He studied nights. But then that girder snapped its cable; it went flying out at him, they said, and if he hadn't ducked, it would have crushed him. But as it was, it struck his spine. I wish I had hold of that girder. I'd twist it in my bare hands." And she would clutch my thin arms as if to demonstrate. I had been born soon after the accident. I had kept her in labor for forty-eight hours, and her story always ended with the cry "A widow, a widow! I should have been a widow! And you, Musette, poor, scrawny Musette, you should have been stillborn."

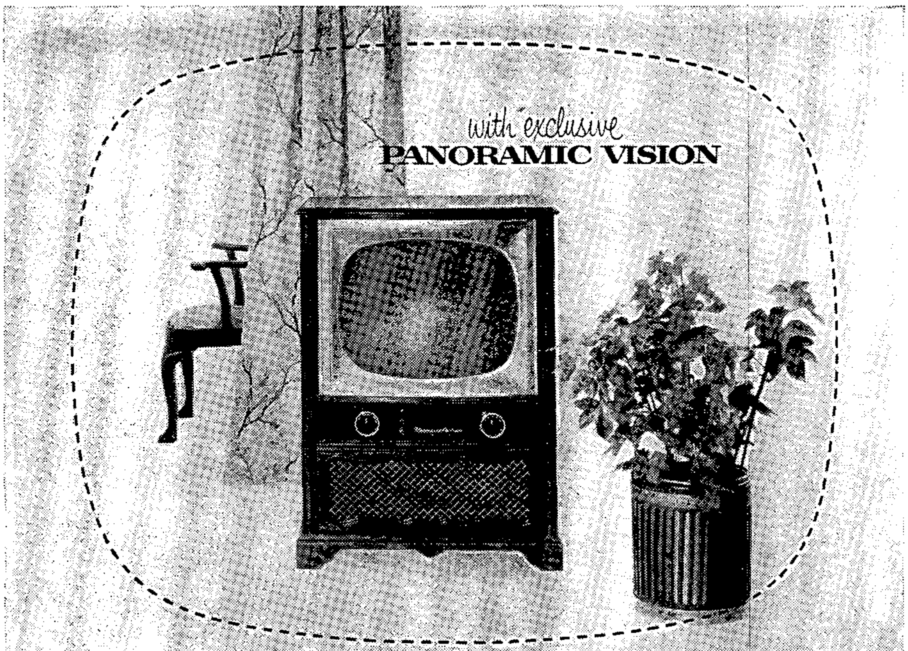
She often spoke like this to my father during the hours when she knew he could not understand her words. At night, lying in our beds in the darkness, we could hear her voice. "How long will it take you? How long will you take to die?" she would ask him. In the morning, putting him in his wheelchair, tucking a light blanket about his legs, feeding him, she would say, "You were going to do so much. There was nothing we wouldn't see together. There was no place we wouldn't go. I can't stand it any longer. Look at me, imbecile. Blanche, with the lovely black hair. Do you see it? Do you know what it is? My hair! You don't even know my hair!" And, swinging her head, she would wave her hair before his eyes.

During his rational hours, she would fuss over practical things. "Roller skates!" she might say. "Musette wants everything her sister has. Even the Goudeaux children have them. Should I get her some for Christmas?" Or she would bring in his tool chest and a frayed electric-iron cord. "It defeats me. It breaks. Everything breaks. Show me how to fix it. Tell me how and I'll follow your directions. Tell me what to do. Just tell me!"

AFTER Mother had gone to Father's room, leaving the rayon skirt with me, I put it on a chair. Then Mignon and I went in to say good night to him. It was something that Mother felt we should do, whether our father was conscious of us or not. We found him speaking to her, haltingly, "Buy clo—ready-made."

"Fine! Even with the installments on the machine, it's cheaper to make them," Mother said bitterly. "Where's the money for ready-made clothes to come from?"

I could remember my father's face only as that of an old man, twisted with pain. But Mignon remembered him—or she said she did—when he was as handsome and smiling as he was in the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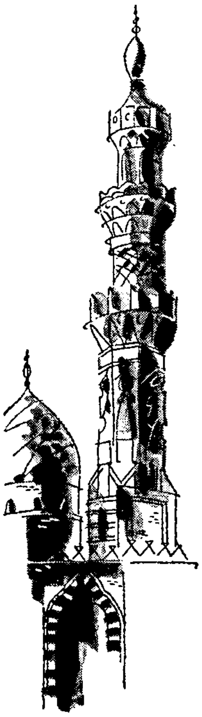

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photograph on the living-room table. We said good night and left him to cope with Mother, whose face was ablaze.

BUT the next morning! Mother stood over our bed, her face radiant and excited, and she hugged us. And then she lifted me, still half asleep, to the window ledge.

"The snow!" she said. "Look, my baby. It's been snowing for most of the night!"

I could see nothing for a moment in the gray light (she must have awakened us at dawn), and then I saw the flakes settling on the window sill.

"Snow—white, wonderful snow," she said. "Every flake as different as a star. Now get dressed, both of you."

"What shall I wear to school?" I asked.

"Oh, Musette," she said, and she hugged me again. "You won't go to school today. Don't you understand? It's snowing! Get dressed. Get dressed and go out in it." She laughed, and kissed me again and again. I experienced a moment of fright at her sudden, unfamiliar joy. "Hurry! Hurry!" she cried.

"What do you do in the snow?" I asked.

"I know," Mignon said importantly. "You can play with it. I'll show you." Mignon was even going to play with me!

"You can play with the Goudeaux," Mother said. "They're already outside. Hurry. You don't want to miss anything."

"With the Goudeaux?" I asked.

"Yes. Yes."

So this was to be a day of grace. The snow had neutralized the many-shaded world outside. Dressed as warmly as possible, Mignon and I went out into it. Cautiously, I reached down and lifted a mound of snow in my bare hands. I felt it sting, and then I knelt down and pressed my cheek against the snow. I lifted my face and shrieked with delight. The Goudeaux children—there were six of them—dashed across the snow to join Mignon and me.

All day long, we played. Mignon never left us, and even made a pile of snowballs to hurl at the oldest Goudeaux boy. Today there were no movie stars and no paper dolls and, for some reason, no Betsy. Today there was no threat of the Green-Eyed Man, an imaginary one-eyed monster my sister used to taunt me with. There was not a moment of anger or terror all day—only the gently falling flakes, the snowballs, the squeals and laughter, and the Goudeaux's fat, ruddy faces. Once, the youngest girl,

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four-year-old Emilie, said, "Mama, she say this don't happen but one time. One time in a lifetime." And all of us fell on her, protesting, rubbing her face in the snow, until Emilie, gasping for breath through her chapped and grinning lips, cried, "O.K.—uncle! I say uncle!"

MOTHER was in and out all day. She scraped some of the clean snow from the porch and, putting it in bowls, covered it with green mint flavoring for us to eat. There was enough for all the Goudeaux, too. Much of the time she was with my father.

She had rolled his chair to a front window, and she sat close to him, so that both their faces were framed by the window. Perhaps the glass softened his face; it seemed free of pain, and his eyes shone as brightly as hers. She turned to him often to kiss his forehead. And she pointed repeatedly, her fingertip flattened out against the glass, as if the Seven Wonders of the World rode past their vision.

Dinner, in the late afternoon, was a picnic. Mignon and I roasted wieners and marshmallows over the potbellied stove in the living room. When Mignon held one of the wieners in the fire too long, Mother said, "You can eat them burnt to a crisp. A little scorch won't hurt." And she laughed.

She squatted on the floor between Mignon and me. And as we ate, she got busy with her scissors, for she had spread before the fire the luckless rayon skirt.

"Instead of paper dolls, I made doll clothes when I was little," she said. "Get me your doll, Musette. I'll show you how it's done."

I ran and got my doll, and she fitted pieces of rayon around it and began to stitch them with needle and thread. I watched, enthralled, as she made ruffles for the sleeves and cut out a tiny square for the pocket.

"It's so easy, isn't it?" she said as she appliquéd the pocket and hemmed the dress with rapid stitches. Then she held out the doll, and I grasped it eagerly. "Take her outside and let her play in the snow," she said.

Mignon and I hurried out into the yard. Again we saw her face at the window. She pointed at the doll, and I raced to the window, holding it up for our father to see. She sat beside him, smiling. Their faces became dimmer as the day faded, until at last the window was dark.

—CHARLOTTE PAINTER

●

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
[*Headline on Doris Blake's column in the News*]
COUPLES "GOING STEADY"
LOSE OUT ON OTHER DATES

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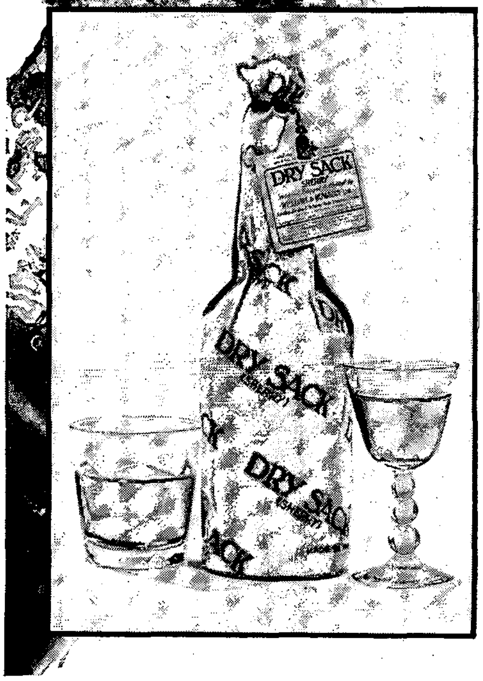

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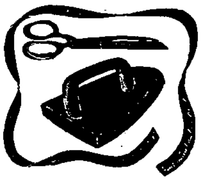
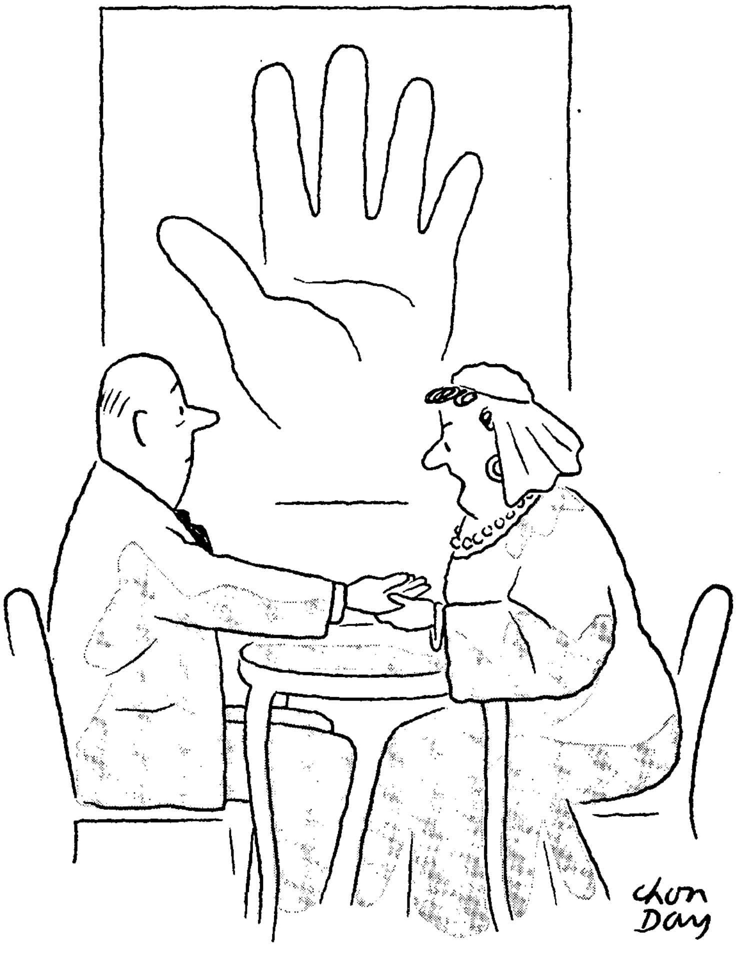
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

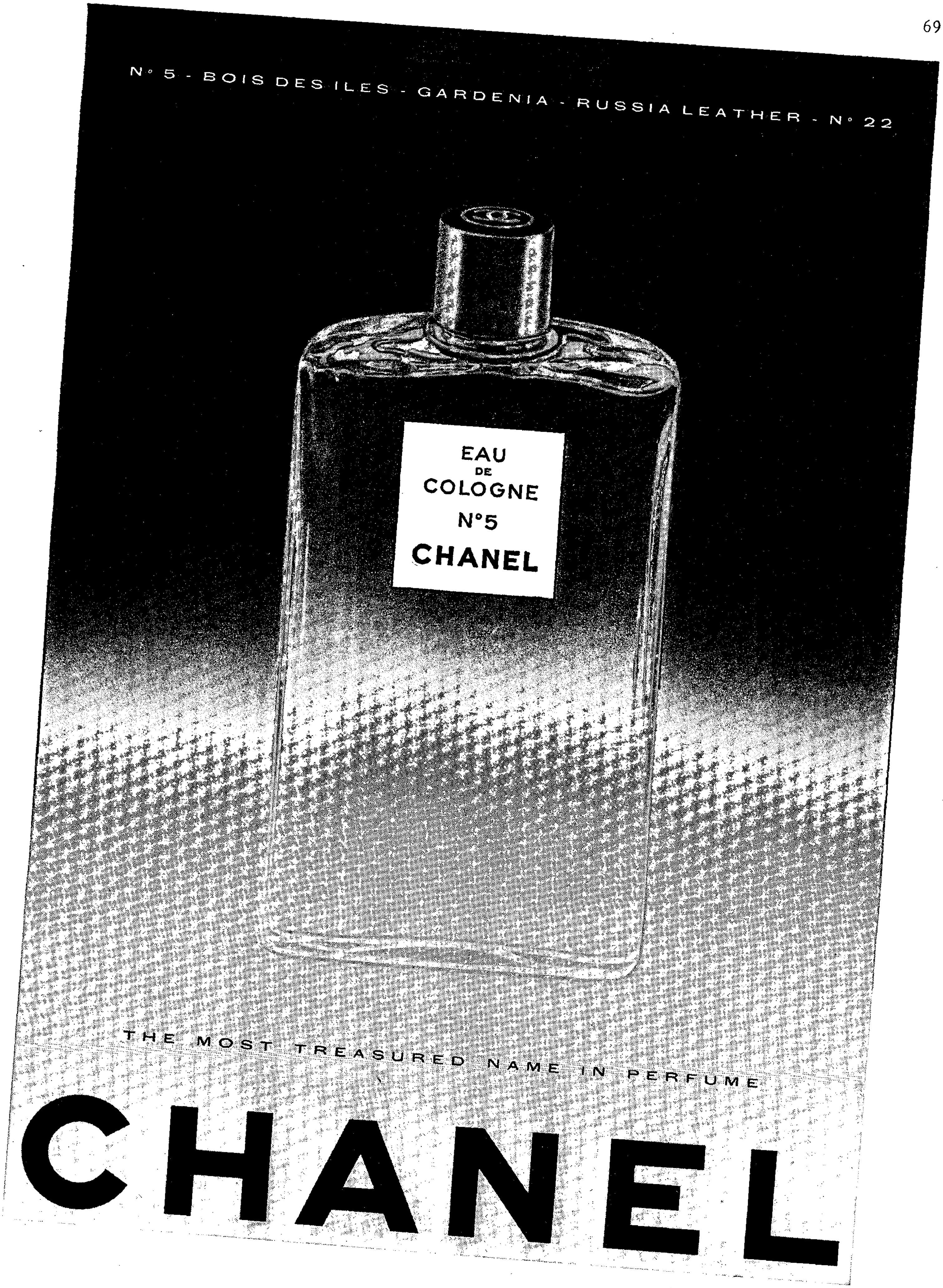


Two weeks ago, I was declaiming about play clothes suitable for dousing the body in the sea or toasting it on the sands; this week's discourse will be mainly concerned with apparel that is suitable for more perpendicular moments but still in the casual vacation and resort tradition. For these moments, every sort of silhouette is at hand. The sheath (in linen, mostly) is omnipresent, for from $8.95 on up and up, so I'll mention only the examples that really held my eye. Long torsos and tight peasant bodices with full skirts (gathered or all unpressed pleats) are universal, and so is the princesse line, swirling out in circular fashion. The classics, such as shirtwaist dresses, and tucked sheaths with cashmere sweaters attendant upon them, remain—well, classics. But fabric and color, and just about the most imaginative prints ever, are the major fascinators. Crease-resistant processes, and the fondness for using petticoats and full linings to give body, have finally brought the printmakers to life again; for much too long they had played safe with inexpensive, indeterminate prints, which were practical (and looked it), because the mussiness and creases they so quickly acquired were just as quickly obscured. Today's beautiful new prints, which never show a wrinkle, no matter what their age, stand by and for themselves. Another bit of news is the resurgence of very thin English lawns and Swiss batistes and the like, all of which make those linings and petticoats quite necessary adjuncts instead of merely extra fillips. Everywhere you'll see English Liberty lawns (conventional flower prints in pink and blue and mauve) with inserts of nylon organdie hither and thither around the décolletages and on the skirts to make them dressy. To me, these clothes still look precisely like the uniforms Old Dears have worn for generations around the house or on the porch on sultry mornings. However, if they don't arouse the wrong kind of nostalgia, they're $35 to $49.95 all over town. Clare Potter has come up with prints on English lawn that are quaint but not obvious, such as an old-fashioned French one of figs in blues and browns, and one that is a sprawl of Victorian mulberry, blues, purples, greens, and browns. They make graceful sleeveless dresses with scoop necks; $59.95 at Lord & Taylor. Imported Swiss batiste, smooth as yogurt and thin as bouillon, has moved Helga of California to dish up some dresses beloved by Gunther Jaeckel, Bergdorf, and Best, among others. The batiste is a black-bordered scarf print of black butterflies on a red or tan background, or else clusters of field flowers that look hand-painted (in field-flower colors) strewn over a white background. It's used for covered-up or strap-top dresses with softly pleated skirts reinforced by lots of built-in petticoats; $90 to $110. Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room presents its own Swiss batiste—a sea-shell pattern of pale or dark blue—in a long-torso dress whose skirt is gathered below the hip band. It has her typical graceful oval neck, below which is a wide banding; $110. But, in general, crispness is the order of the day.

The Cotton Shop, for instance, is making much of pure-white cotton satins printed in the good old way; i.e., fresh, lively, clean design with no blurred edges (when edges *are* blurred these days, they are very blurred indeed). Red-and-blue or turquoise-and-blue print flowers, small and prim, are spattered over fully lined dresses that are gored, princesse style, with a square neckline; $29.95. Strapless ones of white polished cotton, with an accompanying stole and a built-in bra, are $19.95. Polished cotton, in dark gray or wheat, makes dresses with shirtwaist tops; the skirts, of the same fabric with a white horizontal stripe, are unpressed pleats in back, creating fullness to give a peacock outward swing; $59.95. The overlay on the big white piqué sailor collar is of the striped cotton. These dresses also show up in plain spun-sugar pink or yellow cotton combined with a polka-dot twin fabric. Glazed cotton chintz in navy, pale blue, or yellow is the basis of another enchantress—sleeveless, scoop neck, and buttoned all the way down the front; $22.95. Its full petticoat, horizontally striped in red, navy, or yellow on white, shows every time you move; there's no necessity for pirouettes. Complete elegance is the phrase for a revival of silk tussah, which (young folks note) has the bulk and look of linen but the weight of silk. This highly tailorable stuff has been molded into classic clothes, such as buttoned-down-the-front shirtwaist dresses of red, with a tie-silk scarf (white polka dots on a red background) going through a tab on the chest; $59.95. Suits of it have buttons down the front, a square neck filled in



"Go right home. Go to bed. Stay there."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with a dotted scarf, and a low self belt starting at the sides; $89.95.

JAY THORPE is particularly fond of Tina Leser concoctions. Some are of a jungle-flower cotton that is a riot of copper, turquoises, blues, and olive greens or of a dozen pinks and reds combined with green. The basic white of the cotton shines through briefly here and there. The end product is full-skirted dresses with deep oblong backs; cotton strings run through the seams over the shoulders before emerging to tie across the back to anchor everything; $39.95. Among her shantung costumes is one with a billowing skirt of dark red with red and pink bubbles printed on it. There are pleats up the sides that end on the hips in inverted Vs, just like Watteau; $69.95. A sweater top of pale-pink cashmere goes with this; $39.95. The scheme is repeated in a dress of pale-green shantung covered by bright-blue and purple bubble dots and accompanied by a royal-blue sweater.

WRAGGE and Bonwit Teller have been a twosome for countless years. The newest Wragge additions to the household include a tan silk pongee with prowling tigers in realistic colors thereon. This makes separate skirts that are all unpressed pleats; $35. Separate tops with wide lapels and raglan sleeves are of solid black or orange shantung; $10.95. An outstanding sheath, done by Wragge in spun rayon, has his typical V neck and casual collar, plus a very wide midsection in a contrasting color, with deep loops to hold the leather belt. This comes in navy with a white midriff (or the reverse), or in French mustard with a beige midriff; $35. Sailing ships in bright colors are printed on white surah. The result is shirtwaist dresses with sash belts; $49.95. Bonwit is a good place to look for examples of Claire McCardell's handiwork, one of which falls in line with the move toward joyous masses of jungle flowers—murky greens, purples, and the like on mustard cotton, or greens and purples and blues on gray cotton. This dress is sleeveless, and its high yoke winds up in long scarf ends that tie at the throat; the skirt is vast and circular; the price is $39.95. Her dress of nubbly slubbed linen is tucked all the way down to the hem, where it's released to produce a deep flounce. Its sleeves are long and cuffed; the colors are natural, gold, or a soft sea green; the price is $59.95. For the same price, David Goodstein has

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contributed a dandy linen sheath costume, in navy or white or, for real distinction, deep olive green (he calls it "endive").

BERGDORF GOODMAN has resort dresses that are real honeys, because of the fabric, the print, the cut, or all three, among them many into-the-evening ones of shirtwaist persuasion. Those constructed by Larry Aldrich are of white shantung on which yellow or deep-coral roses and very dark green leaves are printed; $125. The tops are trim, the skirts have unpressed pleats, and the belts are of matching satin. In quite another mood is Suzanne Augustine's long-torso dress of silk printed to look like a rough herringbone tweed, in combinations of Wedgwood blue and white or of oranges and reds; $195 at Bergdorf, which is only one of its admirers. There's a bow tie at the neck, and the skirt is gathered; a bellhop jacket ending above the waist completes the roster. Trigère has chosen a dull-finish cotton with a tapestry print of blurred yellow, apricot, and lilac flowers and gray-green leaves for a princesse dress cut as only Trigère can cut princesse lines; $125. Its deep, slightly surplice V neck overlaps a bit and fastens in front with a single button, placed low and to one side; the skirt is wide and circular. William Fox likes satin-finish cotton—gray, navy, or toast with horizontal white pin stripes—for long-bodied dresses with box pleats from the hips down, broad V necks, and short sleeves; $70. Of course there are linens here, notably Harvey Berin's sheath with a tiny back belt and a deep, choir-boy collar piped with contrasting linen—mauve-blue or charcoal with white piping, or toreador orange with black piping; also $70. For cruises and early spring, nothing could be nicer than Kunel's long-torso coat dress of gray wool, with self buttons, seams around the hips that open up twice in front for pockets, and matching grosgrain to edge the little round collar; $155.

GEORGIA KAY of California has provided both clean, bold design *and* interesting new fabrics of her own in a collection of play clothes that should have as great an impact in the East as they had on the Pacific. Saks Fifth Avenue presents a comprehensive selection. Her shorts (no side seams, and darts going smoothly up the hips to a bandless waistline) are very short indeed, and her slacks are really tapered, right down to a point just short of the anklebone. She does her Bengal Lancer pants in

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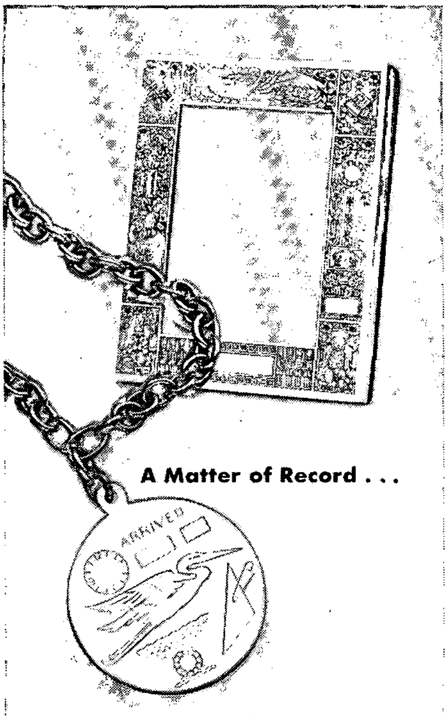
brilliant, solid-color homespun cotton, some of them crossing in front and fastening, "King and I" fashion, without creating bagginess anywhere (Jay Thorpe, Saks, and so on). A cotton that is all raised wavy lines and whorls, like bark (I have no idea which tree), makes her beloved smock-type overblouses, as well as little-boy jackets, with three buttons, to be worn with slacks, shorts of any length, or skirts. Bergdorf Goodman reserved for itself a number of sets of these in vertical black-and-white blazer stripes. Kay's full-skirted beach dresses of very fine corduroy can be unbuttoned down the front as far as you like; skimpy bra-and-shorts combinations beneath serve as underwear—for that matter, since they are fully lined, they serve as sun and bathing suits, too. More boys' jackets are offered in velveteen tinted purple, caramel, emerald, larkspur blue, or black (to name a few choices), with walking shorts or Bermuda skirts of matching linen. Jay Thorpe is quite taken with this group. Plain lightweight duck is used for overblouses, with drawstring bottoms, to be worn over shorts-and-bra play suits or very tapered pants in violent stripes; Jay Thorpe, among others.

BEST has clasped to its Shirtmaker bosom some Grecian designs by Greta Plattry that consist of pleats, pleats, and still more pleats. The enormous skirt of an ensemble that could make do as a dance dress (or bridesmaid's dress, for that matter) is of finely and permanently pleated white cotton; to it is attached a coral cotton cummerbund. The top is a tailored shirtwaist with lots of up-and-down pleats, not to mention entirely pleated sleeves that reach to just below the elbows. The skirt is $29.95, the top is $19.95. Shirts that can be worn anywhere from beach to town are cut, often of permanently pleated cotton, on the same lines; a shirt-length beach coat of black or white cotton has those pleated sleeves, buttons down the front between pleats at the sides, pleats below the back yoke, and a look of being ready to go most any place. It's to be worn straight or loosely belted in, and it comes to $19.95. Plattry has heeded the new urge for kilts (the Greeks, and Plattry, have a word for them—Fustanellas) by producing a white cotton beach dress with a turnover collar and buttons down the front to a knee-length pleated "skirt." A coral or lilac-hibiscus print, and bands of matching blossoms, adorn this. It's $17.95, and a bathing suit to match is $12.95. Best is also making a



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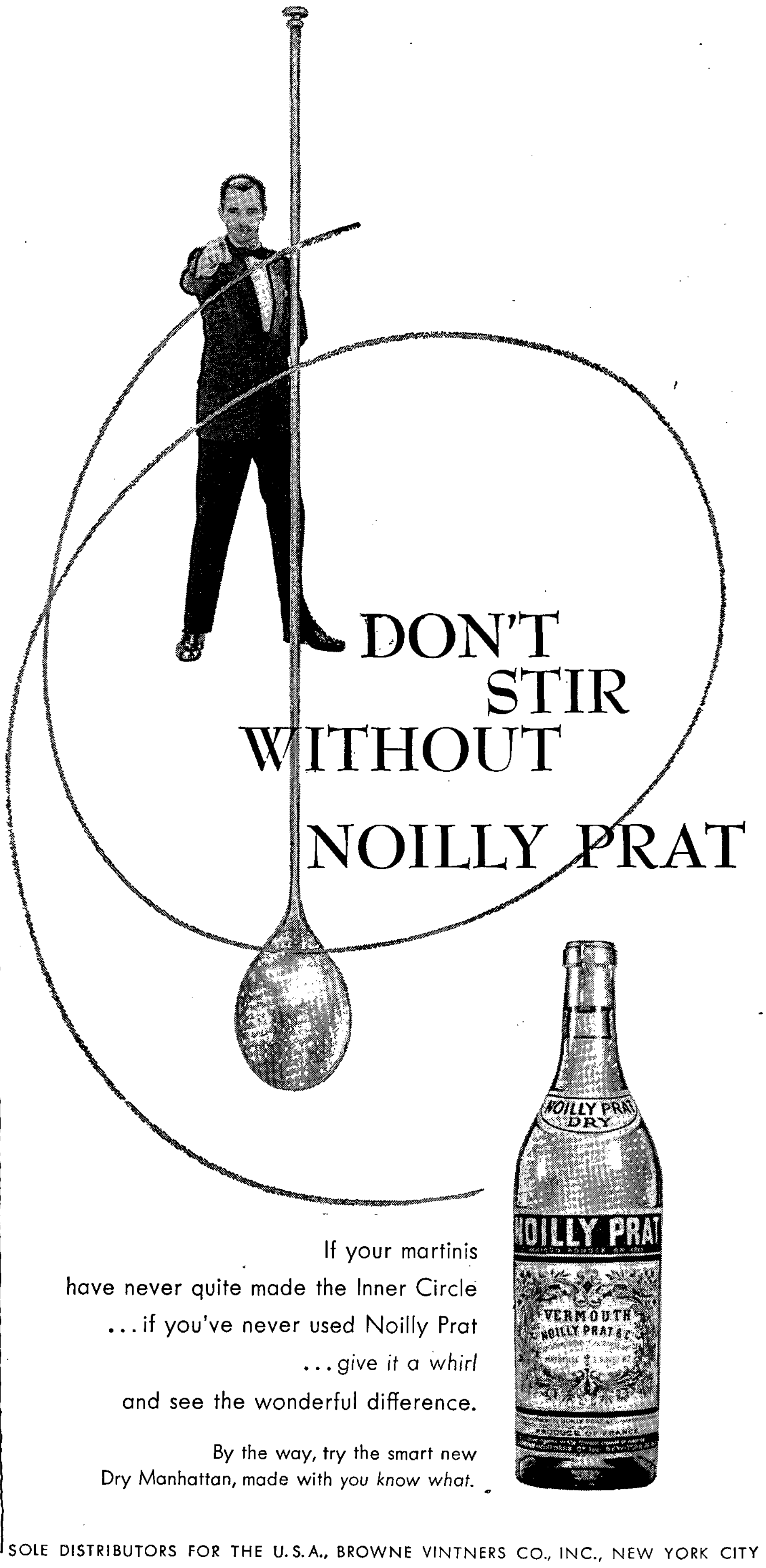
special fuss about the work of Georgia Bullock, another Californian (go East, designers, go East), who turns out charming summer town dresses, usually sheaths with scoop necks and (if any) cap sleeves. Matching box jackets button snugly down the front and are topped off with chiffon scarves that tie in a bow under the collar. In plain cocoa-tan shantung or orange shantung with white polka dots, they're $69.95; in white shantung with nasturtiumlike blooms in cornflower hues or pink-and-red on a white ground, they're $89.95.

HATTIE CARNEGIE loves crispness and freshness in resort clothes, as one glance at her ground-floor Blue Room proves. It contains a collection of her own printed cottons of men's-shirting weight, made into dresses that often have deep oval necks, the merest suggestion of sleeves, and—below the décolletage—an appliquéd band ending at a button or a tailored bow to one side. Even though the skirts are in general heavily pleated, they are sometimes reinforced with petticoats, and the resulting silhouette has the sophisticated-ingénue air that is a Carnegie specialty. The prints, mostly on white grounds, involve such matters as alternating vertical bands of rose-spattered and blue-plaid patterns, or Chinese coolies scattered about in such subtle combinations as dull purples and raspberry, or turquoise snails roaming around (in their case, the accompanying sash reverses the color scheme, with white snails on turquoise); $70 to $90. Among the best linen sheaths in a town teeming with them is a Carnegie Blue Room copy of a Carnegie high-style original. Nantucket Naturals is the officially designated borrower of this design, which first appeared as a copy last autumn, in wool jersey; it now appears in navy, black, white, or pastel linen. There's an upward fold circling the round neckline (so that your necklace emerges only at the center front, see?), and a wide inset band at the waist. It is cut absolutely straight; $35. Another linen sheath, embroidered with infinitesimal white Life Saver circles, has a cardigan neckline that dips below the breast (only the bottom button is to be fastened), and a white chiffon scarf fills in this offhand V. It appears in beige, blue, pink, or white, and the price is $70.

THE dressy dress with the warm sweater or jacket is universally beloved, and the ones designed by David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Goodstein are already classics. His basic costume is an all-tucked sheath of blue, pink, yellow, or lilac rayon crêpe with a matching jewelled cashmere cardigan, for around $110, but he also uses sprigged prints for tucked sweater dresses adorned with sequins or silk trim. There are sort of Monte Carlo appliqués (roulette wheels and whatnot) on the sweaters of some Goodstein dresses at Saks Fifth Avenue, which go for $98.95. Bendel, too, admires Goodstein's skill with this type of dress, and its collection includes one whose white cashmere sweater is dotted with sequinned pink, turquoise, and white diamonds cut from the harlequin pattern of the silk that makes the dress and appliquéd; $135. . . . An unconventional notion in this genre is Bonnie Cashin's dress of silk crêpe in a Liberty kind of print; over it goes a bright-yellow suède windbreaker with big pockets. This is $95, at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . David Crystal's black linen sheath with a deep V décolletage is at Altman. Its coarsely knitted white sweater sloppy-joes straight down the body, and there is extra-heavy ribbing at the neck and the waist, and a black band buttoning down the front; $49.95. . . . Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room is one place you will see classic examples of this classic dress-with-a-warm-topper that have completely 1955 lines. For instance, Branell's dress with a deep, sleeveless boat neck and a full, gathered skirt. Over it (and over the head) goes a red or navy wool-knit middy, curving down over the waist and trimmed with the silk of the dress (red or navy polka dots on white crêpe) around the neckline in a way that suggests a sailor collar; $125 all told. A second beauty is Kunel's dress of white tie-silk twill with navy dots. The box-pleated skirt starts at the hips, and there are shirred bands of the twill down the edges of its wool-knit navy cardigan; $155. A third is Sondheim's circular-skirt dress, all irregular periwinkle-blue dots spattered over white shantung. There's a pleated ruching around the scoop neck, and a waist-length, turnover-collar jacket of blue angora wool lined with the shantung; $155.

DESPITE all the crease-resistant miracles the manufacturers are putting forth, knits (which are creaseless in their own right) are holding their ground, and Martha West is the girl who can give them new twists. Shell-patterned linen knit, in the familiar natural and brand-new aqua and dusty

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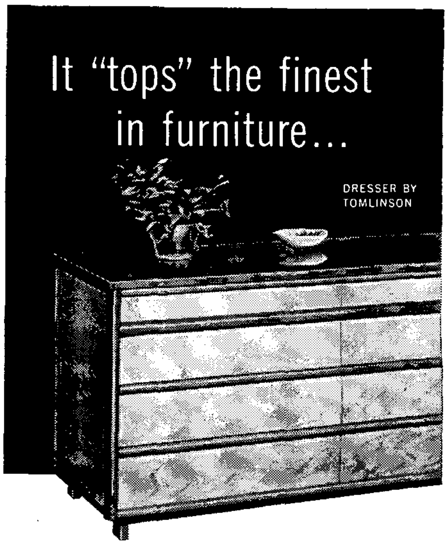

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pink, makes lacy-edged overblouses accompanied by straight skirts, and one-piece dresses with wide oval necks, cap sleeves, and tasselled sash belts; $49.95 for sizes 10 to 20, and slightly more for sizes on up to 42. White cotton knit in a bowknot design is the basis of square-necked sheaths with cap sleeves and gold kid belts, for $25, and the same knit in a block pattern is converted into two-piece dresses with cardigan-type tops, for $35. Sheaths of blue, dusty-pink, or white dacron in a pebbly knit have ribbed self bands around the boat neck and the open armholes; $29.95. A buttoned-down-the-front classic that could double as a coat is equipped with a choirboy collar and cuffed short sleeves; it's $49.95 in the same dacron. Here, too, is an engaging and most comfortable two-piece mix-or-match ensemble of a jersey, soft as a kitten, that is eighty per cent orlon, twenty per cent wool, and therefore not susceptible to shrinking in the washtub. The surplice tops have push-up sleeves and long ends to tie around the waist; the skirts, elasticized inside the smooth waistband, lie flat on the hips and break gradually into sunburst pleats below. They're $14.95 apiece in white, coral, pink, navy, copenhagen blue, or beige. Something to live in forever. . . . Lord & Taylor is partial to knit sheaths by a bright-eyed newcomer named Rudi Gernreich. His special attraction is of checked wool knit in elephant gray and beige, or orange and gray, or black and white, with short sleeves, a very narrow patent-leather belt, and a ribbed turtle collar and yoke in a solid color; $29.95. There is also a sheath of natural, pink, blue, or black cotton string knit (it looks like handwork) in a bowknot diamond pattern, with a deep, square neckline and cap sleeves that have crocheted edges; $25.

WARM, enveloping resort or travelling coats in pale or bright colors contribute pleasant variations on classic themes. I'll discuss a few that I think are particularly notable. Originala's beige fleece one with big, push-up sleeves and a cardigan neckline can quickly be made dressy by snapping on a Peter Pan collar that's decorated with tiny pearl buttons and almost invisible rhinestones; $185 at Best, among others. Saks Fifth Avenue has latched onto Stroock's new cashmere-and-wool coats in such dashing hues as savage yellow, Persian turquoise, iris, and vivid coral, colors that go with practically any white-background print dress in the shop. They appear in petite as well as

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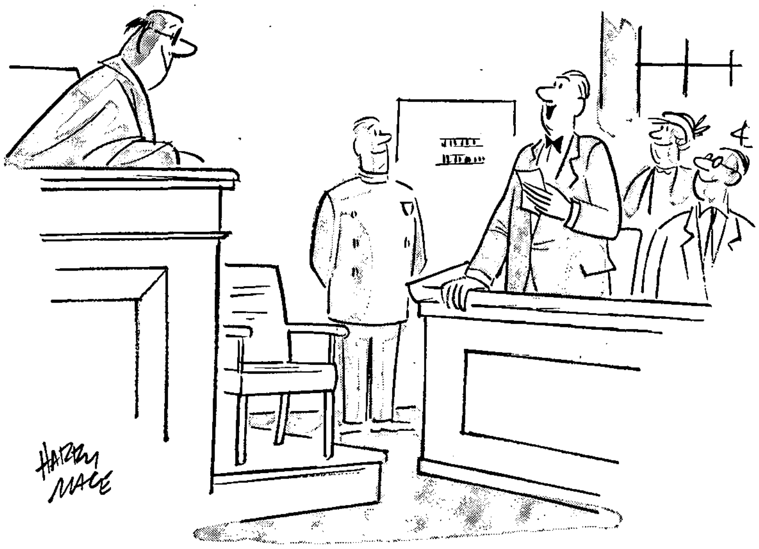

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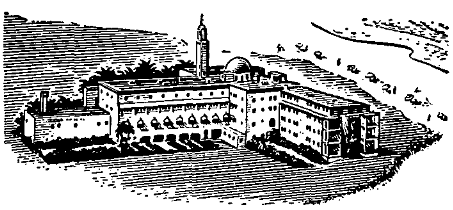
regular sizes, and their deep raglan sleeves taper all the way to the elbows, beyond which they are tight. You should get wonderful vibrations from them for the $155 you invest. Jay Thorpe likes big coats of brushed wool in every manner of geranium and azalea tones (J. T. thinks well of these colors for dresses, too) and ornamented by jewelled pastel buttons and cuff links; $135. Also at Jay Thorpe is a novel brain child of Tina Leser—a full-length coat of cashmere knit, looking exactly like an elongated sweater. It's a soft, casual job with big looped knots to fasten it in front. The colors are pale blue and yellow; $110. (Her one-piece full-fashioned cashmere dress, another J. T. item, has a deep, ribbed scoop neck and is accompanied, as so many sheath dresses are today, by an overskirt—an ample sari of silk with pastel horizontal stripes. The dress is $98.95, the overskirt is $69.95.) And, going from the sublime to the ridiculous (in price only), Macy has come up with one of the gayest ideas anyone's had in some time—a street-length collarless coat of water-repellent felt, with huge patch pockets and an aggressively flaring back, that can serve as raincoat, protector of pastel dresses in dusty convertibles, evening wrap, shopping-in-town coat—oh, anything. It shows up in bright lilac, peacock, and a real venomous yellow, as well as in more placid dusty pink, white, navy, and black. But then, women shouldn't be conservative about colors when they're wearing such sprightly nonsense. It's only $12.94. Macy also offers the coat, for the same money, in a straight mandarin style with a half belt across the back.

THE tailored suit in pale tweed is a standby, even for women who have never gone to Bermuda. Lord & Taylor's Country Clothes Shop has dug up hand-loomed tweed that weighs but ten ounces to a yard and yet is firm and tailorable. It's used for all sorts of classic tailored suits, many of them by Vera Maxwell, with three- or four-button jackets and buttoned-down-the-front reefers—things like that. They're pink, white, or blue, or else pink or blue combined with a white check; $125.

GOODIES FROM ALL OVER: At Gunther Jaeckel, for one, there's a charmer of a dress by Pat Premo of California, done in a men's shirting that is plain white, with bands of rose cotton braid around the oval neckline, cap sleeves, and waistline. This is a slim,



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street-length affair. With it goes a separate floor-length skirt whose boned attached cummerbund is composed of up-and-down stripes of the plain fabric alternating with flowered ribbon; $65 all told. . . . Saks Fifth Avenue's own rough, heavy, tailorable Italian shantung, called Pesante, shows up in beige, light-blue, or light-green buttoned-down-the-front classic dresses with white arrows embroidered on the collars. A variant is done with a high neck and cap sleeves. They're $95 and $89.95, respectively. . . . Abercrombie, too, has a slubbed raw silk of its own, a marvellous natural-color one from India, that looks like a very coarse hopsacking. Vera Maxwell has tailored it into a three-button hacking jacket that is only slightly indented at the waist and slit in back; $115. There's a His version, by the way. . . . Macy shows a Chinese jacket of turquoise, beige, or melon-pink African capeskin designed by Leathermade; $45. This is lined with silk and fastened with nice flat snappers, a new Leathermade invention. Brand-new, too, to this generation is Macy's pale-pink damask linen, made up, Chinese style, into straight skirts (slightly rounded down the hips) and straight mandarin tops, cut much shorter (to the waist) in front than in back. The skirts are $19.94, the tops are $10.94.

IF you still think, after all this, that a pair of blue jeans and a plaid shirt will do for a country costume, go right ahead. But I'm getting restive in mine.

—LOIS LONG

•

David Ross will follow his successful production of "The Dybbuk" at the Fourth St. Theater with a revival of Chekov's "The Three Sisters," opening Feb. 10. The Russian dramatist also will be represented at the Phoenix with "The Doctor's Dilemma."—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Let's see . . . That's George Bernard Chekov, author of "Fanny's First Seagull" and "Uncle Vanya's Profession."

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From "The Stepchild," by William Carlson Smith*]

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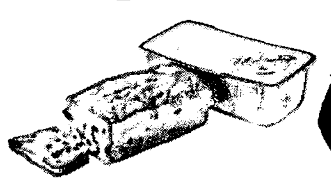

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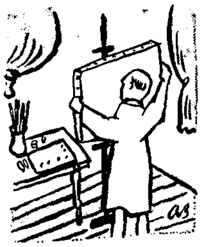

THE French are to the fore this week, with, among other items, a truly handsome loan show of Picassos, 1920-1944, at the Rosenberg, and, at the Knoedler, an exhibition of works from the Cone Collection, for the benefit of the Baltimore Museum of Art. The Cone sisters—there were two of them, Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta—were well-to-do Baltimore spinsters who, led on, to be sure, by their friend and contemporary Gertrude Stein, had the taste and the perspicacity to start collecting such men as Matisse and Picasso at more or less the outset of these men's careers. This took daring, too, for in those days, around the turn of the century, it was all but unthinkable for well-bred ladies to go poking around in the ateliers of Montmartre, and though, as the years went on, the two ladies enlarged their field of interest considerably, rounding out their gallery till it included works ranging from Corot to Marin, it is this core of early pieces—bought, many of them, when the artists were either condemned or ignored completely—that gives their collection its lasting distinction.

Dr. Claribel died in 1929, and the collection, which comprises some nineteen hundred pieces, passed to the Baltimore Museum after the death of Miss Etta, five years ago. Around thirty of the paintings and as many drawings, plus a small group of bronzes, are included in the Knoedler show, and the selection has wisely been centered on its two key figures, Matisse and Picasso. Matisse leads, in numbers at least, for he was the Cones' special favorite (they acquired over forty of his oils, not to mention a hundred-odd drawings—one of the world's largest single holdings of his work), and the paintings in his section run from "Still Life with Peaches," done in 1895, when he was still in his academic phase, to a group of canvases done in the late nineteen-thirties and the forties. In between, there are enough excellent pieces to give a fairly good outline of his career. "The Blue Nude," for instance, painted in 1907, highlights his Fauvist period. (Note its close relation to his small bronze, "Reclining Nude, I," of the same year.) "The Pewter Jug," dated 1916-17, marks his temporary preoccupation with the stricter patterns of Cézanne, while the "Flower Festival at Nice," of 1922, shows the leaning toward light, bright colors and airy design that began with his sojourn in Nice and continued through such paintings as "Seated Odalisque," "The Pink Nude," and the charmingly sunny and summery "Girl in a Yellow Dress."

These last, I'd say, are the finest pieces in the Matisse section, and perhaps in the whole collection. But the Picasso group, which is smaller, contains some excellent items, too—notably the very early blue-period "Woman with Bangs," the oddly tender "The Coiffure," the handsome, heavily modelled gouache-and-charcoal "Two Nudes," and the classic-style "In the Studio," which, done in 1933, was the last picture acquired for the Cone Collection. The drawings section is also worth studying, most especially for Picasso's crisp blue "The Monkey," the small Seurat called "Man Walking in a Field," and—partly for their interest as memorabilia—the portraits by Picasso and Matisse of the Cone sisters and other members of their family.

There are many artists surrounding the two main figures in the collection, and I should mention three of their paintings—the small, warm-toned "Bathers," by Cézanne; a fine Renoir, "The Washerwoman;" and the early Marie Laurencin "Group of Artists," which includes, in addition to one of herself, portraits of the poet Guillaume Apollinaire, Picasso, and their friend Fernande Olivier. Except for the aggregation of Matisses, this is not one of the great collections, but it's certainly an interesting one.

THERE is some overlapping between the Cone exhibition and the Picasso affair at the Rosenberg, but they complement each other admirably. There are fifteen canvases in his show, all stunning examples of the period covered (1920 to 1944), and the emphasis is on the earlier and latter portions. As one looks back on it now, the period seems to have been a pivotal one in the artist's life. Intellectually, it was far less taxing than the years that had preceded it, when—at times almost singlehandedly—Picasso was attacking, and solving, the problems of reducing art's time-honored three dimensions to two. Particularly in the first decade of it, it was less troubled for him philosophically than the years that came after. In a way, this was an interlude when he could coast a bit, profiting by his previous discoveries, and for a while, at least, even he seemed to stand still.

A good deal of all this shows up in the paintings, notably in the earlier ones. "Dog and Cock" and "Le Jour," both of 1921 and both still firmly linked to the flat-pattern Cubist tradition, have a broad simplicity that reminds one of Braque's unquenchable serenity, as does, less directly, the beautiful still life called "The Red Foulard." "Open Window in Paris," though it's more complex in pattern, has the same feeling of facility, and the little compositional trick it embodies (it's a picture within a picture, of a landscape on an artist's easel in the midst of a studio abstraction, and the "view" through the window is the painting on the easel) seems to spring from a similar sort of carefree imaginativeness.

What we're looking at, all through this part of the collection, is Cubism in its golden age, when the painter felt fully at ease with both technique and subject matter. But Picasso, it seems, could never stand still for long, and, starting with "Girl in Front of Mirror," dated 1937, there is a change. Now we see the beginnings of the double-visaged effect, of front face and profile combined (note the eyes of the seated girl), that he was to exploit so thoroughly later, as well as a return, slight enough, it is true, but still recognizable, to the three-dimensional; and both trends are continued still further in "African Sculpture by Window," of the same year.

It's as if Picasso, once he had conquered the problems of Cubist form, felt compelled to reject them and set off in a new direction, and there's a restless quality about the final pictures that is markedly at variance with the earlier ones. Yet these have their power, too, and, perhaps because of the concentration required in his search for new methods, a sort of density that was lacking before. I liked especially, in this section, "Pitcher of Milk," with its whirling, concentric forms; "Skull and Vase," in which the intersecting diagonals give an oddly faceted look to the composition; and the jaggedly patterned but still attractive "Tomato Plant."

—Robert M. Coates

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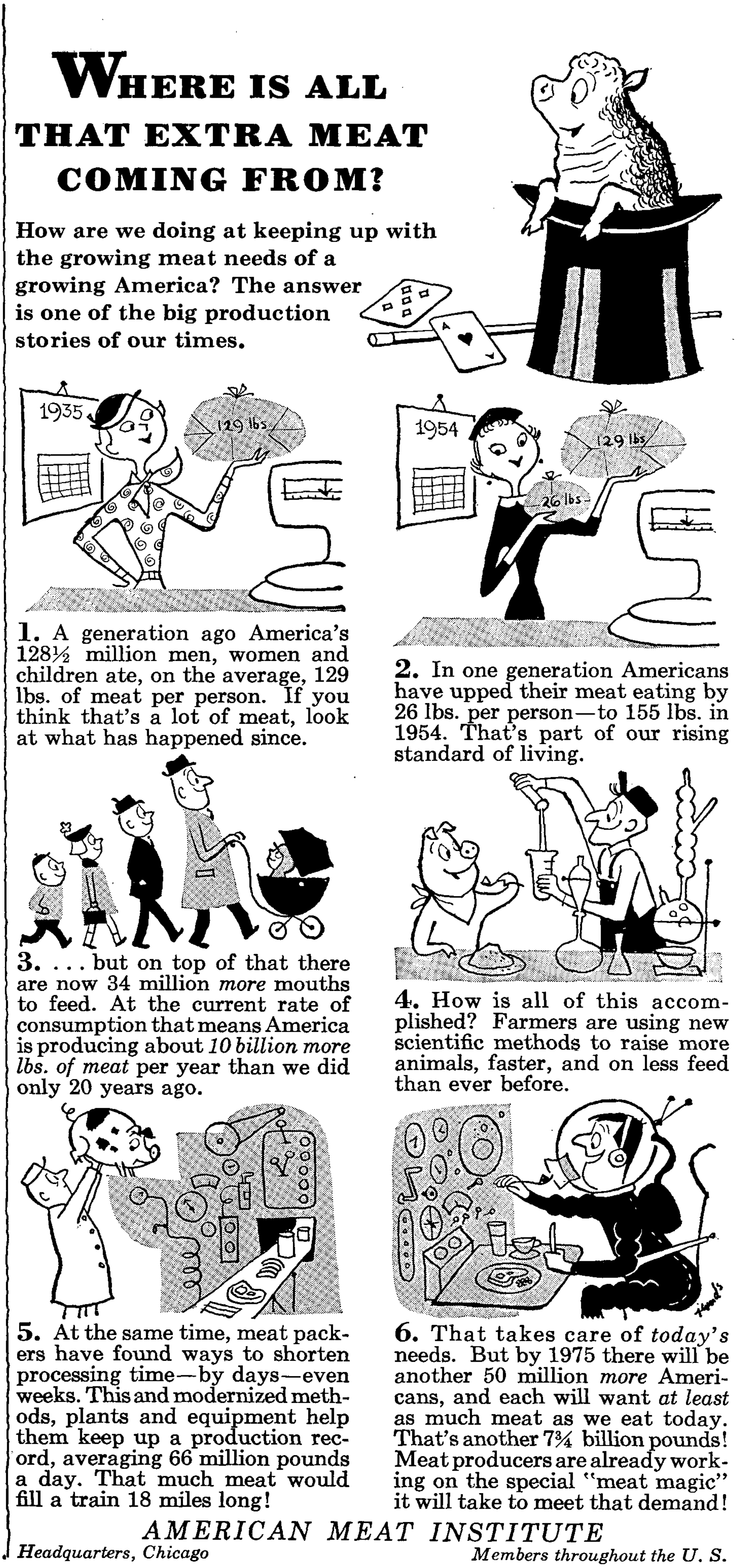

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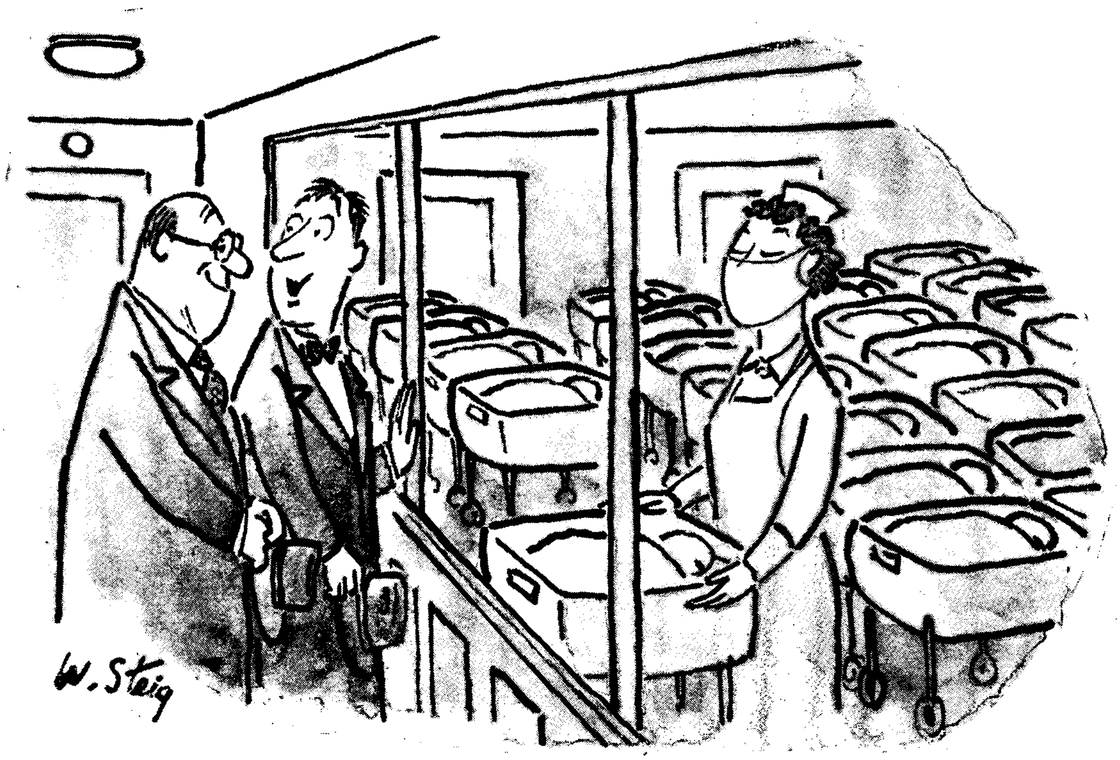
LETTER FROM PORTUGAL

“THE happiest month of my life— an idyll,” said a German-refugee publisher in New York, kissing his fingertips to Portugal, when he heard that my husband and I were coming here last winter. “You probably think we have a dictatorship. Ho, ho, ho!” roared Portugal’s vice-chieftain of propaganda, when I went to see him in his office on our third day in Lisbon. I had to confess that this was what we Americans had been given to understand—“a benevolent dictatorship,” I hurriedly qualified, this being the formula that had been current among the passengers on the Vulcania as the ship glided up the Tagus. We were expecting an idyll and apprehending a dictatorship. These two notions had fused, for the time being, in a resolve not to be insular: Democracy was not necessarily suited to *all* countries, we assured each other, gripping our travel books. “Salazar is a very good man, very wise for his people,” said an old Portuguese-American, brown-skinned as an Arab, who was identifying the approaching sights of pink-and-white Lisbon for us from the deck. “He must be *wonderful*,” sighed a lady in a tricorne, who came from Manchester, Vermont. The old man went on to relate eagerly, in broken English, how terrible conditions had been in Portugal in 1928, when António de Oliveira Salazar, born a poor peasant, left his post in Economics at the University of Coimbra to serve his country, first as Minister of Finance and then as Premier, saving, always saving, till the national debt was paid; and how he had sacrificed his personal life to the Estado Novo—never married, lived very simply and austerely, stayed up late at night, working, always working. “What’s that?” I kept asking, pointing to orange-roofed white buildings, gleaming new, that were spread out on the green hills of Lisbon’s suburbs. “Housing project,” the old man invariably answered, simply and proudly. This was the first thing I found out about the Estado Novo; whenever you point to anything, the answer is “Housing project.” After a few days, I learned to frame the question the other way around. “Housing project?” I would cautiously inquire. “*Sim, Senhora.*”

Most visitors to Portugal have come here to see something old, but the Portuguese are full of zeal to show you something new—Economic Homes, syndicate apartments, the *auto-estrada*, the airport, the stadium, the modernistic shrine of Our Lady of Fátima, that twentieth-century vision who came to warn against Communism. And in Lisbon signs of progress are not far to seek. Walking through the streets the first evening, I felt as though I had made an appointment in Samarra. The shopwindows glittered with radios, pressure cookers, electric mixers, automobile hubcaps, washing machines, gas ranges, soda-water siphons, mechanical iceboxes, grills, electric razors, soap flakes, plastics, hot-water bottles. In the delicacy shops, Tootsie Rolls and Ritz crackers rested on beds of red velvet, like holy images. There was a din of horns honking. Everybody, at first glance, appeared to have a new car; it was several days before I realized that what I had been noticing, actually, was that every car was new. In the Rossio, the yellow principal square, the coffeehouses, which look like New York cafeterias, were dense with men in overcoats, reading the newspapers and having their shoes shined. Outside, electric signs were advertising TWA and Philips electrical products. Movie palaces, playing French and American films, disgorged crowds into the teashops of the Avenida da Liberdade. From the open doors of taverns near the waterfront you could hear the radio playing the *fado*. The liquor-store windows were full of Haig & Haig. In the center of the pale-green Praça do Comércio—the famous Black Horse Square, on the harbor—there was a parking lot. And everywhere, in every quarter, there were windows and windows of shoes for sale. Lisbon, as every tourist knows, has a law forbidding the people to go barefoot; the shoe, I perceived, was a talisman of Portuguese progress, the fulfillment of a prophecy, a miracle, like the wonder-working relics in the churches, meant to be venerated through glass. I had never seen so many shoes displayed anywhere: oxfords, brogues, sandals, loafers, slippers, mules, pumps, play shoes, beach shoes, baby shoes—all in the latest American-style models, perforated, fringed, crêpe- or wedge-soled.

This “little America” aspect of Lisbon contrasts rather naïvely with the rest of Portugal, like a figure out of drawing in a primitive painting. Yet just this naïveté comes to seem, after a time, typically Portuguese. This small country, with its variety of climates and mixture of racial strains, is an assiduous copyist, mimic, and borrower. Any sizable Portuguese town looks like a superstitious bride’s finery—something old, something new, something borrowed, and something



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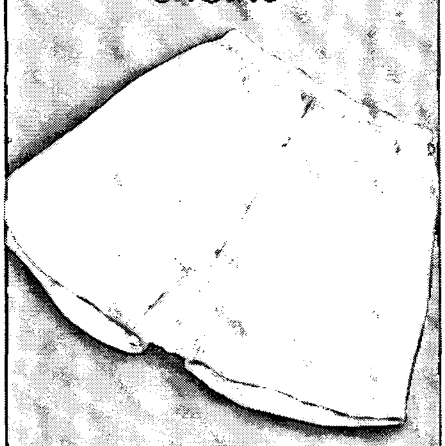

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blue. Portugal has its "little Versailles," in the pink palace of Queluz (with a miniature Dutch canal added); its Balmoral, in the Scottish-baronial Pena Palace. It has its "little Switzerland," in the merry northern province of the Minho; its bit of Africa, in the southern Algarve. The Miguelite wars were a small-scale version of the Carlist wars in Spain; the present government's politics were borrowed from Charles Maurras, the originator of "integral nationalism." Portugal got its characteristic *azulejos* (painted tiles) from the Arabs and then subjected them to a Dutch influence. Its painters copied the Flemish, and its furniture makers the English and the French. "*Style renaissance française, travail portugais . . . Style anglais, travail portugais*," drone the guides as they conduct you through the palaces. "They can copy anything," say the resident foreigners, speaking of the "little" dressmakers and the shoemakers. "But you must be sure to give them a model." This appears to have been true of nearly all the crafts throughout Portuguese history. Even the Manueline architecture, done in the Age of Discoveries and uniquely Portuguese, with its stone ropes and knots and anchors, seems not so much a true architectural style as an innocent imitation of real life, too literally conceived. It is only in the far north, in the Minho and the "lost" province of Trás-os-Montes (Beyond the Mountains), that you find a pure architecture—the Portuguese baroque, done in granite and severe white plaster, and decorated with gold—that is not like anything else in the world.

This persistent copying of foreign models, this literal translation from one medium to another, produces an effect of monkey humor—a slight absurdity that at its best is charming, like a child's recitation, and at its worst grotesque. The Portuguese genius, in fact, ranges between the charming and the grotesque: on the one hand, a miniature barnyard exquisitely worked in marzipan, a statue of Saint Anthony wearing a British officer's sash, pink-faced baroque angels in buskins and powdered periwigs, Saint Anne sitting in a Queen Anne chair; on the other, the horrors of late Manueline realism, the gross "cute" ceramics of lifelike cabbages and wrinkled spinach leaves, the votive offerings in the shrines and chapels, where one sees arms, legs, and ears painstakingly executed in mortuary greenish-white wax.

Lisbon itself is almost wholly charming—a model city of nearly a million people and an incalculable number of dogs. These multitudinous dogs—in muzzles, as prescribed by law—are forever underfoot, like stray bits of torn fur scattered on the streets; they are and must always have been one of the charms and absurdities of Lisbon. (The rational French, under Junot, during Napoleon's occupation, killed ten thousand of them.) The Portuguese love animals. In the country, the donkeys and oxen look better nourished, often, than their owners. In Lisbon, pet shops abound, full of lovebirds, parrots, parakeets, hens, and puppies, and along the narrow slum streets, hung with clean, bright washing, bird cages swing in the sun. Every day is washday in Lisbon. The Portuguese are famous for their cleanliness; no matter where you go, in city or suburb or country, you see laundry festooning the scene—spread out on cactus plants, flapping in back yards, hanging from windows. The smallest, muddiest rivulet has its band of women pounding clothes on flat rocks. "You can eat off their floors," the foreigners say, and this is very nearly true. On the other hand, I have been in Portuguese restaurants where I would rather eat off the floor than off the plate before me. The Portuguese are very erratic and confound generalization.

But the cleanness of Lisbon *is* dazzling. In January, the steep stone streets are washed several times daily by sudden tropical showers, and Nature is assisted by street-cleaners with brooms made of twigs. The Portuguese have a green thumb. Lisbon, in winter, is brilliant with orange calendulas, blooming everywhere, together with geraniums and succulents; oranges and lemons dangle from trees in the walled gardens like bright Christmas balls, the oranges matching the orange sails of the little fishing boats on the blue Tagus. The seasons at this time of year are all awry. Autumn is present in the calendulas and oranges, spring in the first wicker baskets of camellias that come down from the nearby mountains to the florist shops; summer lingers in a few exhausted petunias; winter—last January, at least—came for a day in a fall of snow, which brought the population, marvelling, out into the streets to touch it. As the new year gets under way, everything is growing, all at once; even the old tile roofs have windfall crops of grass and yellow mustard, which, if you look down from a window, over the rooftops to the Tagus, make the whole city seem fertile—a sort of semitropical paradise that combines the exuberance of the south, with the huge palms in the public squares, the oranges, and the monumental statuary, and the neatness and precision of the north, seen in the absence of dirt and litter, the perfectly kept public gardens and belvederes, the black-and-white mosaic patterns (ships and ropes and anchors) of the sidewalks, and the bright tiles of so many house fronts, painted in green-and-white diamonds or pink roses or solid Dutch blues and yellows. Lisbon is a city built on hills, like San Francisco, and it is full of beautiful prospects, of which every advantage has been taken. It is designed, so to speak, for a strolling tourist, at sunset, to ensconce himself in a belvedere and gaze out over the Tagus, down to the pink-and-white dome of the Basilica of Estrela, or across a ravine of buff and pink and gold buildings to the old fortress of São Jorge.

Lisbon is, in large part, a planned city. It sprang from the despotic imagination of the Marquis of Pombal, who rebuilt it in the eighteenth century, after the great earthquake. It was planned, I should think, for pleasure and efficient administration, and this is what makes it seem like a toy city. It is full of ingenious contrivances—underpasses and cable cars and a tall outdoor elevator tower that has a view and a restaurant on top of it. The ferryboats chugging back and forth across the harbor, the little blue train that sets forth, on time, for Estoril, half an hour away, and the yellow open streetcars all seem part of the toy mechanism; the very fragrance of fresh coffee that drifts like a golden haze over the city seems to have come from a doll's electric stove. The eighteenth-century taste for curios and for a ruin, rightly placed, still animates the twentieth-century administrators. Lisbon has recently created one of the wonders of the world—the Estufa Fria, which is a sort of reverse hothouse, a large, shady terrarium for trees and plants that like coolness and moisture. Full of grottoes, streams, and bridges in a green, subaqueous light, it is in the height of early romantic feeling, a cultivated jungle popular with lovers and with French governesses on holiday. Lisbon also has a romantic ruin—an old Carmelite convent, just off the Chiado, the fashionable shopping street.

ABOVE the cathedral there is an old quarter, called the Alfama, that escaped the earthquake and preserves the sights and smells of the Middle Ages. The Lisbonese are proud of the Alfama, which resembles the worst pages of Victor Hugo. Rags, smells, and emaciation teem here; the narrow, cobbled streets, where the leaning

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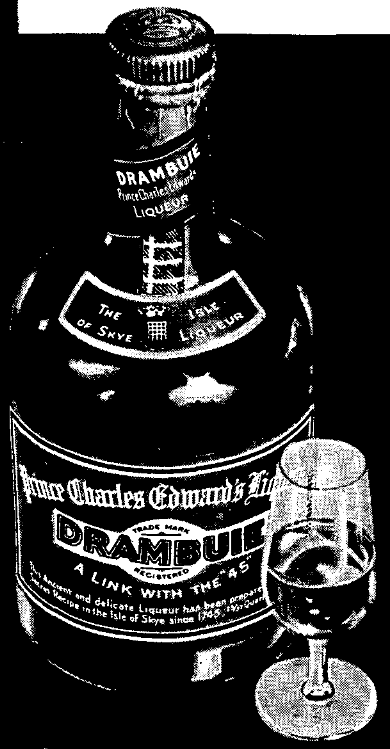

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houses almost meet overhead, are dirty and full of verminous-looking dogs; every orange in the stalls has been felt a hundred times by skinny hands; there are cripples, and one-eyed men, and every species of deformity. Yet the Portuguese are eager to show the Alfama, as a bit of local color. The tourist is directed to visit it at night to hear the *fado* sung in the taverns, and is assured that it is perfectly safe; you will never get a knife in your back nowadays in the Alfama, they say, though before Salazar you risked your life in broad daylight every day, right on the Avenida. Before Salazar, they aver, a rich man never went out without wondering whether he would come home.

I wondered myself, I must confess, the Sunday morning we picked our way through the Alfama after Mass at the cathedral. I was afraid, and at the same time repelled by the vivid poverty. But everybody assured me that the people in the Alfama were a special breed, that they *liked* their way of life and would not live respectably if you made them. In fact, the government had considered cleaning up the district in the course of a slum-clearance program and had been compelled to desist, hastily, by the outcry of the populace. In the Estado Novo there is a whole repertory of such tales—of slum dwellers who refuse to be moved from their hovels, of men who refuse to work. "Is there unemployment?" I asked the propaganda man. There was seasonal unemployment in agriculture, he said, but no real unemployment—any man who wanted to could get work. "But what about the people in the Alfama?" I inquired. He shrugged and replied, "They don't want. A few work; others don't want." And to illustrate the government's plight he told me of a "personal experience"—of a well-dressed man who asked him for money one day in a café, saying that he could not get work, and how he, the government official, promised the man a job but the man failed to turn up for the appointment, and how again he saw the man begging and beckoned him over to his table and again got a hard-luck story and again promised him work, and again discovered him begging. The plot of the story was familiar; I had heard it on occasion in my own country. No doubt these experiences really do befall people who, as it were, act as lightning rods for them; it is a case of serendipity.

"Still," I murmured, when the propaganda man had finished, "many of the people look very poor." "Oh, Alfama!" he said genially, and started to explain again that the Alfama was an institution. "Not the Alfama," I interrupted. "Other places." I had not intended to bedevil the propaganda chieftain, a big, dark, rubicund, jolly fat man, pronounced by foreigners to be more civilized and indulgent than his predecessors. But without my wishing it, it began to happen. The Portuguese, as I have since learned, are very sensitive, and certain words offend them; one of these words is "poor." "Portugal is a poor country," they will begin by telling you, with an air of self-deprecation. But they do not like *you* to say it. "Poor?" they will reply, as the propaganda man did now, contemplating the word with a kind of majestic wonder, as if it were susceptible of many different meanings. "Where did you see poor people?" The answer was, nearly everywhere, but I simply named the Rua de São Bento, a main street in a working-class quarter. There I had seen half-naked children, and women, like shapeless rummage bundles, buttoned into two or three torn sweaters, their feet tied up in rags and stuffed into men's shoes of odd pairs, or into gaping old felt bedroom slippers; some of the younger women wore once-fancy mules on raw, chapped, bare feet. I tried to describe this. When I had finished, he leaned back in his chair, lit a cigarette, and gave a long, tolerant laugh. "You don't understand," he said. "These women are very saving. They have good clothes, but they don't wear them. They keep them for Sunday or a special occasion. If you meet them on Sunday or a holiday, you will see they have a nice dress, nice shoes, pocketbook, stockings. You would not know them for the same person. Our women are not like yours; they save, save, save. You cannot get them out of it."

I smiled dubiously. The strange thing was that I had not been especially conscious of poverty in Lisbon until I spoke of it in the propaganda man's office. In this bureaucratic setting, all the sorry sights I had beheld, almost without seeing them, came out as if they had been recorded on a photographic plate that was only now immersed in a solution. Not to see, in fact, is a part of the Portuguese idyll, a sort of trick of the dazzling light and brilliant weather. It is easy for the foreigner in Lisbon, bewitched by the fruit and flowers and the myriad cakes and cheeses and sausages in the glittering shopwindows, to miss the signs of poverty or to assimilate them to the picturesque. Oporto is different. There, gray misery is very evident; the Oporto equivalent of the Alfama is a

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scene of such purulent horror that the tourist flees, with his handkerchief to his nose, under the gaze of the mustached Mmes. Defarges along the riverbank. But Oporto, a dirty, foggy industrial city and the classic hotbed of Portuguese radicalism and rebellion, is under a cloud, both literally and figuratively, and nothing has been done to make it charming or colorful. On the other hand, Lisbon has been beautified by government fiat. Visitors see the pink and pistachio and buff and yellow washes of the houses gleaming in the Lisbon sun and take this as evidence of individual prosperity and initiative, whereas the fact is that Lisbon houseowners are compelled by law to repaint every five years, and in the government-subsidized housing projects the range of colors is prescribed by the authorities.

The visitor's first impression is that the people of Lisbon are extraordinarily well dressed, on the whole; outside the Alfama and some of the poorer working-class sections, practically every man you see, not counting the lottery-ticket sellers and the street-cleaners and the policemen and the laborers repairing the streets, is wearing a business suit, a clean shirt, and a necktie. It is a little time before you get to realize that the suit on the man next to you in the streetcar is terribly frayed and patched and mended, the surface of the shoes worn and cracked, the briefcase ragged and made of simulated leather, and the hand holding it seamed and cracked, too, like red leatherette. The laundry garlanding the streets is so fetching at first glance that you do not notice that many of the articles hung out are, literally, shreds and tatters of garments—scarecrow shirts and underwear. And there is something about Lisbon, not only the government's enterprise but the pride and politeness of the people, that makes you, politely, not want to notice.

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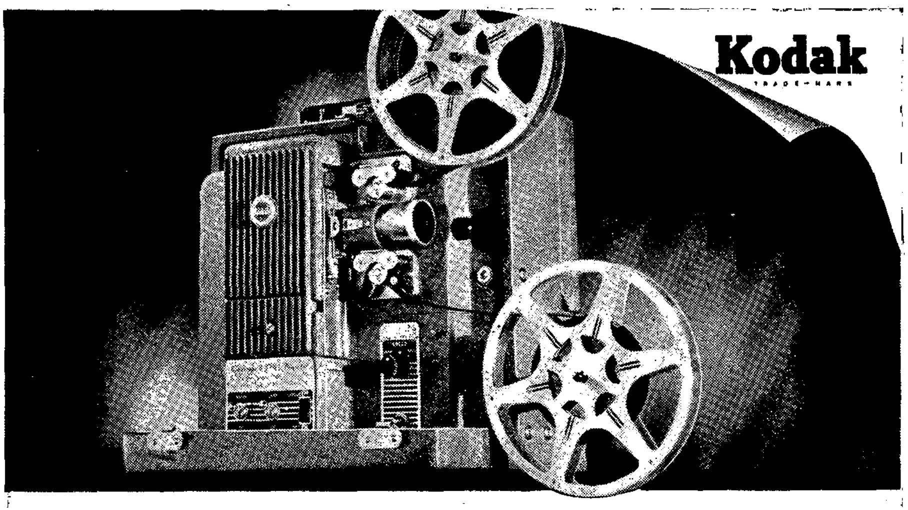

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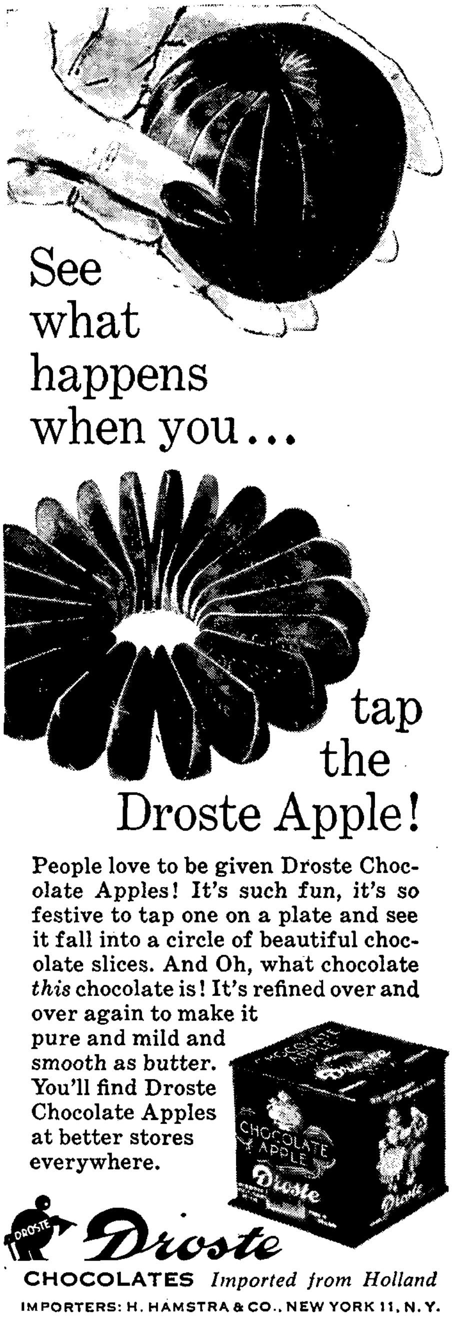

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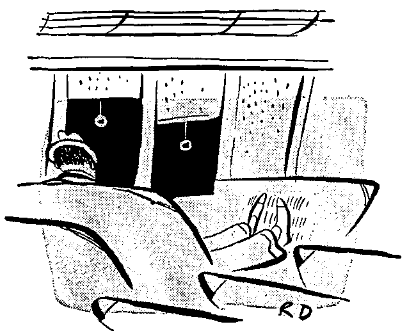
cheese, a superb peeled and sugared orange, and black coffee—for a dollar and seventy-five cents, which includes a bottle of good wine. (This is the ideal meal; you can eat less and pay less, or you can eat a worse meal and pay more in a luxury restaurant.) Taxis and trolleys are cheap by our standards, and buses and trains very reasonable. In general, any product or service that has human labor as its chief component is not at all costly. But if you want to buy something imported (a pressure cooker, an electric stove, a radio) or something made in a modern factory, it is often quite expensive by any standards. Cars are very expensive, and gasoline costs around seventy cents a gallon. Kleenex is about seventy-five cents a small box. I had to buy a one-piece bathing suit with a skirt, as decreed by the authorities, to take to the Algarve coast; this, quite ugly and made of inferior wool in a Portuguese factory, cost twelve dollars. If, however, I had had the suit made up by a seamstress, in cotton, it would have cost five dollars, or even less. My husband had a pair of shoes made for him by a shoemaker in Portimão; they squeak, like all Portuguese shoes, but they cost only eight dollars and fifty cents. A factory-made shoe of comparable quality but ugly design costs ten dollars.

Thus even the most slow-witted foreigner begins to wonder, as I did, who buys the things in the Chiado—the refrigerators and electric mixers and washing machines. A maid's monthly salary, one learns, is from two hundred to four hundred escudos, or from seven to fourteen dollars, plus room and board. Construction workers get about twenty escudos (seventy cents) a day take-home pay, with no pay for days when rain halts work; workers in the sardine canneries get about the same daily rate of pay, and are frequently laid off for a day or more, depending upon the catch of fish. "How do they live on it?" foreigners ask one another. The answer is that nobody seems to know. Most economic questions dissolve into mystery in Portugal. The Portuguese themselves, except those in the poorer classes, have no curiosity about such matters. "Who buys the things in the Chiado?" In the early days of my stay in Portugal, this question harried me. In a country where labor was the cheapest of all commodities, who was buying the labor-saving devices? And who was munching the Tootsie Rolls? Not the *marquesas*, surely, gliding by, with eyes like black diamonds, in their Rolls-Royces. After a while, I gave up asking these questions, as most Americans do who stay on here, because I never got a satisfactory answer. "Foreigners," some Portuguese say, vaguely, and some think it may be the parvenus—the people who made money on Portuguese wolfram during the war. ("Wolfram" is one of those ready answers, along with "Housing project," that come like responses in a litany. "Wolfram?" you learn to ask, pointing to a fur piece or a stream of traffic on the *auto-estrada*, and your companion nods.) After my curiosity had shrunk, from constant thwarting, I finally met an actual consumer—a high government official, who had given his wife a pressure cooker, which she had used, or had her cook use, once or twice, to see how it worked; it was evidently a toy.

Certainly there is new money in Portugal. Portugal did well on wolfram, and on refugees, during the war. The Oppositionists say that many of these gains found their way into the pockets of the government bureaucrats, and that these bureaucrats continue to profit, through bribery, on every business transaction. A surprising thing about Portugal, which is admired as a model state by laissez-faire conservatives abroad, is that it does not have a free economy. Prices, wages, and the profit margin are mostly fixed by law. "Why, it's Communism!" lamented an American friend who is engaged in the chemical business here. He also had a low opinion of the Caixa de Previdência, the Portuguese social-security system, which exacts from the employer an amount equal to fifteen per cent of the worker's wages, adds to it two per cent from the worker, and invests the whole in a fund for sickness, disability, old age, widows' pensions, and burial allowances; there is no unemployment insurance. My friend was objecting not so much to the tax itself as to what he called the "Socialist" use the government was making of the Caixa de Previdência fund—investing it in public housing, which competes with private industry. "It's the economic principle behind it that's all



wrong!" he said excitedly, adding that there had been scandals in the administration of the funds.

But my friend is a foreigner. Portuguese businessmen do not worry about principle; they look at the facts. Except for the two-per-cent levy on wages, there is no income tax in Portugal. People of wealth do not forget that they were saved, as they say, from anarchy; it is Salazar or worse, they declare. "You never had it better," the government tells them, in effect, and doubtless this is true. If the margin of profit is fixed (as it is even for the small retailer; the customer can send in a complaint if he is overcharged in a shop), most wages are fixed, also. Strikes are forbidden; agitators are run out of the syndicates, which might be described as government company unions; Communists are outlawed. It is true that there is a heavy duty on imports, which is tantamount to a tax on the rich—the only people who can afford cars and French neckties and foreign gadgets, Chesterfields and Yardley's—but to some this has marked social advantages, for it preserves class distinctions. A Chesterfield cigarette is a badge of class; the Portuguese make a queer, characteristic little grimace—the lower lip thrust out in pouting dismay—when they see a foreigner smoking one of the domestic Dianas or Suaves. The same with gin; the English in residence drink Portuguese gin, but the Portuguese middle class serves Gordon's. Coca-Cola is not permitted to enter the country—for moral and aesthetic reasons, I was given to understand by the propaganda man, although I have since heard that the Coca-Cola case was "mishandled;" pressure was applied too heavily and at the wrong spot. At any rate, other foreign companies that compete with Portuguese manufacturers have been able to come to terms with the government; Lux, for instance, made in Portugal and not very sudsy, can be bought, at considerable cost, by ladies with nylons to wash.

A number of taxes assume the form of licenses. Cigarette lighters are licensed. Cars, naturally, are licensed, and so are bicycles and dogs; every parrot, croaking in its cage, is licensed; every donkey toiling up a mountain road. There is the three-per-cent tourism tax, which is taken from the tourist in most hotels and *pensões* and in luxury restaurants. And there are hosts of regulations, conducive to a disciplined atmosphere. You have to have a permit to buy a typewriter ribbon. Hotel rates are regulated, and the hotel

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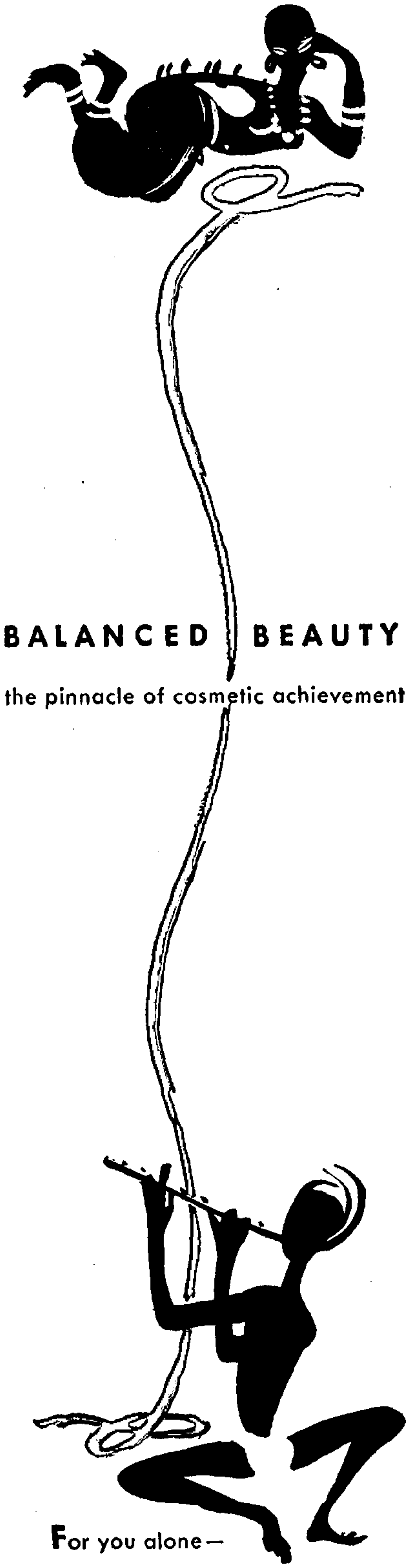

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"Balance Sheet" analysis

and boardinghouse keepers are required to serve a third of a litre of wine (the *vinho da casa*) with every lunch or dinner. Road menders—poor men who work from sunrise to sundown for a tiny wage as part of the Portuguese P.W.A.—salute every passing car; it is a rule, one is told. Every newspaper must be approved, daily, by the censor. Political parties are proscribed, except Salazar's National Union, which calls itself not a party but an "organ" of the people. Workers' syndicates are bound "to abstain from all ideological discussions and to concentrate on the defense of the material and moral interests of their members, on the technical improvement of their trade, and on the creation of the frame of mind necessary for social peace." Factories with more than twenty employees must conduct adult-education courses for the illiterate. Every landowner is assessed for the number of hands his property can theoretically employ, and in periods of agricultural crisis or general unemployment he is required to take on workers up to that capacity. The assessments, I have heard, are often unjust, and fall hardest on the small landowner, who cannot afford to bribe the proper officials. For such a landowner, they put mechanization out of the question; there is no point in buying a tractor if you are obliged to employ extra field hands, whose labor you must contrive a use for.

This is corporativism; everybody, except the housewives, is organized, or "integrated," in some fashion, even the priests. To be expelled from a syndicate means literal outlawry for a worker; if anybody is to hire him, he must change his name or get his record expunged. Agricultural workers are incorporated into Houses of the People, which are syndicates of a sort; employers are incorporated into *gremios*, or guilds; lawyers, doctors, engineers, and other professional people are incorporated into *ordens*, or societies. Youth is mobilized into the Mocidade Portuguesa—a semi-military youth movement—but membership in it is not compulsory. There are five kinds of police—municipal and national—plus a National Guard, a Fiscal Guard, and the volunteer Portuguese Legion. "Two persons, one policeman" is the sardonic comment of the lower-class Portuguese on the omnipresent police, who are also referred to as "Salazar's friends." The size of the Regular Army is under a security blanket at present, although there can be no real secrecy, since the figures are known to NATO, and it is typical of Portugal that nobody can explain why this regulation was imposed. "Perhaps the Army is afraid the Russians will find out," one Portuguese suggested to me hopefully. In any case, there are sour-looking soldiers and their barracks everywhere, most noticeably in the provincial towns. Many of the big convents, from which Christ's volunteers were driven out half a century ago, now house Army conscripts.

BUT all such hardships and annoyances do not worry government officials or the well-to-do Portuguese and foreigners living in villas in the resort towns of Sintra, Estoril, and Praia da Rocha. "I adore Salazar" is the cry of the English lady-in-exile, with a blue chiffon scarf at her throat. "*Dictature? Pas du tout. C'est ridicule*," the chief male Portuguese ballet dancer said to me. This young man adored Salazar, too, while holding *les choses portugaises* in a certain wry contempt. He read only French books, and disliked port and the *fado* and cooking with oil. This is typical of the sophisticated Portuguese. "Manueline—it's simply futurism, the *parvenu* art of commerce," I was told by a Portuguese art historian who was also in the cotton business. People of standing complain about the servants, about the food, about the Portuguese character, but not about the corporate state. The more vexed such critics are with the Portuguese people, the more they applaud the strong hand the government takes with them. Most of the few kind words I have heard about the Portuguese character have come from Oppositionists—people who have been in prison or are living on the edge of disaster. There are many exiles in Portugal, including some famous kings and pretenders, and the Portuguese of the upper classes have developed an air of living in exile themselves; there is a tendency among them to look upon the people of the lower classes as natives, in the colonial sense of the term—to berate them, bewail them, smile over their idiosyncrasies, boast of their devotion.

And, indeed, there is something at once maddening and endearing about the Portuguese people—"*le peuple portugais, le vrai peuple*," as the upper classes and the intelligentsia call them, to distinguish them from the middle classes, whom all the other classes unite in abominating. This maddening quality—a sort of bizarre inefficiency, lumpishness, and illogicality—is encountered chiefly in the men and overgrown boys, the *rapazes* of the hotels and shops and boarding houses. The women and children are angels, most people agree. But the word "*rapaz*," meaning "boy," comes for the foreigner to be a word of horror, combining, in the Anglo-Saxon mind, the worst features of "rascal" and "rapscallion" and evoking a picture of a tepid, scowling, scurfy, lazy, lying youth who cannot get anything right and who will soon grow into a man with the same characteristics—his sole source of drowsy interest his football club. (There are charming boys and men, too, of course—sensitive, courteous, but somewhat frail and pensive, as though their virtues had attenuated them.) The Spanish call the Portuguese "*estúpido*," and the Portuguese men say it of one another, furiously, leaning out of their cars to bellow it at a pedestrian, at a policeman, at another driver: "*Estúpido, estúpido, estúpido!*"

"*Fantástico!*" our intelligent young Portuguese driver kept saying, with a grin, whenever we struck on some instance of illogicality during a recent ten-day trip through the north. "Fontaschtic," he would sigh. It was his favorite word, in Portuguese and English, the sign that he had become an onlooker, like the foreigners he drove. "Fontaschtic," we would agree, as the road menders stopped work to salute. This fantasticality, or freakishness, as of a piebald horse or a flower curiously streaked, runs irrepressibly through the Portuguese character. Doubtless it is partly the result of the conjunction of an illiterate peasant people and modern machinery. (Critics, biologically minded, trace it to hereditary syphilis, brought back during the Age of Discoveries, and there are certainly many freaks of nature in Portugal—hunchbacks and mustached women, recalling the Middle Ages. In the course of our ten days in the north, we saw three women bearded like prophets.) What is strange about Portugal, on the whole, is the unevenness of its development. The terraced farms in the mountains, with their rock walls like rows of teeth, are masterpieces of masonry; a plowed field in Portugal is more beautiful than a garden elsewhere. Many of the mechanical contrivances one sees are extremely inventive. Yet there are eerie zigzags and contradictions. For instance, practically all of Portugal is electrified, including the most primitive villages, but the lights are always going out, even in the big hotels, often several times in an evening, and the boy who goes to fix them does not understand electricity. Though this happens with almost predictable regu-

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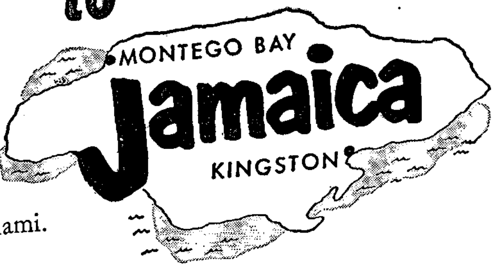

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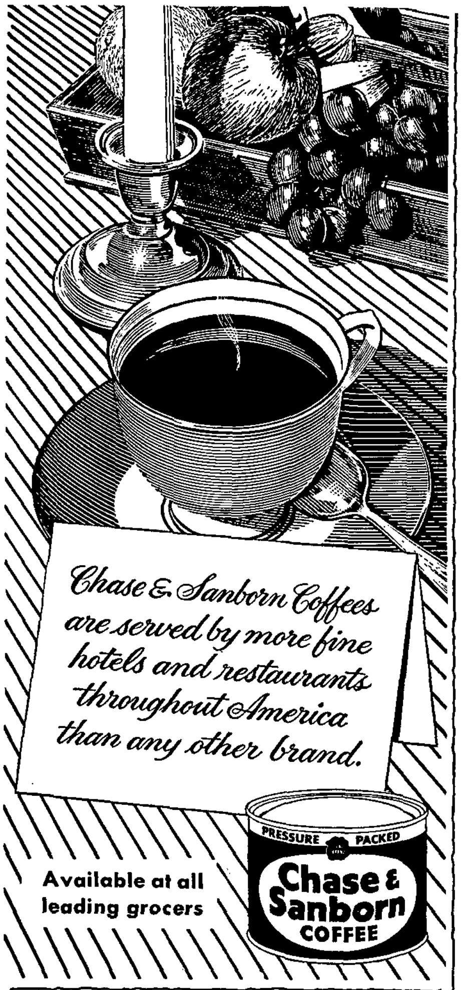

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larity, nobody thinks to provide candles. Only once since our arrival here have candles been on hand when the fuses blew, and that was in a hotel run by an Englishman. In Praia da Rocha, the lights went out every Sunday morning all over the town; it was explained that the authorities were "washing" the electricity. In the same town, at the principal hotel, which was filled with foreigners of all nationalities, there was nobody on the staff who spoke any language other than Portuguese, and there was no railway timetable; an adventurous old Swiss gentleman with a beard, who spoke eight languages and had once made an ascent in a balloon over Moscow, nearly lost his reason trying to discover how to get a train to nearby Loulé. An Englishman at the hotel was dying from a heart condition; the ambulance taking him to Lisbon ran out of gas on a hill, the hand brake did not work, and the two orderlies stood by as the vehicle, with the stretcher in it, slipped jerkily back down to level ground.

On the comical side, there is the turkey walk from Estoril. Once every fortnight or so, the turkeys for the Lisbon market are walked in from there by a turkeyherd; driving along the *auto-estrada*, you can sometimes see them—the turkeyherd sleeping under a tree with his flock beside him. It is a fifteen-mile walk, and the turkey is a tough, seasoned veteran by the time you look him in the eye, still alive and ready to be poked, in the Lisbon market.

MOST Americans shun Lisbon and huddle together in a sort of stockade in Estoril, which is an ugly little beach resort, with a casino, and houses painted blue and cream, like so many filling stations. Generally speaking, the American wives in Estoril hate Portugal and complain that there is nothing to do here. There is some justice in the charge. Lisbon has a delightful rococo opera house in which a German and an Italian company appeared last season, but the National Theatre did one play for dreary months on end—a Portuguese adaptation of a Spanish or Italian comedy laid in England in 1850. The movies are rather wearying, with many intermissions, and a great deal of cutting by the censor; when "The Seven Deadly Sins," a French picture, opened in Lisbon, only four deadly sins were left in it. There is very little artistic life—though not for lack of "intellectuals," as a man in the government wryly explained to me. Foreign books, chiefly, are read by the avant-garde—Sartre and Camus and Baudelaire and Rim-

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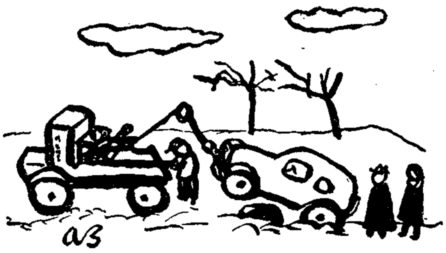
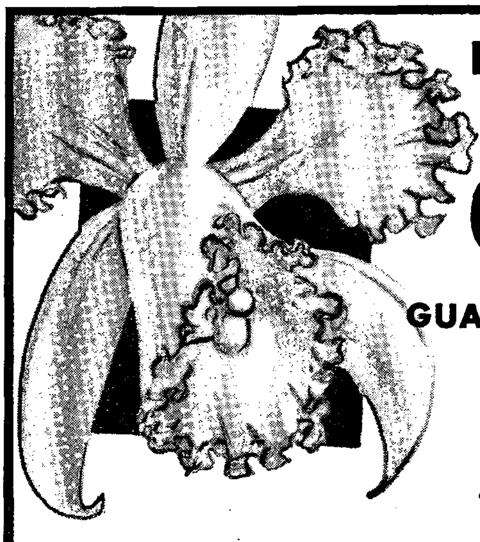
baud and Tolstoy. The most recent Portuguese literary renaissance was in the nineteenth century. Portuguese painting continues in its derivative course; last spring, in a tiny gallery, there was an abstract show for which all the local painters obligingly became abstractionists.

In time, most of the resident foreigners become disaffected and moody. Some take to drink, driven loco by the Portuguese peculiarities. As in the tropics, trifles begin to get on their nerves. I, for instance, cannot bear the way the Portuguese answer the telephone. "*Não está,*" they usually growl, and hang up. You can never tell whether the person you have asked for is out or whether you have the wrong number. One American girl, whose husband is here on business, has become obsessed by the Portuguese men's habit of spitting. I told her one day that I had heard that some Oppositionists had been tortured. "What did they do to them?" she asked sharply. "Prevent them from spitting?" All winter, the Portuguese nose runs; most of the children one sees on the street have colds. The men seldom use handkerchiefs, except in the highest reaches of society. The American girl told me the other day that she nearly burst into tears of affection when she saw a very poor, ragged old man on the cable car get out a handkerchief and blow his nose. She gave him ten escudos.

It is the beggars who rasp the nerves of most foreigners—the shawled women with babies in their arms, and the old men, and the children whining, "Gimme an escudo, Mister." The English tell you never to give to children; it gets them into bad habits. But it is hard to resist the children, either because they are so pretty or, on the contrary, because they are so wretched-looking, with cold, thin, raw legs, and running noses and sores. In the Algarve, the children have caught on to the English moral disapproval of begging, and offer to sell you things instead—necklaces of sea shells, and small shell dangles meant to be worn on the lapel. One little boy, on the beach, tried to sell my husband his homework.

Whether you give or not, the beggars will not leave you alone. As soon as a





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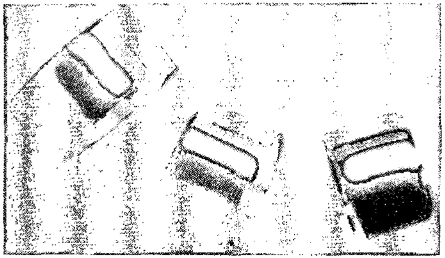

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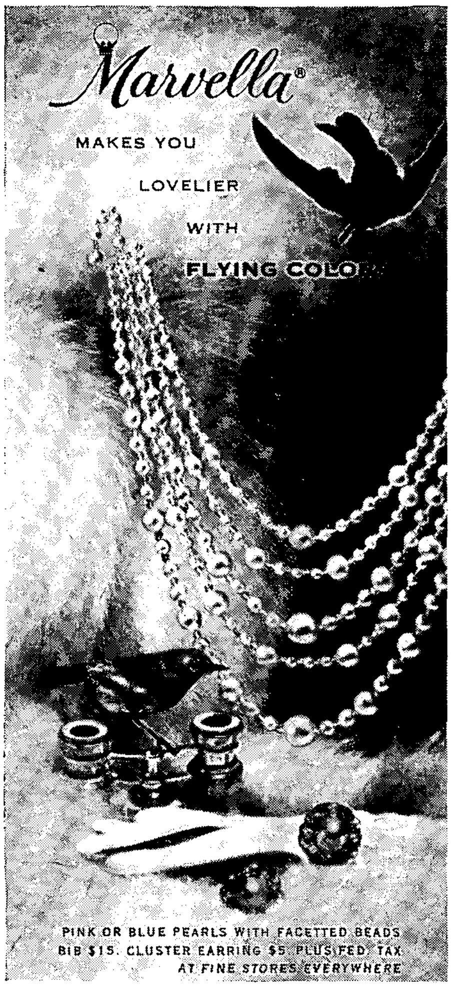
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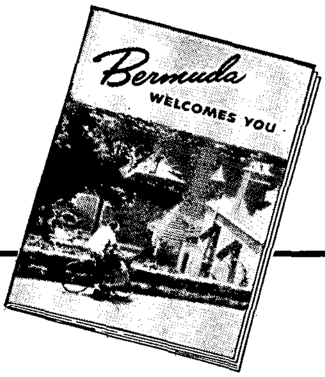

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foreigner goes outdoors, he is surrounded, as if by a swarm of mosquitoes, and he begins to grow angry at the Portuguese. "There are plenty of rich people in Portugal!" cried an exacerbated old lady from Iowa in a hotel in the north. "Why don't they take care of their own poor?" This indignant question echoes through the hotels and *pensões*. The old American ladies and retired couples who arrive in Portugal—from upstate New York, largely, and the Middle West—are not especially well-to-do; they come because they have read in a magazine that Portugal is cheap. And the rich in Portugal are said to be the richest in Europe. As you watch them in the hotels—silent, like sharks, endlessly masticating, with their medicines before them—you form a new conception of what cold selfishness can be. Strangely, it is not the peasants on their donkeys, with their umbrellas, or the white-collar workers in the cafés, with their newspapers, or the working-class women, with their baskets on their heads, who look foreign to American eyes; it is the moneyed classes who appear to be of a different breed. The lowering, heavy darkness of the moneyed classes seems to be as much a state of mind or soul as a physical appearance. The thick skin, the somnolent, heavy-lidded gaze are perhaps a kind of protection against fellow-feeling. The difference between rich and poor is so extreme in Portugal that it seems to have formed a carapace over the rich, making them torpid and incurious. A gentle Portuguese lady, herself engaged in charity, explained to me, rather apologetically, that there is very little charity in Portugal. "It is not that they are bad," she said of the wealthy. "They simply do not think. They have never been trained to think. In America and England, at Christmas, your children are taught to make packages and send toys to poor children. Here they are not taught things like that."

THE Caixa de Previdência is the fruit of official thought on the subject of the underprivileged; so are Economic Homes, and the various limited-rent housing projects, and the National Federation for Joy in Work, which is a workers' vacation plan. Among the official class, as distinguished from the possessing class, there is a good deal of social consciousness. There are breezy young bureaucrats—half playboy, half hard-driving worker—who remind you of enlightened young businessmen in America. They are "selling" Portugal to the tourist trade and fighting for ap-

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propriations to build hotels and clean up slums. There are other officials of a different type—stodgy, sincere, devoted, of lower social origins, fathers of growing families, who make you think of the Soviet officials of the early thirties, before the trials and the purges. This is a government of "new men," and it calls to mind, very curiously, all the "new deals" of our epoch—Russia in the Kirov period, the early years of the Roosevelt administration, the Eisenhower crusade. Portugal is called a Fascist state by the Oppositionists, but the term seems a little out-of-date, for Fascism as we knew it expired with Hitler and Mussolini. General Franco's regime already appears superannuated beside the Estado Novo. The quality of Portugal is modern. It is a semi-totalitarian state, with certain positive aspects. It is possible for an official here to believe in the value of his work, to think that he is furthering the cause of progress as it is generally understood in the world by combatting illiteracy, improving health and hygiene, building dams and roads, rehousing the underprivileged, reforming the school curriculum (less "book learning," more training in citizenship; less "strictly intellectual culture," more physical education).

Except for the question of dictatorship, on which they are stiff and sensitive, many of the officials I have met here do not differ greatly in their views from many progressive American school superintendents. The functionaries of Salazar talk like practical idealists; they have no patience with "sentimentality." Salazar's own rhetoric belongs to an older school: "Although with delays, with possible wanderings from detail which the difficult times explain, we still stride along the same road, with our spirit faithful to the everlasting truth. . . . For every arm a hoe, for every family a home, for every mouth its bread." Yet even Salazar, in his most exalted vein, engages in the bureaucratic self-criticism that is characteristic of the modern totalitarian state. He complains that corporativism is slowing down, that the people are relaxing, and urges the pursuit of "our corporative crusade;" he bewails the "lack of indoctrination of the Portuguese people." This self-criticism is prevalent in the ranks of the franker officials all along the line, among whom it wears the mask of tolerance. One thing they tolerate is the Opposition, which, as they point out, was allowed to run candidates during the most recent election, in 1953—the first "free" election since the military coup in 1926. This election had a little

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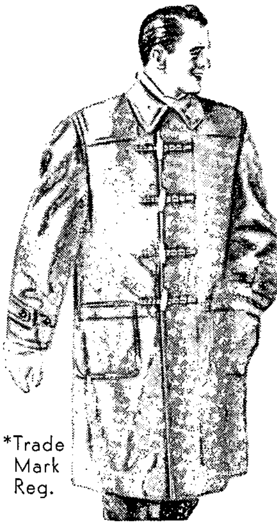

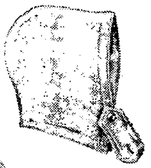

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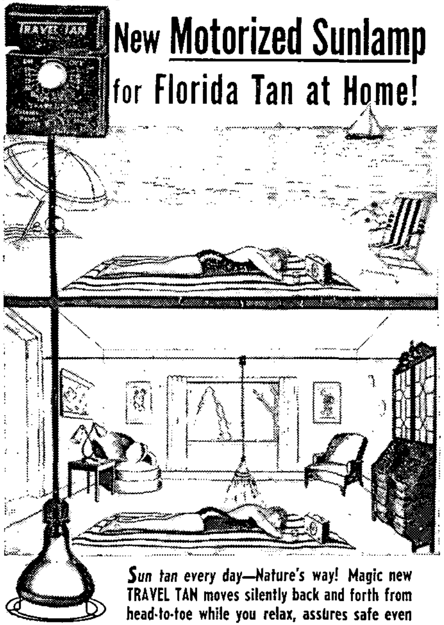

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of the flavor of a Soviet election. The Oppositionists were permitted to run candidates, but they were not permitted to organize as political parties. Their newspaper, the *Republica*, was allowed more freedom than previously, but it was still under censorship; it could "criticize but not defame," as my propaganda informant put it. The campaign was a rather improvised affair; without funds, without organization, the old parliamentarians and Socialists who had been in jail or exile off and on were restored to life in a state of slight confusion, somewhat like old Dr. Manette in "A Tale of Two Cities." In many districts, they were not able to arrange a slate of candidates. Nevertheless, they did very well, considering; in the districts where they had candidates they polled up to twenty-five per cent of the vote. Indeed, in a country in which the government was in a position (to say the least) to take economic reprisals against every citizen through his syndicate or *gremio* or *orden*, in which mass arrests and long detentions on mere suspicion were a thing of the very recent past (1948 is the latest I have heard of), this was remarkable. But it was also sad for the veteran parliamentarians and Socialists, since it represented probably a better showing than they would ever again be able to make in their lifetimes. Since the election, the censorship has tightened again. The real standard of living, say the Oppositionists, is lower than it has ever been. They still maintain, as they endeavored to show during the campaign, that the rich have been getting richer throughout Salazar's regime and the poor steadily poorer, in real wages, despite housing projects and social benefits. Moreover, they point out, the intensification of the corporativist program makes the state steadily more powerful: Two bureaucracies—the ordinary state servants and the functionaries of the corporative society—have the people in double harness. And the Oppositionist leaders themselves, a handful of persons—notably Dr. Francisco Cunha Leal, engineer and former professor at Coimbra; Dr. António Sérgio, humanist, critic, and educational theorist; and Dr. Egas Moniz, neurologist and Nobel Prize winner—are in their sixties, seventies, and eighties. For Dr. Sérgio, a charming old man with an engraving of Kant in his study, it is a cross that the government does not trouble to arrest him any more but confines itself to persecuting his associates in various petty ways.

"Ah, António Sérgio!" said the press

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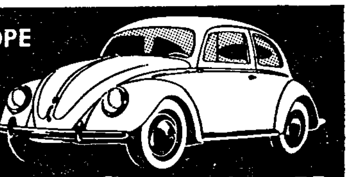

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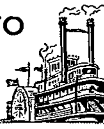

chief of Salazar's National Union, smiling broadly. "He is a little pink. We let these people talk unless they go too far." This official was a live wire, in his early thirties, who had been to America and conferred with John L. Lewis. He was proud to tell me that he knew very well the difference between a Communist and an old-style Socialist intellectual. The Communists were jailed, of course, whenever the government could catch them, but even in dealing with them, he declared, the state showed moderation; the most dangerous Communists got only five years. Were we in America any more tolerant, he demanded. I replied that in the Algarve I had heard of some people being arrested as Communists who were simply attending a funeral service for an old parliamentarian. Yes, that had happened, he acknowledged, but it had been a mistake, and such mistakes were rare. In the case I mentioned, the innocent bystanders had been released after two days' interrogation, and the more suspicious ones had been held for only a month and a half. The press chief spoke with a cocky frankness of what he called the small mistakes and shortcomings of the government. If he could have his way, he said, he would push the social-security program much further and take the equivalent of twenty-five per cent of each worker's wage from the employer for the Caixa de Previdência. And he would break up the big estates in the Alentejo—the great central dust bowl of Portugal. He aired these daring views coolly, rather like an insouciant young Marxist; he belonged, evidently, to the left, or "Bolshevik," wing of Salazar's National Union. For some reason—a kind of delicacy, I suppose—I never mentioned Salazar during our conversation. But as the press chief was guiding me out through a conference room hung with pictures of dignitaries, he suddenly whirled around and, with a violent jab of his short arm, pointed to a photograph of Salazar. "Do you know who that is?" he shouted, in a completely new voice, as though an angry public-address system had been switched on. "Dr. António de Oliveira SALAZAR!"

Here, apparently, was a case of political dual personality, a special mutation of our period. Another example was provided by a bilious-looking official of the Casa dos Pescadores who, with his colleague (officials here often come in pairs, like F.B.I. men), was explaining to me matter-of-factly how corporativism works in fish. All at once, abruptly interrupting his colleague, he leaned

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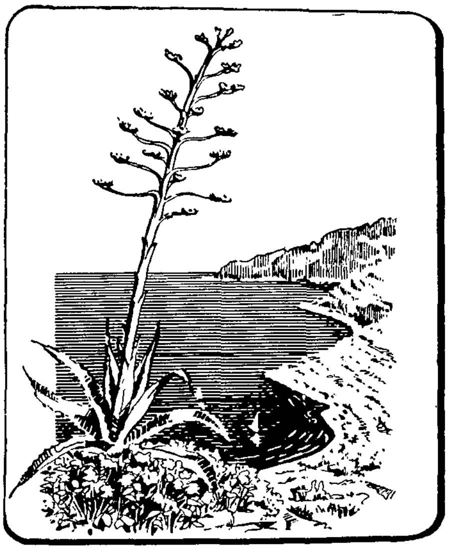

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over, fastened his yellowed eyeballs on me, and said, in a soft, menacing purr, "Have you ever heard of a man called *Salazar?*" In Portugal, Salazar's name, like God's, is usually spoken in a special manner—not exactly fearful, but dutiful, as if the voice were in a Sunday suit. There are dozens of stories about him, illustrating his economical habits, his modesty, his late and lonely vigils, his reluctance to wield power; they all sound apocryphal, like the stories that used to be told about Stalin. Some of them have a sort of gingerly humor—one, for instance, that I heard from a Portuguese chauffeur who drives for some English friends of mine. According to this story, Salazar, while driving in his Packard, encountered a Volkswagen on the road, got out, and asked its driver what it was. "It is the People's Car," said the driver, translating the German name into Portuguese. "And what is that?" he continued, pointing to Salazar's Packard. "That," said Salazar, "is *my* car," and he got in and drove away.

—MARY McCARTHY

•

Alben Barkley, who is generally called "The Veep," and more recently the Junior Senator from Kentucky by reason of the recent election, passed out a few new quips in Washington recently. . . .

Then he told about one day when he was Vice-President and Prime Minister Winston Churchill was visiting FDR in the White House. Barkley called Roosevelt to ask if it would be okay if Churchill was tendered a luncheon by both houses of Congress.

"Please do" came back familiar Groton-Harvard-Georgia-Dutch Patroon drawl of FDR. "He's so active around here I can't get any work done."

The Veep collected the PM and was hurrying him to the meeting-place when a lady rushed out of the sidewalk onlookers and gushed at cigar-chomping Winnie: "You know, sir, you look exactly like my baby."

Without so much as shifting his cigar old Blood, Sweat and Tears rasped: "Madam, ALL babies look just like me." —*The Army-Navy-Air Force American Daily.*

Wonder what Henry Wallace was doing.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bridgeport Herald*]

FORT WORTH, TEX. (UP)—W. B. Floyd, 38-year-old ex-convict, agreed to plead guilty to burglary charges and receive a four-year sentence. Before entering his plea, he asked to be excused to go to the rest room.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gallic Fling

THERE are some sequences in the French film called "Holiday for Henrietta" that will make you laugh a good deal, and for them our gratitude should be considerable. But I'm not so sure that Julien Duvivier, who directed and helped write this particular romp, hasn't overextended both his lines and his situations. Since the point of M. Duvivier's comedy, which is to show the asininity of routine movie plots, is quickly established, the various devices introduced to project the idea tend to become a bit threadbare. Still, in the initial phases of his film, Duvivier spends several rewarding moments scrutinizing a pair of movie script writers who are trying to cook up a simple tale of young love centered on a day in the life of a Parisian dressmaker. One of these creators is crazy about cops and robbers, murder and mayhem, rape and disaster; his colleague, on the other hand, would like to do a gently romantic picture. As our collaborators talk out their ideas, we see their inventions represented on the screen, and some of the results—especially when the violent partner is doing exercises in mock brutality and brummagem sex—are very funny. But this sort of extemporaneous joke can go on just so long, and in the present case the goal of the burlesque is reached possibly half an hour before Duvivier calls a halt to the merriment.

When all the backing and filling is over and done with, what our writing team has hatched in the way of a plot concerns a young lady dressmaker on Bastille Day who is prepared to snare a likely news photographer, gets stood up by the lad, falls in with a safe-cracker, and is finally flung happily into the arms of her lensman. Before the ingenious Duvivier has concluded this scamper, we have glimpsed the photographer in a typically Gallic assignation with a well-arranged circus bareback rider and listened to some standard double-entendre about virginity and all that. While I shouldn't like to be considered puritanical, it seems to me that concupiscence as a major theme of conversation, even among movie characters, soon grows tedious, but Duvivier obviously doesn't agree with this notion.

As the script writers in "Holiday for Henrietta," Louis Seigner and Henri Crémieux conduct themselves in a fine, loose-jointed manner, and the people who play the various characters they dream up—Dany Robin, as their dressmaker; Michel Roux, as the photographer; Michel Auclair, as the crook; and Hildegarde Neff, as the bareback rider—all help to keep things moving at a busy pace. Among other assets, the film has a lot of shots of Paris, and on them Duvivier has used his camera with plenty of enthusiasm.

"THE INTRUDER," a British picture, reveals Jack Hawkins as a businessman, formerly an Army colonel, who discovers a young chap practicing a spot of larceny and subsequently learns that the burglar once served under him with mighty valor. This revelation causes the colonel to keep a kindly eye on the lad, interview other warriors about him, and generally do a commendable sociological job of finding out what has caused the brave youth's dereliction. Regrettably, the whole thing is pretty uneven, and by the end you have become a trifle weary of the investigation. Michael Medwin is the man Mr. Hawkins is trying to save.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

CINCINNATI, O.—(U.P.)—Astronomers are finding more "lost" planets today because an "electronic brain" has been put to work tracking them down.

The General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y., has developed a giant computing device called the IBM 701 which figures out their orbits in a matter of minutes.

There are 4,500 full time entomologists in the United States.

There are a number of meat-eating plants.

The ancient drink, mead, was made from honey.

Most rattlesnakes grow two new rattles each year.

In the past generation, the risk of dying from heart disease among Americans between the ages of 45 and 65 has gone up about 25 per cent for men and has gone down about 25 per cent for women.

—*Providence Bulletin.*

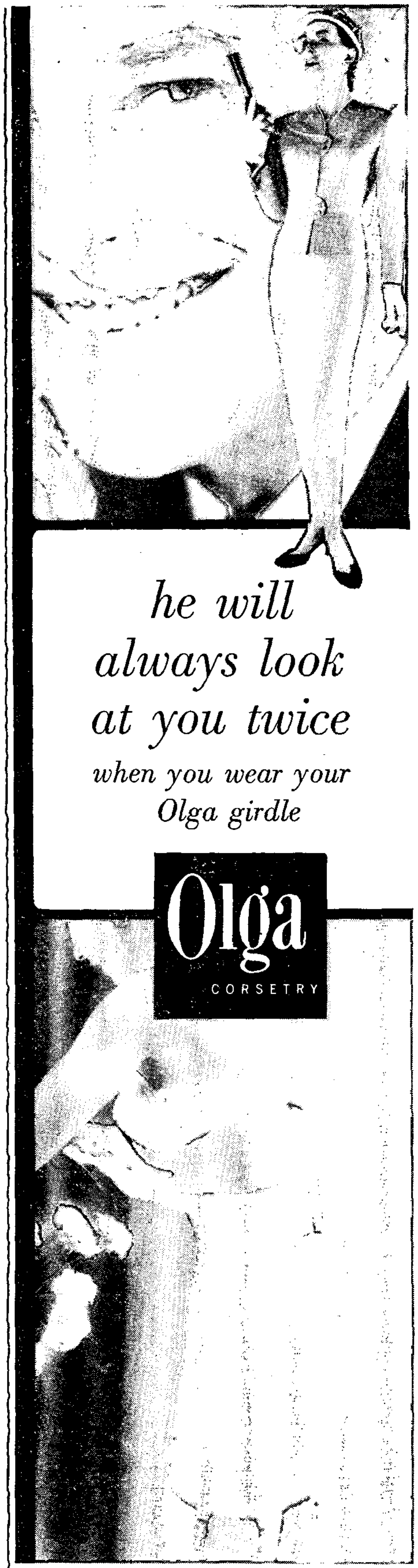
A cup of mead, please. Lemon peel.

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Nippon Times*]

About 5,000 aged people and orphans in the Itabashi Asylum were surprised recipients of a visit recently by eight strip-tease artists from an Asakusa theater who put on a show for their benefit.



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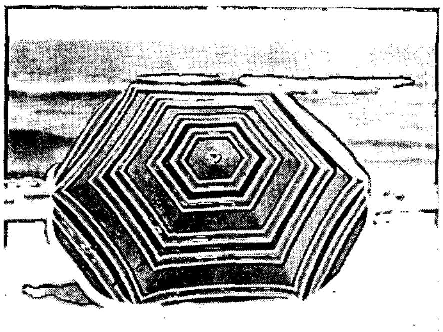

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THE RACE TRACK

"... Her Shoes Were No. 9"

THERE'S not much to say, in a critical sense, about the Maturity Stakes, the big number for four-year-olds at Santa Anita last weekend. As I hardly need tell you, Calumet Farm's filly Miz Clementine finished first by a neck but was disqualified by the stewards for bumping and placed second to Andy Crevolin's little gray colt Determine, with whom she interfered. It wasn't the first time such a thing has happened in a six-figure race at this track. Three years ago, Intent had his number taken down for slamming into Miche, another gray, in the Santa Anita Handicap. No doubt about it, things are done correctly at Santa Anita. Can you imagine a disqualification in the Kentucky Derby?

According to the reports I saw, Miz Clementine began bearing to the right shortly after she turned in to the stretch, carrying Determine with her, and when Arcaro, who rode her, popped her with his whip, she swerved sharply against Determine. Perhaps she was tiring—the mile and a quarter was run in the remarkably fast time of 2:00⅖—or maybe it's just a habit she has. You probably recall that Miz Clementine did something of the same sort to Determine several weeks ago in the San Fernando Stakes, in which she finished second to Poona II. She bumped Determine out of the money that time, but this time she bumped him into it. His share of the purse was $87,000 and hers was $30,000. And if anybody except his owners cares, James Session, who belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Harry James, was third.

Nobody, I'm sure, underestimates Miz Clementine, a strapping bay sister of Twosy and Two Lea, both good runners. Indeed, it surprised me that she wasn't voted the best three-year-old filly of 1954 instead of Parlo, who'd won less than half as many races. I suppose the reason was that Miz Clementine did all her racing in California; as you know, only a few poll takers ever inquire about what goes on beyond the mountains. By the way, Miz Clementine wasn't named after the girl in the song. As the story goes, Ben Jones, Calumet's trainer emeritus, wanted to call some especially good prospect Clementine just because he likes the name. But there had been a Clementine on the tracks not so long ago, and it's a rule of the Jockey Club that no name that has been used during the previous fifteen years, either in the stud or on the turf, may be duplicated. So Jones settled for Miz Clementine. If her efforts in the Maturity haven't taken too much out of her, she will run for the Santa Margarita Handicap this weekend, and if she does, I fancy she'll win.

Maybe you heard about that public trial the other afternoon for the Santa Anita Handicap. It was carded as the Flashco Mile, and Imbros, cleverly handled by Longden, led all the way. Imbros carried top weight of a hundred and thirty pounds, did the distance in 1:35⅘, and beat, among others, two winners of past Santa Anitas—Rejected and Mark-Ye-Well. You might safely say that Mr. Crevolin, who owns Imbros as well as Determine, was tickled baby pink. Speaking of Longden, who is forty-five years old and would rather ride than walk any day, his winners last week included Guerrero, in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, and St. Vincent, in the San Gabriel Handicap. Not bad for a forty-five-year-old.

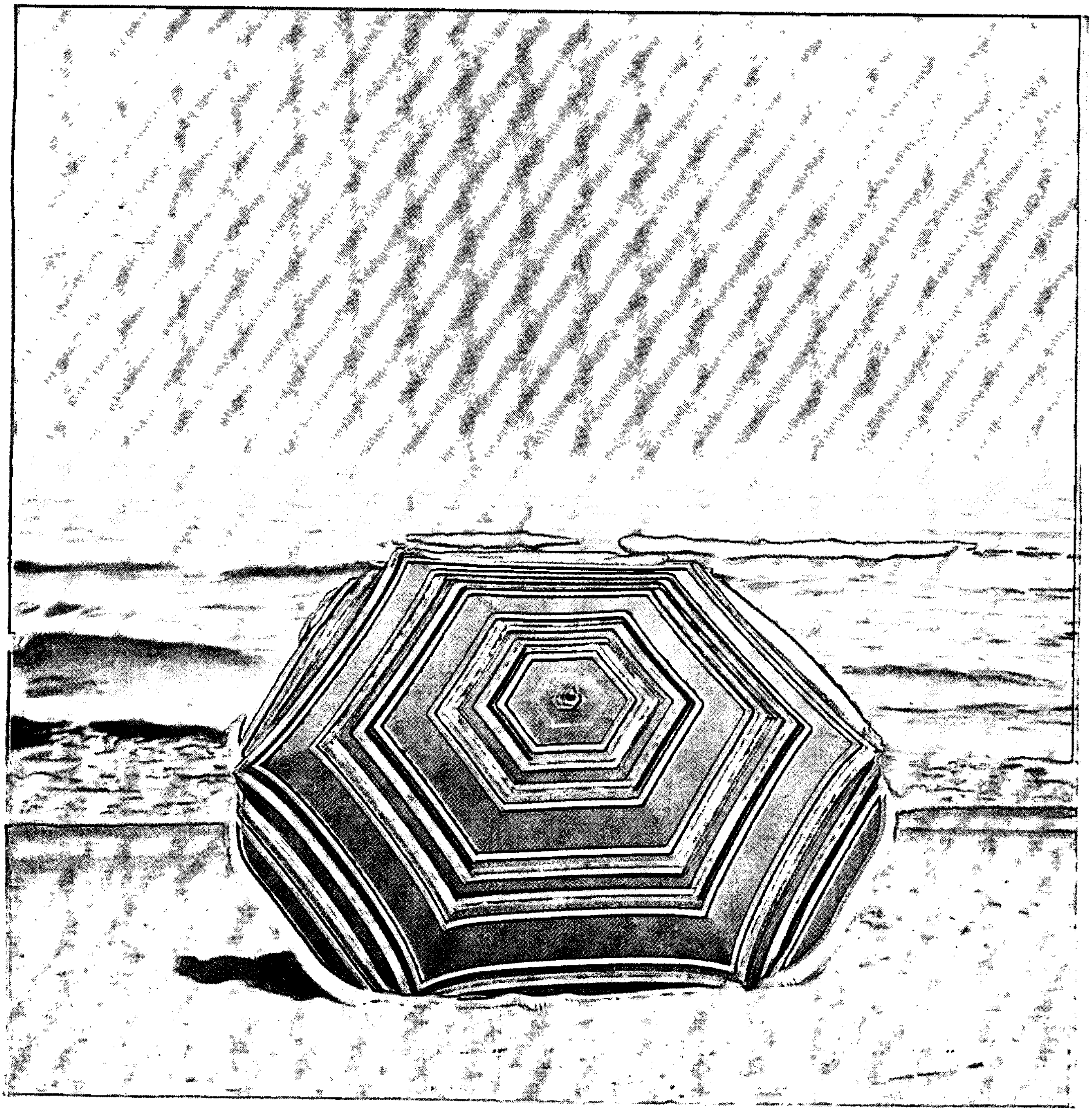
TO get along to Hialeah, where a good deal of crowding for shelter from showers and chilly blasts seems to have gone on last weekend, it's probably captious to complain that the runners in the Royal Palm Handicap, which Sea O Erin won, were a moderate lot. After all, they were about the best on the grounds. When Sea O Erin was a two-year-old, he was almost as well-fancied as his stablemate Hasty Road, but now he seems to be at his best only on slow tracks. The race would have been more interesting if Scimitar hadn't been withdrawn; his stable decided he wouldn't like the footing. My wandering observer thought the Palm Beach Handicap, earlier in the week, was a better show. In this, Blessbull beat Social Outcast, Capeador, and eleven others pretty easily. I can't say much for the two-year-olds that have been out so far, but any day now a filly by Citation out of Flitaway is due to make her first appearance. Her name, I shudder to tell you, is Cy's First.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

On Dec. 15, Chappie, a piano-playing black French poodle, darted in front of Haugan's car and was injured.—*Chicago News.*

His toes are probably insured.



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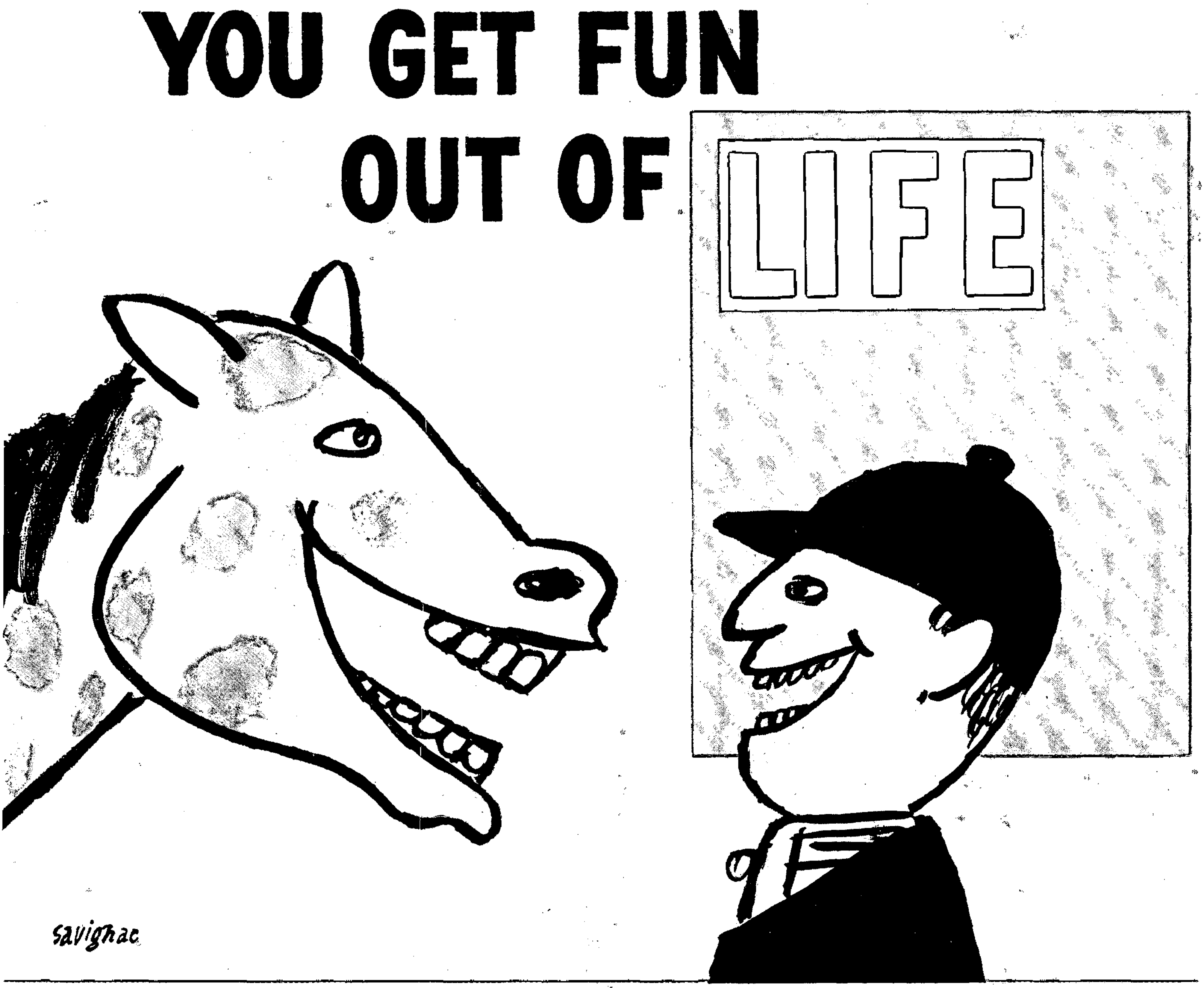
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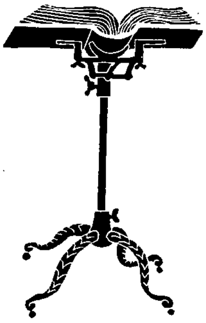
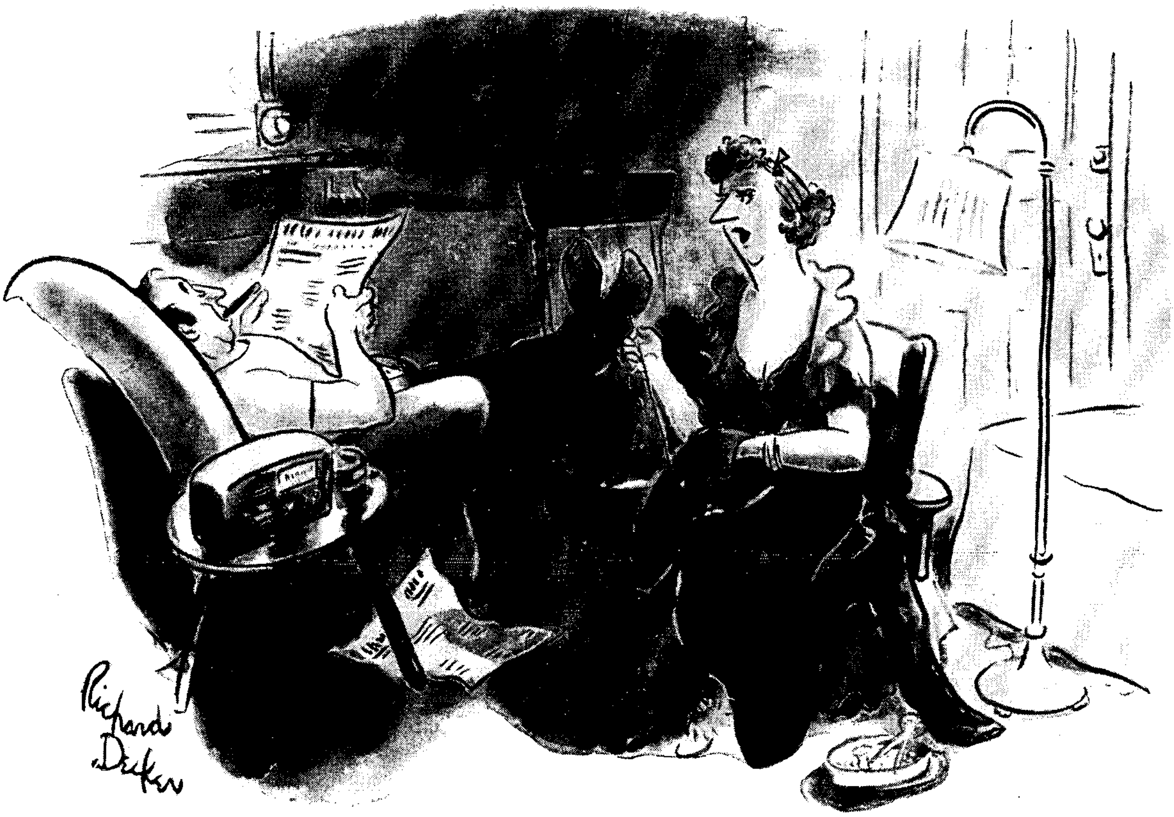


WITH "All Men Are Mortal" (World), Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir, the Mother Hubbard of the Existentialist movement, opens its cupboard once again. This time, its bareness takes the form of Raymond Fosca, an Italian gentleman who, by virtue of drinking an elixir of life, has the distinction of being immortal. This fact is not immediately apparent; indeed, when he is introduced to us, he seems a simple catatonic, a deranged person who has, literally, not enough sense to go in out of the rain. But before long we are given the Existentialist message; it is the futility of all hope in regard to the destiny of the human race that has reduced him to his terrible apathy. In the long run, the planet will grow cold or burst into white-hot gas, or its atmosphere will be peeled off it by a passing comet; one way or another, it will become uninhabitable and all human desires, ambitions, and achievements will prove to have been in vain. Fosca is depressed beyond measure by this thought, since he is fated to await the universal doom with no more stimulating company than the mouse on which he tested the elixir of life before he sampled it himself.

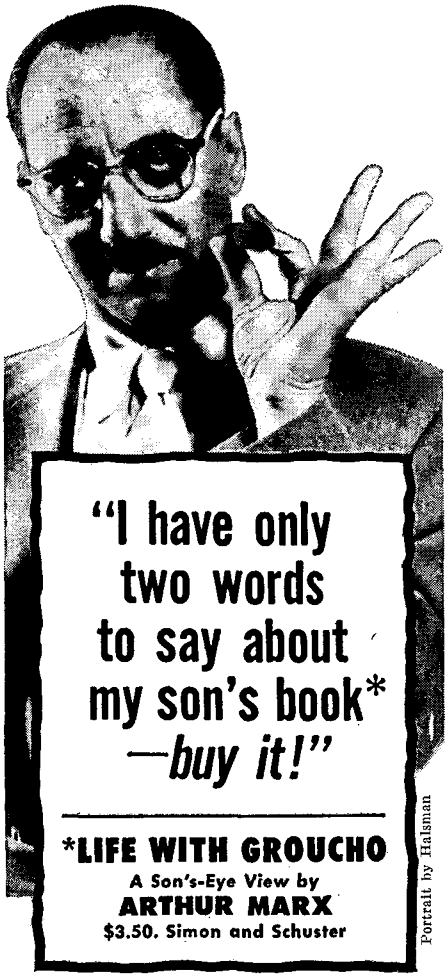
Any sympathy that one might have for Fosca because of his prospects, and any respect one might have for a man with six hundred and seventy-five years of experience, has, however, been forfeited by the time he gets down to brass tacks, on page 71, by revealing that he was born on May 17, 1279. If he were a man of parts and if philosophic speculation were his line, he might now be expected to be found in the company of such men as Robert Oppenheimer, in Princeton, or if power were his interest, one would suppose that he would be frequenting the Kremlin. But no, he is involved with a group of people who are neither powerful, distinguished, nor even interesting. When we meet him—in the twentieth, not the thirteenth, century—he is, in fact, on the point of being helplessly drawn into a banal sexual affair with an emotionally greedy and feather-witted inmate of that excessively seedy bohemian group whose doings Mlle. de Beauvoir has already remorselessly and unrewardingly explored in "She Came to Stay." That a man with nearly seven hundred years behind him, and all eternity before him, should at today's breathtaking juncture in human affairs be slumming in the most squalidly demoralized section of the French petty bourgeoisie creates a doubt about the poor fellow's fitness for his unique and splendid, if awful, fortune. This doubt is confirmed when he begins to tell his story, creating in his reminiscences an incredible thing, a boring Renaissance. The truth is that he is a mediocre specimen and his memory is not very good. He has been refreshing it by a course of reading in the standard works, and he is conscienceless about fobbing off extracts from them, which he has scarcely gone to the trouble to paraphrase, as his own recollections:

> No sooner had I arrived in Augsburg than I learned that François I, his promises cast to the winds, had leagued himself with Pope Clement VII as well as the rulers of Venice, Milan, and Florence for the purpose of resuming his wars against the Emperor. He had also formed an alliance with the Turks, who had just demolished an army of twenty thousand men commanded by Louis of Hungary and who were now dangerously menacing the whole of Christianity. Once again I was forced to put aside my projects and tend instead to a thousand urgent problems.
>
> "Where are you counting on getting money from?" I asked Ferdinand.
>
> We were sorely in need of money. In Italy the Imperial troops, under the command of the Duke of Bourbon, were demanding adequate provisions and all of their back pay. They were on the verge of open mutiny.
>
> "I was thinking of borrowing from the Fuggers again," he replied.

Poor Fosca not only disappoints by remembering, as he thinks back in narrating to us his long story, no more than the writers of conventional histories have cared to set down, he shows himself unworthy in other respects. He makes unrealistic plans and he is petulant when they come to nothing. His first ambition is to cause Renais-



"I've asked you time and again not to shoot through your pocket."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sance Europe to become a progressive Fabian Socialist superstate by acting as a kind of Harry Hopkins to the Holy Roman Emperors. Europe declines to take a hop, skip, and jump from the realities of the fifteenth century into a nineteenth-century dream world, so Fosca goes off in a tremendous huff to the Americas, which have conveniently been discovered, to sulk for a century or so. He returns to Europe to take a marginal part in the Enlightenment as a dilettante with a fondness for chemical experiments with diamonds, and becomes an inept conspirator in the great liberal uprising of the eighteen-forties. He does not conclude from this last experience that those who go out into the streets with guns are likely to make more mischief than progress; instead, he decides that the human condition does not change and that all efforts to change it are futile. A manly stoicism seems called for at this point, since, because of his immortality, he is denied the normal consolations of religion. But Fosca has lost heart, and he sinks into an apathy that leads to his admission to a lunatic asylum, a place as good as any other for him. Turfed out of this haven at last, he drifts aimlessly until Mlle. de Beauvoir's heroine decides to be his Abishag and to inspire him with a new will to live. He emerges from his torpor to take an interest in such things as light housework. But he is ungrateful, and he returns her kindness by unloading the full weight of his discouragement upon her. As she is apparently unfamiliar with those popular outlines with which Messrs. Larousse have had such a well-deserved success, she is horrified to learn that history has not been an orderly progress toward a better life. This softens her up for the final, shocking blow, the realization that she will one day be forgotten, and that in the eyes of an immortal she possesses no more importance than an ant, a gnat, a blade of grass. He leaves her to face oblivion, and the first scream of her mental and moral breakdown ends the book.

It is hard to believe that this pretentious and stunningly vulgar piece of writing is a serious novel. The situation of man as a finite creature in an infinite universe is, since he is aware of it, a tragic one. But since this is a condition of life, it is childish to protest against it, as childish as it is to cry out because everyone must sooner or later die. The reason Fosca cannot bear to accept these unalterable conditions is that their acceptance involves the recognition, which

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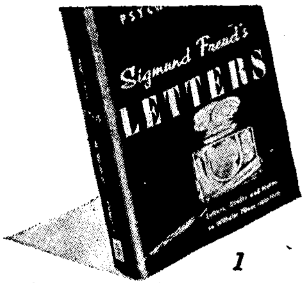

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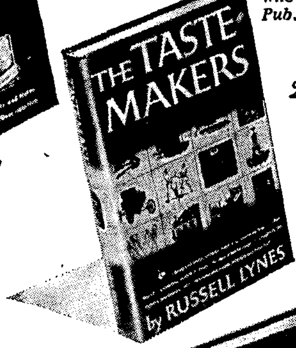

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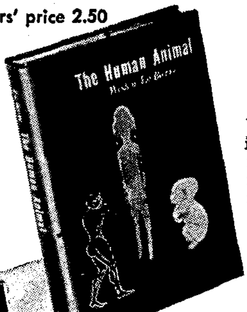

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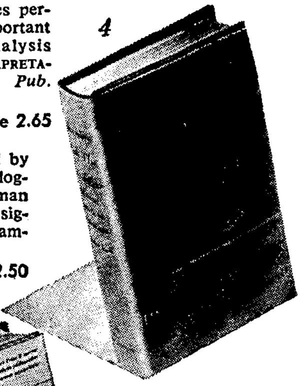

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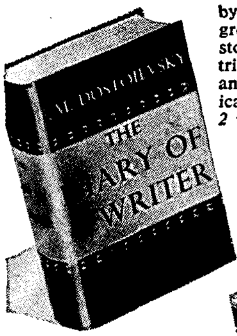

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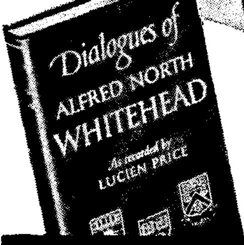

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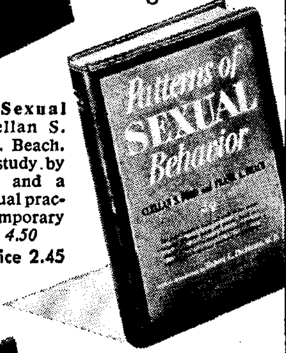

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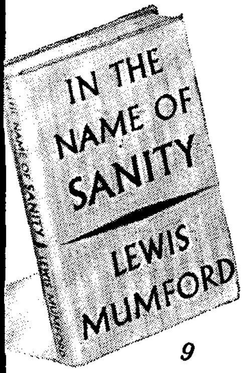

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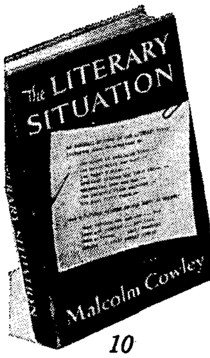

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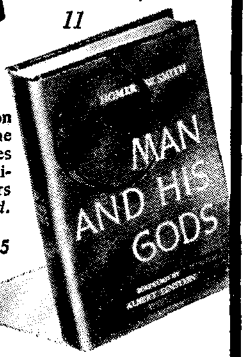

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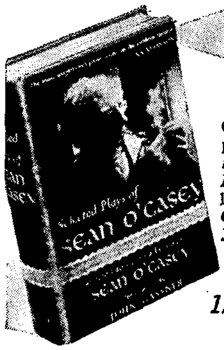

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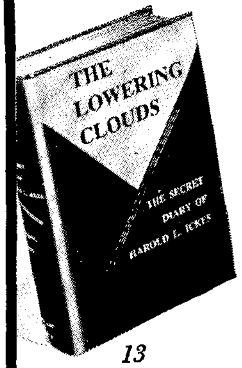

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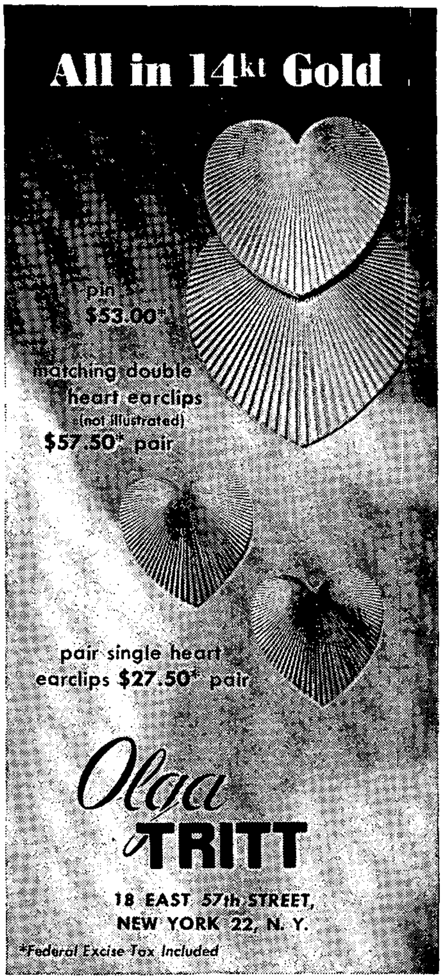
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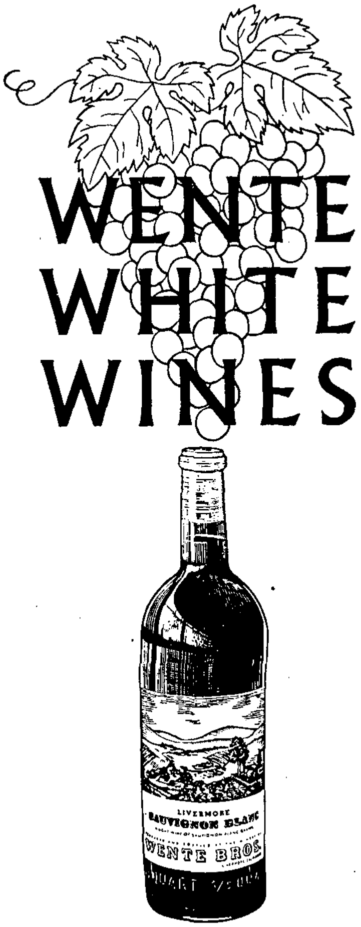
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most children are able to make during their adolescence, of the truth that the universe is not a machine contrived to meet one person's wishes. Fosca is wrapped in the cheapest sort of egotism, the one that declares the universe is a futility if the egotist is not its center and his happiness its purpose and raison d'être. The basis of Fosca's complaint against the character of human life is similar to the basis of his protest against its ruling conditions; because the kind of world welfare state he considers desirable does not come into being automatically in response to his wishes, and because human history is a record of conflicts of interest, all human activities are futile. The final conclusion is that everything changes and everything remains the same, and man is a frustrated captive in the prison of his wretchedness. The intellectual poverty of this pessimistic materialism is as striking as its lack of courage. One cannot be sufficiently thankful to Mlle. de Beauvoir for so explicitly declaring in her novel the vacuities that lie behind the Germanic complexities of Existentialist philosophizing. It becomes clearer and clearer that this movement, which originally seemed a sign of France's cultural recovery and vigor, is a disintegration phenomenon and a gauge of the hidden damage done to French intellectual life by the events of the past forty years.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CONSTANCE, by Hervé Bazin (Crown). A beautiful young Frenchwoman, crippled in the bombardment that wiped out her family, tells of her efforts to pull herself back into an active existence, and to push others into a more joyful and unselfish awareness of life and the opportunities it offers them. While Constance herself, cheerful, ironic, wistful, and determined, is an engaging and inspiring figure, her struggle to explain herself and to fight off pity is spoiled all the way by the unseen but disagreeably perceptible presence of M. Bazin, whose persistent, covert plea for a recognition of his heroine's heroism places her in a self-conscious light that robs her story of the fine hardness it should have had. The scene is a town in France, and the year 1948.

A GHOST AT NOON, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus & Young). Mr. Moravia's loving study of the disintegration of a young marriage

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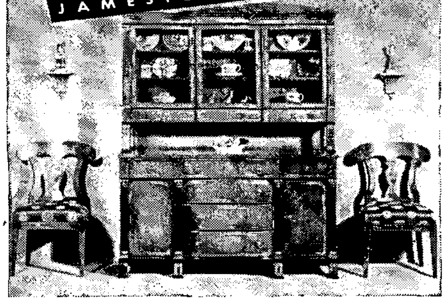

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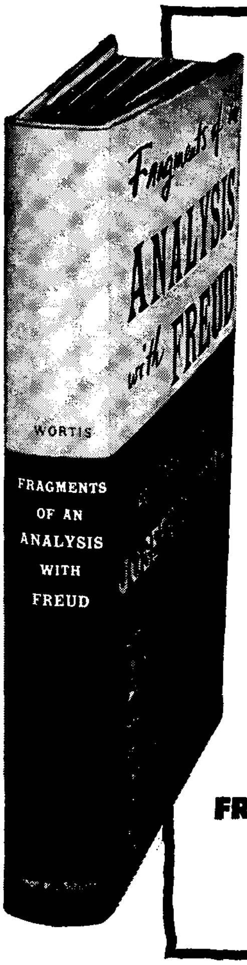
is persuasive but not interesting. Riccardo and Emilia are living in a rooming house and managing to get along on very little money when a contract from a movie producer enables them to rent a flat, buy furniture, and start enjoying the kind of existence they have hoped for. With the coming of prosperity, their happiness begins to fail, and Riccardo observes his wife's withdrawal from him with dismay and bewilderment. The last pages of this novel arrive more at a final collapse than an ending or a solution. The story starts in Rome and goes on to Capri.

AMONG THE DAUGHTERS, by Angna Enters (Coward-McCann). The heroine here, a Midwestern teen-ager named Lucy Claudel, enjoys astonishing success as a dancer on the New York stage but feels, until almost the last page of the book, that true love has escaped her. Describing Lucy's career, Miss Enters introduces a teeming crowd of celebrities—painters, writers, theatrical producers, singers, actresses, and rich men—and changes her scene constantly, but in spite of all this vivacity and movement, the novel as a whole has very little life. The time is the mid-nineteen-twenties.

THE HIGH PASSES, by John Reese (Little, Brown). A sincere and manly but clumsily written tale of fathers and sons—ranchers all and most of them brawlers—in the California Sierras about the year 1890. The ladies present include a hard-eyed adventuress with the heart of a frightened child, and a local maiden whose only decoration is a brave smile, because she is so poor.

GENERAL

THE STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY IN EUROPE 1848-1918, by A. J. P. Taylor (Oxford). In the carefree days between the fall of Metternich and the treaty of Brest Litovsk, the practitioners of diplomacy and war aimed at power, and were satisfied with alterations in the balance of power. In our more fanatic day, they aim at principle, and can be satisfied with nothing less than the total destruction of the enemy. The return to holy wars, Mr. Taylor says, dates from 1918 and is attributable to the opposed implacable idealisms of Wilson and Lenin, but he makes it clear that power politics began to disintegrate under the moral imperatives of William Ewart Gladstone, the Christian statesman. Perhaps not since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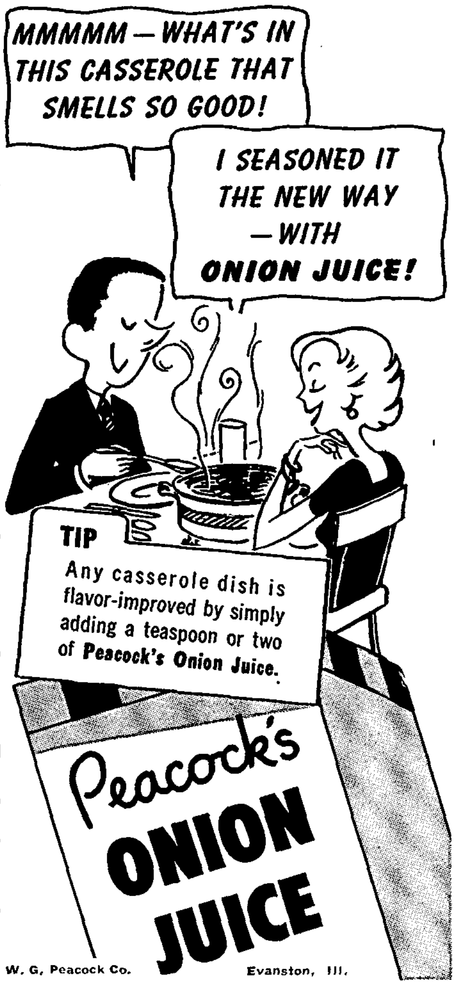
Gibbon has a descent into the maelstrom been chronicled with so much style and wit. This is the first volume in the Oxford History of Modern Europe, and it promises well for the rest.

MAHATMA GANDHI, by Vincent Sheean (Knopf). Mr. Sheean, who knew Gandhi in his last days, has done a difficult job with considerable success. His book has many flaws—he is obsessed with the fact that Gandhi's ears met his head "at right angles," mentioning it at least three times, and his concern with the details of Gandhi's sex life exceeds the bounds of even tabloid good taste—but he handles fully and fairly such ethical ambiguities as the ingredients of coercion, and even of political blackmail, in Gandhi's religious fasts and his habit of playing on the bad consciences of rich Hindus, and he fully appreciates Gandhi's remarkable political imagination, as well as his sanctity. If the ultimate paradox of the saint-in-politics eludes him, and he is forced to fall back on "the grace of God" to explain it, perhaps that is as good an explanation as any.

JANE AVRIL OF THE MOULIN ROUGE, by Jose Shercliff (Macrae Smith). This is something for the curio shelf: the life story—told, one gathers, with liberal assistance from the author's imagination—of the dancing girl who became one of the chief ornaments of bohemian Paris in the nineties. The early life of Jane Avril—the *nom de théâtre* of Jeanne Richepin, illegitimate daughter of an Italian count and a Parisian courtesan—reads like a Colette story touched up by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, but though she lived from childhood on intimate terms with degradation, she somehow kept an essential purity of spirit. Among the most popular of the grisettes who were the real queens of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter, she was a close friend of many of the artists, poets, actors, and wits of the day—notably Toulouse-Lautrec, who drew and painted her dozens of times. (Many reproductions of his portraits of her illustrate this book.) Miss Shercliff, an English newspaperwoman, knew Jane Avril in her old age, and when her book sticks to direct testimony, it has a wistful charm.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," by Leslie Hotson (Macmillan). The latest of Professor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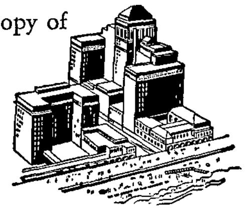

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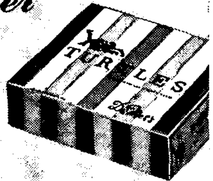

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Hotson's literary detective jobs attempts to prove that Shakespeare wrote "Twelfth Night" in ten days, to Queen Elizabeth's order, for a party at Whitehall on Epiphany, 1601, in honor of a handsome young Italian nobleman, Don Virginio Orsino. If this is true, many interesting things follow, among them the first certainty that Shakespeare wrote for an arena stage. However, the new documents Professor Hotson has turned up—including the Lord Chamberlain's specifications for a play, the report of the Russian ambassador to his Czar, and Don Virginio's account of the festivities in a letter to his wife—by no means establish his case; Don Virginio, in fact, has nothing to say about the play except for the maddening sentence "There was acted a mingled comedy, with pieces of music and dances, and this too I am keeping to tell by word of mouth."

THE SUSQUEHANNA, by Carl Carmer (Rinehart). The Rivers of America series keeps on rolling along, and this, the forty-eighth volume, is one of the very best. A good deal has taken place on the banks of the Susquehanna since Captain John Smith first sailed up the river: fighting in the Revolution and the Civil War; the settling, at Azilum, Pennsylvania, of a band of periwigged émigrés from France, who built a palace of logs for Marie Antoinette; the sanguinary activities of the Molly Maguires; and, more recently, the establishment, at Endicott-on-the-Susquehanna, of the International Business Machines community, with its nonalcoholic country club. The Rivers of America series has created a new genre of writing, and it is one to which Mr. Carmer's talents as a historian and folklorist are admirably suited. This volume

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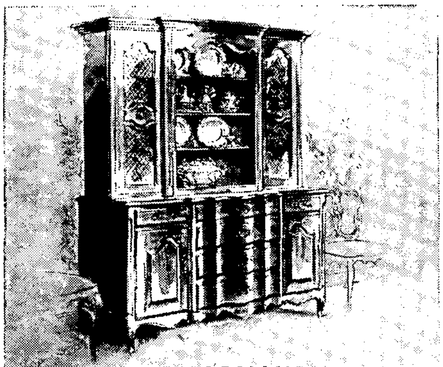

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is illustrated by Stow Wengenroth.

THE ALICE B. TOKLAS COOK BOOK (Harper). It is plain, even on short acquaintance, that this is a valuable book. The fundamental soundness of Miss Toklas's approach will almost certainly commend the volume to perceptive amateurs, whether or not they consider their great-aunts' formula for this or that superior to hers. She offers many dependable recipes for delicious and exciting dishes, as well as for a few surprising ones (a recipe for a jellied salad that includes canned tomato soup, cream cheese, and commercial salad dressing might well have come straight from Topeka), but it is the author's salty comments and her contagious feeling for good cooking that give the book its zest.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PRAY FOR A BRAVE HEART, by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt, Brace). This big, sprawling report on international intrigue (diamond smuggling, displaced persons, power politics, mistaken identity, love, and murder are among its ingredients) is occasionally a little hard to follow, but Miss MacInnes is one of the most literate ladies in the field, and the final reward is probably worth the effort. The locale is Switzerland, which is very handsomely described, and the people, who come from practically everywhere, converse in a much more educated manner than you usually encounter in these melodramas.

THE DREAM WALKER, by Charlotte Armstrong (Coward-McCann). Miss Armstrong, whose "Mischief" and "The Unsuspected" were models of their kind, has contrived a far more tangled and considerably less satisfactory work in this piece about a lady who seems supernaturally able to show up in two places at once. The purpose of this singularly elaborate charade is to discredit a high government official, but its effect on the reader may be only to arouse incredulity and, eventually, a certain apathy. Ingenious, but on the whole a trick that doesn't quite come off.

•

Before departure United Airlines gave him an eighteen-pound chocolate layer birthday cake with seven candles and five gold stars, the latter denoting his rank. It was inscribed: "Happy 75th Birthday, General MacArthur." Somecake.—*The Times.*

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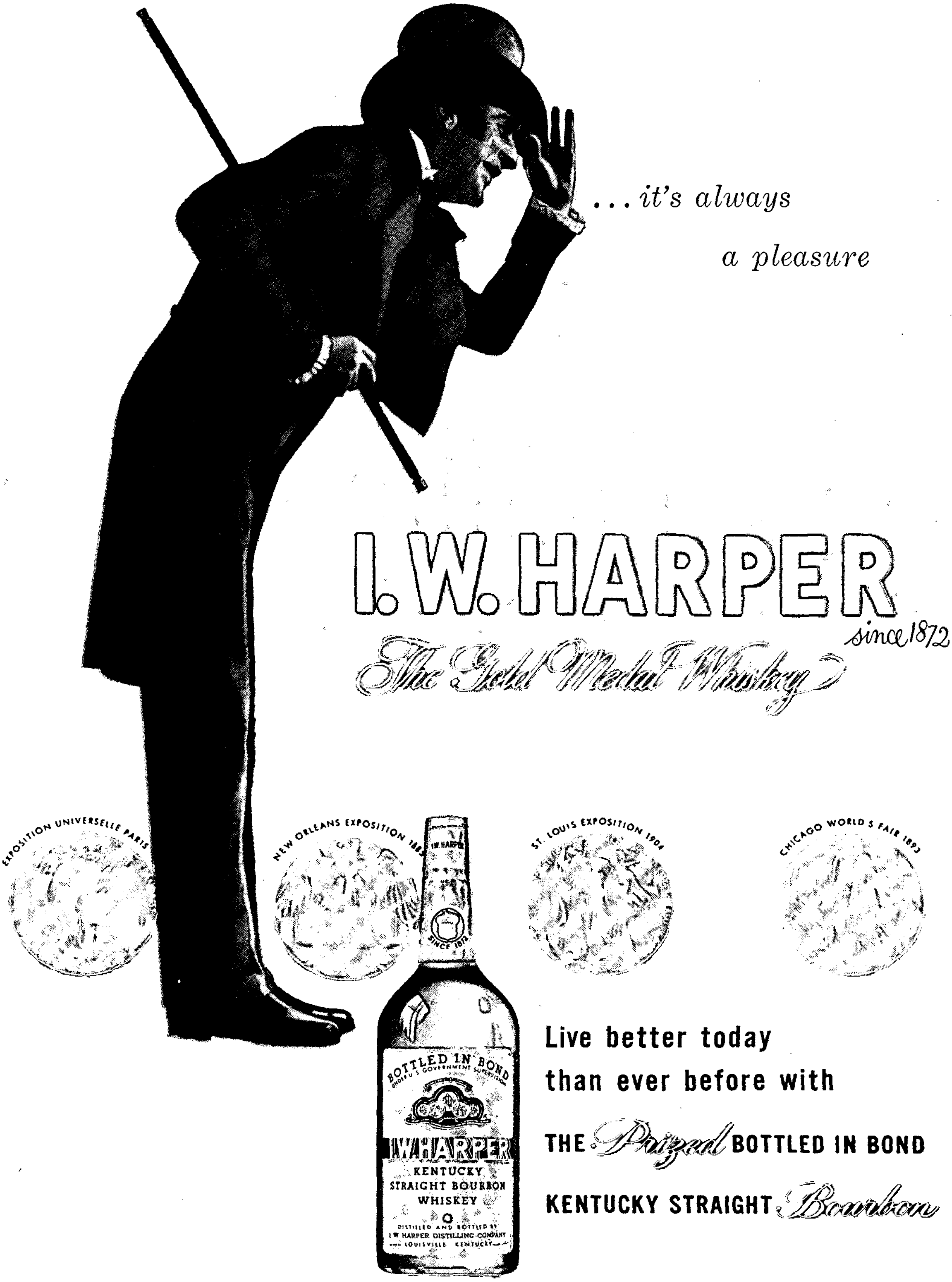
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